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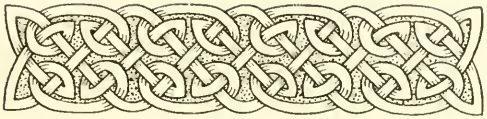
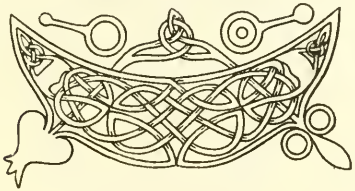


CARMINA GADELICA

ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL



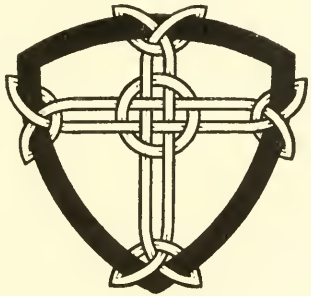
CARMINA GADELICA

HYMNS AND INCANTATIONS

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES ON WORDS, RITES, AND CUSTOMS, DYING AND OBSOLETE: ORALLY COLLECTED IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, BY

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL

VOLUME II



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ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL

URNAN AGUS UBAGAN

LE SOLUS AIR FACLA GNATHA AGUS
CLEACHDANA A CHAIDH AIR CHUL
CNUASAICHTE BHO BHIALACHAS
FEADH GAIDHEALTACHD NA H-ALBA
AGUS TIONNDAICHTE
BHO GHAIDHLIG GU BEURLA, LE

ALASTAIR MACGILLEMHICHEIL

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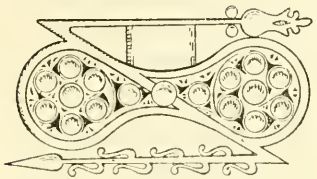
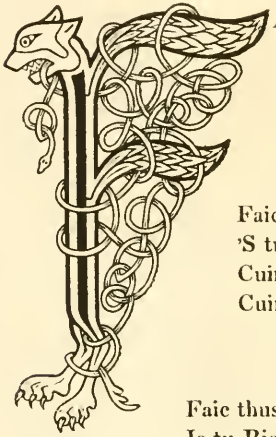


EOLAS NA RUAIDH [122]

When this charm is applied, the point of a knife or a needle, or the tongue of a brooch or of some other sharp instrument, is pointed threateningly at the part affected. The part is then spat upon and crossed three times in the names



AIC, a Mhic 's a Chriosda,
Cioch do Mhathar air at,
Thoir-sa fois dh' an chich,
Cuir-s' an crion an t-at;
Thoir-sa fois dh' an chich,
Cuir-s' an crion an t-at.

Faic fein i, Righinn,
'S tu a rug am Mac,
Cuir-sa casgadh air a chich,
Cuir-sa crionadh air an at;
Cuir-sa casgadh air a chich,
Cuir-sa crionadh air an at.

Faic thus i, Iosda,
Is tu Righ nan dul,
Cuir-sa casgadh air a chich,
Cuir-sa crionadh air an uth;
Cuir-sa casgadh air a chich,
Cuir-sa crionadh air an uth.

Chithim, thubhairt Criosda,
Us nithim mar is fiu,
Bheirim fois dh' an chich,
'S bheirim sith dh' an uth;
Bheirim fois dh' an chich,
'S bheirim sith dh' an uth.

CHARM FOR ROSE

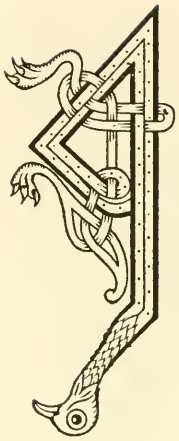
of the three Persons of the Trinity, whether it be the breast of a woman or the udder of a cow. The legend says that Mary and Jesus were walking together when Mary took rose (erysipelas) in her breast, and she said to Jesus:—

Behold, Son and Christ,
The breast of Thy Mother swollen,
Give Thou peace to the breast,
Subdue Thou the swelling;
Give Thou peace to the breast,
Subdue Thou the swelling.

Behold it thyself, Queen,
Since of thee the Son was born,
Appease thou the breast,
Subdue thou the swelling;
Appease thou the breast,
Subdue thou the swelling.

See Thou it, Jesu,
Since Thou art King of life,
Appease Thou the breast,
Subdue Thou the udder;
Appease Thou the breast,
Subdue Thou the udder.

I behold, said Christ,
And I do as is meet,
I give ease to the breast,
And rest to the udder;
I give ease to the breast,
And rest to the udder.



EOLAS NA RUAIDH [123]

RUADH ghaothar, atar, aogail,
Fag an taobh agus an tac sin,
Sin an carr 's an lar,
Agus fag a chioch.

Seall, a Chriosd, a bhean
Agus a cioch air at,
Seall fein i, Mhuire,
'S tu rug am Mac.

A ruadh ghaothar, aogar, iota,
Fag a chioch agus am bac,
Agus sin a mach,
Slan gu robh dh 'an chich,
Crion gu robh dh 'an at.

Teich a bhradag ruadh,
Teich gu luath a bhradag,
At a bha 's a chich,
Fag a charr 's a chioch,
Agus sin a mach.

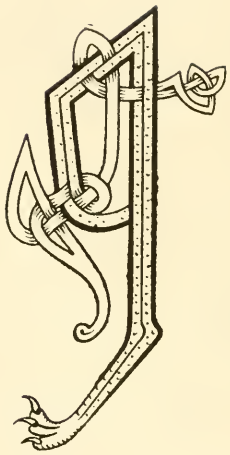
CHARM FOR ROSE

Thou rose windy, swelling, deadly,
Leave that part and spot,
There is the udder in the ground,
And leave the breast.

See, Christ, the woman
And her breast swollen,
See her thyself, Mary,
It was thou didst bear the Son.

Thou rose windy, deadly, thirsty,
Leave the breast and the spot,
And take thyself off;
Healed be the breast,
Withered be the swelling.

Flee thieving red one,
Flee quickly thieving one,
Swelling that was in the breast,
Leave the udder and the breast,
And flee hence.



EOLAS NA RU [124]

RU eugail, aogail, atail,
Fag uth na ba caisne,
Fag uth na ba cait-cinn,
Fag, fag a phait sin,
Agus tar pait eil ort.

A ru rag, rudaidh,
Dur an uth a mhairt,
Fag an t-at 's an t-utha,
Teich gu grunn na claiche.

Cuirim ru ri clach,
Cuirim clach ri lar,
Cuirim bainne an uth,
Cuirim sugh an ar.

CHARM FOR ROSE

Thou rose deathly, deadly, swollen,
Leave the udder of the white-footed cow,
Leave the udder of the spotted cow,
Leave, leave that swelling,
And betake thyself to other swelling.

Thou rose thrawn, obstinate,
Surly in the udder of the cow,
Leave thou the swelling and the udder,
Flee to the bottom of the stone.

I place the rose to the stone,
I place the stone to the earth,
I place milk in the udder,
I place substance in the kidney.

EOLAS AT CIOCH [125]

OLAS a rinn Gillecalum
A dh' aona bho na caillich,
Air ruaidh, air chruaidh, air chradh,
Air at, air pat, air mam,
Air dhair, air chairr, air bhleoghan,
Air tri corracha crith,
Air tri corracha cnamh,
Air tri corracha creothail,
Na ob e do bhruid,
Na diult e do mhne,
Na tar e 's an Domhnach.
Eolas a rinn Fionn fial,
Da dhearbh phiuthair,
Air ruaidh, air chruaidh,
Air at ciche.

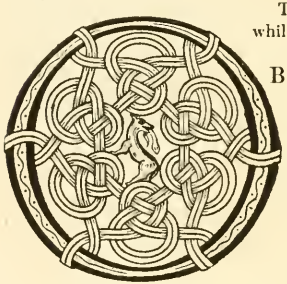
CHARM FOR SWOLLEN BREAST

The charm made by Gillecalum,
On the one cow of the carlin,
For rose, for hardness, for pain,
For swelling, for lump, for growth,
For nzzening, for udder, for milking,
For the three 'corracha crith,'
For the three 'corracha cnamh,'
For the three 'corracha creothail,'
Do not deny it to beast,
Do not refuse it to wife,
Do not withhold it on Sunday.
The charm made of generous Fionn,
To his very sister,
For rose, for hardness,
For swelling of breast.

EOLAS AN DEIDIDH [126]

The teeth of ancient human skeletons found in stone coffins and other enclosures, and without enclosures, are usually good and complete. This is in marked contrast to the teeth of modern human remains, which are generally much impaired if not wholly absent. But there must have been toothache and even artificial teeth in ancient times, as indicated by the mummies in Egypt and the toothache charms and toothache wells in the Highlands. One toothache charm and one toothache well must suffice to illustrate this. The toothache well is in the island of North Uist. It is situated 195 feet above the sea, at the foot of a hill 757 feet high, and nearly three miles in the moorland from the nearest townland.

The place is called 'Cuidh-airidh,' shieling fold, while the well is variously known as 'Tobar Chuidh-



B a chuir Bride bhoidheach [Or
Romh ordag Mathar De,
Air mhir, air lion, air chorcraich,
Air chnoidh, air ghoimh, air dheud.

A chnoidh a rinn domh deistinn,
Air deudach mo chinn,
Ifrinn teann da m' dheud,
Deud ifrinn da mo theinn.

* * * * *

Deud ifrinn da mo theann;
Am fad 's is maireann mi-fein
Gu mair mo dheud am cheann.

Doighean eile—

Air mhir, air chir, air chnodaich.
Air mhuir, air chuan, air chorsa.
Air li, air lionn, air liogradh.

TOOTHACHE CHARM

airidh,' well of the shieling fold, 'Tobar an deididh,' well of the toothache, 'Tobar na cnoidh,' well of the worm, and 'Tobar cnuimh fhiacail,' well of the tooth worm, from a belief that toothache is caused by a worm in the tooth.

The general name of the well is 'Tobar Chuidh-airidh,' well of the shieling fold, to distinguish it from other healing wells throughout the Isles. The pilgrim suffering from toothache must not speak, nor eat, nor drink, after beginning the pilgrimage, till after three draughts of the well of Cuidh-airidh are drunk in name of God, and in name of Christ, and in name of Spirit.

Some persons profess to derive no relief, some profess to derive partial relief, and some profess to derive complete relief from toothache after drinking the water of the well of Cuidh-airidh.

THE incantation put by lovely Bride [prayer
Before the thumb of the Mother of God,
On lint, on wort, on hemp,
For worm, for venom, for teeth.

The worm that tortured me,
In the teeth of my head,
Hell hard by my teeth,
The teeth of hell distressing me.

* * * * *

The teeth of hell close to me;
As long as I myself shall last
May my teeth last in my head.

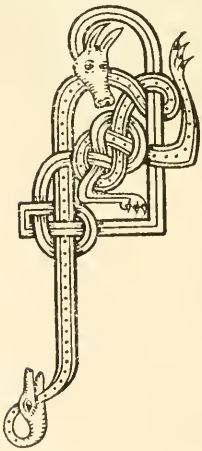
VARIANTS—

On lint, on comb, on agony.
On sea, on ocean, on coast.
On water, on lakes, on marshes.

EOLAS NA BUDHA [127]

The following scene was described to me by Angus Maceachain, herdsman, Staonabrig, South Uist, one of the chief actors in the episode.

The daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood was ill with jaundice. The doctor of the parish was attending her, but she was becoming worse instead of better, and her end seemed near. Her distressed parents sent for 'Aonas nan gisrean,' Angus of the exorcisms, and he came. The man examined the girl and announced that she was possessed of the demon of the jaundice, but that he would expel the demon and cure the girl. He requested the mother to put on a big fire, the sisters to bring a tub of clear cold water, and the father to bring the plough irons, evil spirits being unable to withstand iron. All this was promptly done. The exorcist placed the plough irons in the fire, displaying much solicitude that they should be red-hot. The room was darkened and the eyes of the patient were bandaged that the eyes of the body might be subjective to the eyes of the mind. Directed by the exorcist, the mother and sisters placed the back of the girl to the front of the bed, and laying it bare left the room, the man securing the door after them. Making a clanging noise with the plough irons as if to drive away the jaundice demon, the man replaced the share in the fire and put the coulter in the water. Then pretending to take the red-hot share out of the fire, he took up the icy-cold coulter and placed it along the spine of the



IR bhuidhe, air dhnibhe, air arnach,
Air a ghalar-dhearg, air a ghalar-shearg,
Air a ghalar-tholl, air a ghalar-lom,
Air a ghalar-dhonn, air a ghalar-bhonn,
'S an gach galar a dh' fhaodadh
A bhi an aorabh ba
No an sgath gamhna.

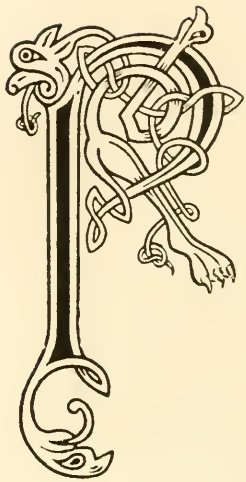
CHARM FOR JAUNDICE

patient, loudly commanding the demon to depart. The girl screamed in evident agony, calling on the Mother of Christ and on the Foster-mother of Christ, and on her own mother, to come and rescue her from the brutal treatment of black Angus the father of evil, the brother of demons, and to see how her blood was flowing in streams and her flesh was burnt off her back, laying her backbone bare. While loudly calling to the jaundice demon to depart, the expert exorcist threw the red-hot share into the tub of water, adding to the already abundant noise in the room. Against the remonstrances of the father, who said that Angus knew what he was about, the mother and sisters burst open the door, calling on Mary Mother to rescue the maltreated girl, and on Calumeille to redress her wrongs.

'Whether the cure was due to her simple faith in the exorcist or to the shock to her nervous system I do not know,' continued the narrator, 'but in a few days the girl was up and about. She is grateful, but shy of me ever since, probably remembering the hard things she said. She will always believe that I exercised some occult power over the jaundice demon. The case of this girl was as bad as any I have seen. She had been an attractive, comely girl, with a winning expression and a clear complexion, but she had become yellow-black instead of rosy-red.'

Angus Maceachain told of this and similar cases with much humour, but without a smile on his lips, though his eyes sparkled, and his countenance glowed with evident appreciation of the scenes.

For the jaundice, for the spaul, for the bloody flux,
For the red disease, for the withering disease,
For the bot disease, for the skin disease,
For the brown disease, for the foot disease,
And for every disease that might be
In the constitution of cow
Or adhering to stirk.



EOLAS SGIUCHA FEITHE [128]

ANN a rinn ban-naomh Bride
Dh'an mharaiche chrubach,
Air ghlun, air lug, air chuagas,
Air na naodh galara gith, air na tri galara cuara,
Na ob e do bhruid, na diult e do mhne.

Chaidh Criosd air each,
Bhrist each a chas,
Chaidh Criosd a bhan,
Rinn e slan a chas.

Mar a shlanuich Criosd sin,
Gu 'n slanuich Criosd seo,
Agus na 's mo na seo,
Ma 's e thoil a dheanamh.

An t-eolas a rinn Calumcille,
Air eorlain a ghlinne,
Do sgocha feithe, do leum cnamha—
Tha thu tinn an diugh, bithidh thu slan am maireach.

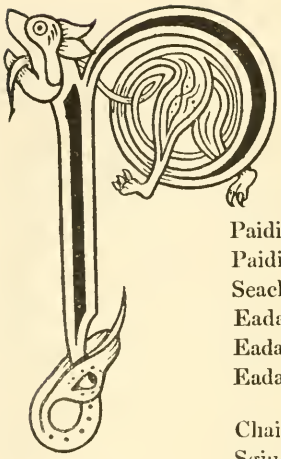
CHARM FOR A BURSTING VEIN

The rune made by the holy maiden Bride
To the lame mariner,
For knee, for crookedness, for crippleness,
For the nine painful diseases, for the three venomous diseases,
Refuse it not to beast, deny it not to dame.

Christ went on a horse,
A horse broke his leg,
Christ went down,
He made whole the leg.

As Christ made whole that,
May Christ make whole this,
And more than this,
If it be His will so to do.

The charm made by Columba,
On the bottom of the glen,
For bursting of vein, for dislocation of bone—
Thou art ill to-day, thou shalt be well to-morrow.



EOLAS SGOCHA FEITH [129]

AIDIR Moire a h-aon,
Paidir Moire a dha,
Paidir Moire a tri,
Paidir Moire a ceithir,
Paidir Moire a coig,
Paidir Moire a sia,
Paidir Moire a seachd,
Seachd paidriche Moire gu brath
Eadar cradh agus ceart,
Eadar bonn agus braigh,
Eadar slan agus feart.

Chaidh Criosd air as,
Sgiuch a cas,
Thainig e bhan
Shlanuich e cas,
Mar a shlanuich e sin
Gu'n slanuich e seo,
Agus na 's mo na seo
Ma 's e thoil a dheanamh.

CHARM FOR BURSTING VEIN

Rosary of Mary, one,
Rosary of Mary, two,
Rosary of Mary, three,
Rosary of Mary, four,
Rosary of Mary, five,
Rosary of Mary, six,
Rosary of Mary, seven,
Seven rosaries of Mary ever
Between pain and ease,
Between sole and summit,
Between health and grave.

Christ went on an ass,
She sprained her foot,
He came down,
And healed her foot,
As He healed that
May He heal this,
And greater than this,
If it be His will to do.

EOLAS AN T-SNIAMH [130]

HAR Bride mach
Maduinn mhoch,
Le caraid each;
Bhris each a chas,
Le uinich och,
Bha sid mu seach,
Chuir i cnamh ri cnamh,
Chuir i feoil ri feoil,
Chuir i feithe ri feithe,
Chuir i cuisle ri cuisle,
Mar a leighis ise sin
Gu 'n leighis mise seo.

EOLAS AN T-SNIAMH [131]

Chaidh Criosda ri croich,
Sgiuch cas eich;
Thainig Criosda ri lar,
Shlanaich a chas.

Mar a shlanaich sin
Gu 'n slanaich seo,
Ma 's e thoil a dheanamh,
A uchd Ti nan dul,
Agus Triuir na Trianaid,
Ti nan dul,
Triuir na Trianaid.

CHARM OF THE SPRAIN

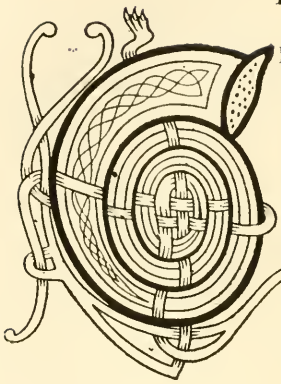
Bride went out
In the morning early,
With a pair of horses:
One broke his leg,
With much ado,
That was apart,
She put bone to bone,
She put flesh to flesh,
She put sinew to sinew,
She put vein to vein,
As she healed that
May I heal this.

CHARM FOR SPRAIN

Christ went on the cross,
Sprained the leg of a horse;
Christ came to the ground,
Whole became the leg.

As that was made whole
May this become whole,
If His will be so to do,
Through the bosom of the God of life,
And of the Three of the Trinity,
The God of life,
The Three of Trinity.

EOLAS AN T-SNIAMH [132]



HAIDH Criosd a mach
Madhinn moch,
Fhuair e cas nan each
N'an spruilleach bog;
Chuir e smior ri smior,
Chuir e smuais ri smuais,
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Chuir e streabhon ri streabhon,
Chuir e feith ri feith,
Chuir e fuil ri fuil,
Chuir e creais ri creais,
Chuir e feoil ri feoil,
Chuir e saill ri saill,
Chuir e craicionn ri craicionn,
Chuir e fionn ri fionn,
Chuir e blath ri blath,
Chuir e fuar ri fuar;
Mar a leighis Righ nam buadh sin
Is dual gu'n leighis e seo,
Ma 's e thoil fein a dheanamh.
A uchd Ti nan dul,
Agus Tinr na Trianaid.

CHARM FOR SPRAIN

Christ went out
In the morning early,
He found the legs of the horses
In fragments soft ;
He put marrow to marrow,
He put pith to pith,
He put bone to bone,
He put membrane to membrane,
He put tendon to tendon,
He put blood to blood,
He put tallow to tallow,
He put flesh to flesh,
He put fat to fat,
He put skin to skin,
He put hair to hair,
He put warm to warm,
He put cool to cool,
As the King of power healed that
It is in His nature to heal this,
If it be His own will to do it.
Through the bosom of the Being of life,
And of the Three of the Trinity.

FĀTH-FĪTH [133]

'Fāth-fīth' and 'fith-fāth' are interchangeable terms and indiscriminately used. They are applied to the occult power which rendered a person invisible to mortal eyes and which transformed one object into another. Men and women were made invisible, or men were transformed into horses, bulls, or stags, while women were transformed into cats, hares, or hinds. These transmutations were sometimes voluntary, sometimes involuntary. The 'fith-fath' was especially serviceable to hunters, warriors, and travellers, rendering them invisible or unrecognisable to enemies and to animals.

Fionn had a fairy sweetheart, a daughter of the people of the mounds, but Fionn forsook her and married a daughter of the sons of men. The fairy was angry at the slight put upon her, and she placed the wife of Fionn under the 'fith-fath' spell in the form of a hind of the hill. The wife of Fionn bore a son in the island of Sanndraigh in Loch-nan-ceall in Arasaig. The mother possessed so much of the nature of the hind that she licked the temple of the child when he was born, but she possessed so much of the nature of the woman that she only gave one lick. But hair like the hair of a fawn grew on the part of the temple of the child which the tongue of the hind-mother had touched. And because of this patch of fawn's hair on his temple the child was called 'Oisein,' the fawn. While still a boy Ossian followed Fionn and the Feinne to the hunting-hill to chase the mountain deer. In the midst of the chase a magic mist darker than night came down upon the hunters, blinding them from one another and from their surroundings—no one knew where was another or where he was himself. Hunt-wandering came over Ossian, and he wandered wearily alone, and at last found himself in a deep green glen surrounded by high blue hills. As he walked along he saw a timid hind browsing in a green corrie before him. And Ossian thought to himself that he had never seen a creature so lovely as this timid hind, and he stood gazing upon her with joy. But the spirit of the hunt was strong upon Ossian, and the blood of the hunter was hot in his veins, and he drew his spear to throw it at the hind. The hind turned and looked at Ossian and gazed upon him with her full wistful grey eyes, more lovely and alluring than the blue eyes of love. 'Do not hurt me, Ossian,' said the hind; 'I am thy mother under the "fith-fath," in the form of a hind abroad and in the form of a woman at home. Thou art hungry and thirsty and weary. Come thou home with me, thou fawn of my heart.' And Ossian accompanied the hind step by step till they reached a rock in the base of the hill. The hind opened a leaf in a door in the rock where no door seemed to be, and she went in, and Ossian went in after her. She closed the door-leaf in the rock and there was no appearance of a door. And the graceful hind became transformed into a beautiful woman, like the lovely woman of the green kirtle and the locks of gold. There was light in the bower in the bosom of the ben like the light of 'trath-nona la leth an t-samhraidh'—noontide on midsummer day. Nor was it the light of the sun, nor was it the light of the moon, nor was it the light of the

FATH-FITH

star of guidance. His mother prepared food and drink and music for Ossian. And she placed food in a place of eating for him, and she placed drink in a place of drinking for him, and she placed music in a place of hearing for him. Ossian took of the food and of the drink and of the music till he was full satisfied—his seven full satiations. After feasting, Ossian said to his mother, 'I am going, mother, to see what Fionn and the Feinne are doing in the hunting-hill.' And his mother placed her arm around his neck and kissed Ossian with the three kisses of a mother, and then she opened the door-leaf in the door of the bower and allowed him out. When she closed it there was no appearance of a door in the rock.

Ossian had been feasting on food and drink and music in the bower with his mother for the space of three days, as he thought, but he had been in the bower for the space of three years instead. And he made a song, the first song he made, warning his mother against the men and the hounds of the Feinne.

In his *Leabhar Na Feinne* Iain Campbell of Islay says that he had received fourteen versions of this song of Ossian. Six of these had been sent to him by the present writer. One of these versions was obtained from Oirig Nic Iain —Effric or Effie Mac Iain—lineally descended, she said, from Alexander Mac Iain, chief of the massacred Macdonalds of Glencoe.

Effric Mac Iain was not tall, but she was very beautiful, intelligent, and pleasant. I obtained a silver brooch from her which, she said, had come down like herself through the generations from the massacred chief of Glencoe. The brooch is of silver, circular, and beautifully chased, though much worn.

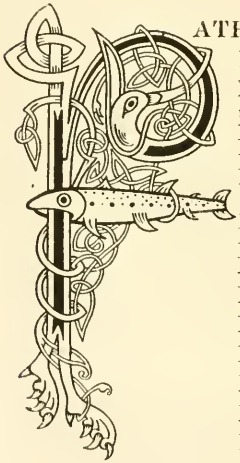
'SANAS OISEIN D'A MHATHAIR	OSSIAN'S WARNING TO HIS MOTHER
'Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu, Bheir mi hoirion ho a hau.	If thou be my mother and thou a deer,
Eirich mu 'n eirich grian ort. Bheir mi hoirion ho a hau, Eho hir ir i-ibhag o, Na hao hi ho a ro hau.	Arise ere the sun arises on thee.
Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu, Siubhail sliabh mu 'n tig an teasach.	If thou be my mother and thou a deer, Travel the hills ere the heat of the hunt.
Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu, Faicill ort romh fhearaibh Fianna.	If thou be my mother and thou a deer, Beware thou the men of the Feinne.
Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu, Faicill ort romh chonaibh Fianna.	If thou be my mother and thou a deer, Beware thou the hounds of the Feinne.
Ma theid thu do choiribh dona, Faicill ort romh ghniamh nan conu, Conaibh conachar, conaibh confhach, Us iad air mhire-chatha romhad.	If thou shouldst go to hurtful corries, Beware thou the deeds of the hounds, Hounds of uproar and hounds of rage, And they in battle-play before thee.

Seachainn Caoilte, seachainn Luath,
Seachainn Bruchag dhubh nam bruach.
Seachainn saigh an earbail dhuibh,
Brau mac Buidheig, namh nam fiadh,
Agus Geolaidh dian nan damh.

Avoid 'Caoilte,' avoid 'Luath,'
Avoid black 'Bruchag' of the banks,
Avoid the bitch of the black tail,
'Brau' son of 'Buidheag,' foe of deer,
And little 'Geolaidh' keen of stags.

Ma theid thu do ghleannaibh iosal,
Faicill ort romh chlanna Baoisge,
Clanna Baoisge 's an cuid con,
Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear,
A lann fein an lainh gach laoich,
A chu fein an deigh gach fir,
Us iad air eil aig Leide mac Liannain,
Us fearan beag ri sgath creaige,
Us da chu dhiag air lothain aige,
Us eagal air nach tig thige.

Shouldst thou go to low glens,
Beware thou of the 'Baoisge' Clan,
The 'Baoisge' Clan and their hounds,
Twelve hundred of numbered men,
His own blade in each hero's hand,
His own hound after each man,
And they on the thong of 'Lide' son of 'Liannan,'
And a little manikin in shade of a rock,
While twelve dogs he has on leash,
And he fears the hunt will not come to him.



A'TH fith
Ni mi ort,
Le Muire na frithe,
Le Bride na brot,
Bho chire, bho ruta,
Bho mhise, bho bhoc,
Bho shionn, 's bho mhac-tire,
Bho chrain, 's bho thorc,
Bho chu, 's bho chat,
Bho mhaghan masaich,
Bho chu fasaich,
Bho scan foirir,
Bho bho, bho mharc,
Bho tharbh, bho earc,
Bho mhurn, bho mhac,
Bho iantaidh an adhar,
Bho shnagaidh na talmha,
Bho iasgaidh na mara,
'S bho shiantaidh na gailbhe.

Ma theid thu do bheannaibh mora,
Faicill ort romh Chlanna Morna,
Clanna Morna 's an cuid con,
Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
A lann fein an laimh gach laoich.

Ma theid thu do bheannaibh arda,
Faicill ort romh Chlanna Gaisge,
Clanna Gaisge 's an cuid con,
Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear,
A lann fein an laimh gach laoich.

Ma theid thu gu fairir frithe,
Faicill ort romh Chlanna Frithir,
Clanna Frithir 's an cuid con,
Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear,
A lann fein an laimh gach laoich.'

Shouldst thou go to the great bens,
Beware thou of the 'Morni' Clan,
The 'Morni' Clan and their hounds,
Twelve hundred of numbered men,
His own blade in each hero's hand.

Shouldst thou go to the high bens,
Beware thou of the 'Gaisge' Clan,
The 'Gaisge' Clan and their hounds,
Twelve hundred of numbered men,
His own blade in each hero's hand.

Shouldst thou go to the haze-land forest,
Beware thou of the 'Frithir' Clan,
The 'Frithir' Clan and their hounds,
Twelve hundred of numbered men,
His own blade in each hero's hand.

Fath fith
Will I make on thee.
By Mary of the augury,
By Bride of the corslet,
From sheep, from ram,
From goat, from buck,
From fox, from wolf,
From sow, from boar,
From dog, from cat,
From hipped-bear,
From wilderness-dog,
From watchful 'scan,'
From cow, from horse,
From bull, from heifer,
From daughter, from son,
From the birds of the air,
From the creepidæ of the earth,
From the fishes of the sea,
From the imps of the storm.

SIAN A BHEATHA BHUAN [134]

'Sian' or 'seun' is occult agency, supernatural power used to ward away injury, and to protect invisibly. Belief in the charm was common, and examples of its efficacy are frequently told. A woman at Bearnasdale, in Skye, put such a charm on Macleod of Bearnaray, Harris, when on his way to join Prince Charlie in 1745. At Culloden the bullets showered upon him like hail, but they had no effect. When all was lost, Macleod threw off his coat to facilitate his flight. His faithful foster-brother Murdoch Macaskail was close behind him and took up the coat. When examined it was found to be riddled with bullet-holes. But not one of these bullets had hurt Macleod!

A woman at Bornish, South Uist, put a charm on Allan Macdonald of Clanranald when he was leaving to join the Earl of Mar at Perth in 1715. But Clanranald took a lad away against the will of his mother, who lived at Staonabrig, South Uist. The woman implored Clanranald to leave her only son, and she a widow, but he would not. Then she vowed that 'Ailean Beag,' Little Allan, as Clanranald was called, would never return. She baked two bannocks, a little bannock and a big bannock, and asked her son whether he would have the little bannock with his mother's blessing, or the big one with her cursing. The lad said that he would have the little bannock with his mother's blessing. So she gave him the little bannock and her blessing and also a crooked sixpence, saying, 'Here, my son, is a sixpence seven times cursed. Use it in battle against Little Allan and earn the blessing of thy mother, or refrain and earn her cursing.' At the battle of Sheriffmuir blows and bullets were showering on Allan of Clanranald, but he heeded them not, and for every blow he got he gave three. When the strife was hottest and the contest doubtful, the son of the widow of Staonabrig remembered his mother's injunction, and that it was better to fight with her blessing than fall with her cursing, and he put the crooked sixpence in his gun. He aimed, and Clanranald fell. His people crowded round Clanranald weeping and wailing like children. But Glengarry called out, 'An diugh gu aichbheil am maireach gu bron,'—'To-day for revenge, to-morrow for weeping,' and the Macdonalds renewed the fight. Thirsting for revenge they fell upon the English division of Argyll's army, cutting it to pieces and routing it for several miles.

CHARM OF THE LASTING LIFE

When Clanranald's foster-father was asked whom he wept and watched, his only reply was, 'Bu dhine an de e'—'He was a man yesterday.'

Allan Macdonald of Clanranald was called 'Ailean Beag,' Little Allan, in contradistinction to some of his predecessors who had been exceptionally big men. If apparently short of stature, he was exceedingly broad and powerful, active, gallant of bearing, and greatly beloved by his people.

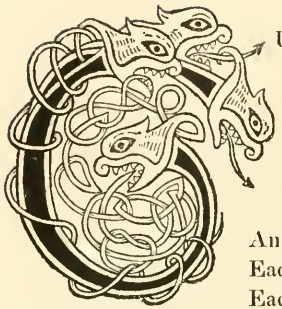
After the failure of Dundee in 1689 Clanranald lived in France for several years. There he made the acquaintance of Penelope, daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, governor of Tangiers under Charles II. Clanranald married Penelope Mackenzie and brought her home. He also brought a French architect, French masons, and French freestone to build a new house at Ormacleit. The house took seven years in building and was occupied for seven years. On the night of the battle of Sheriffmuir, when its owner was killed, the house was burnt to the ground through the kitchen chimney taking fire. Some days previously Lady Clanranald had told some guests that she had had a vision that her eyes melted away in scalding water and that her heart burned up like a live coal, and she feared some dire double disaster was to befall her.

'Tota mhor Ormacleit'—the great ruins of Ormacleit, stand high and picturesque on the monotonous far-reaching machairs of the Atlantic side of South Uist. The gables are high-pointed, and the wings being at right angles to the main building, the ruins show to admirable advantage in the long, level landscape.

The freestone forming the corners, doors, and windows is of peculiar hardness, and of a blue tint.

The farm of Ormacleit had been tenanted during many years by Mr. John Maclellan, whose wife was Miss Penelope Macdonald, a kinswoman of Flora Macdonald and of her chief Clanranald. Mrs. Maclellan was a lady of great beauty, excellence, historical knowledge, and good sense. She had the happiness, a few years before she died, of handing to her chief and relative, Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald of Clanranald, some jewellery that had been found in the ruins of the castle. The jewellery in all probability had been the property of Penelope Mackenzie, the lady of the gallant Clanranald of the '15, and for whom Penelope Macdonald had been named.

SIAN A BHEATHA BHUAN



UIRIM an seun air do chom,
Agus air do shealbhachd,
Seun Dhe nan dul
Chum do thearmaid.

An seun a chuir Bride nan ni
Mu mhuineal min Dhorn-ghil,
An seun a chuir Moire mu Mac,
Eadar bonn agus broghaid,
Eadar cioch agus glun,
Eadar cul agus broth,
Eadar braigh agus bonn,
Eadar suil agus folt.

Cliar Mhicheil air do thaobh,
Sgiath Mhicheil air do shlinnean,
Ni bheil eadar neamh us lar
Na bheir buaidh air Righ nan gras.

Cha reub lainn thu,
Cha mhill muir thu,
Cha teum mnai thu,
Cha treann duin thu.

Brat Chriosda fein umad,
Sgath Chriosda fein tharad,
Bho mhullach do chinn
Gu buinn do chas.

CHARM OF THE LASTING LIFE (*continued*)

I PLACE the charm on thy body,
And on thy prosperity,
The charm of the God of life
For thy protection.

The charm that Bride of the kine
Put round the fair neck of Dornghil,
The charm that Mary put about her Son,
Between sole and throat,
Between pap and knee,
Between back and breast,
Between chest and sole,
Between eye and hair.

The glave of Michael on thy side,
The shield of Michael on thy shoulder,
There is not between heaven and earth
That can overcome the King of grace.

No spear shall rive thee,
No sea shall drown thee,
No woman shall wile thee,
No man shall wound thee.

The mantle of Christ Himself about thee,
The shadow of Christ Himself above thee,
From the crown of thy head
To the soles of thy feet.

Ta seun De ort a nis,
Cha teid gu brath ort ailis. [aimhleis

Theid thu mach an ainm do Righ,
Thig thu steach an ainm do Phriomh,
Is le Dia nan dul thu nis gu h-uilidh,
Agus leis na Cumhachdan comhla.

Cuirim an seun seo moch Di-luain,
An ceum cruaidh, druiseach, droigheach,
Falbh a mach 's an seun mu d' chom,
Us na biodh bonn eagail ort.

Diridh tu cirein nan stuchd
Dionar tu a thaobh do chuil,
Is tu an eala chiuin 's a bhlar,
Cumhnar tu am measg nan ar,
Seasaidh tu troimh choig ceud,
Us bith t-eircirich an sas.

Seun De umad!
Feun De tharad!

The charm of God is on thee now,
Thou shalt never know disgrace. [calamity

Thou shalt go forth in name of thy King,
Thou shalt come in in name of thy Chief,
To the God of life thou now belongest wholly,
And to all the Powers together.

I place this charm early on Monday,
In passage hard, brambly, thorny,
Go thou out and the charm about thy body,
And be not the least fear upon thee.

Thou shalt ascend the crest of the hill
Protected thou shalt be behind thee,
Thou art the calm swan in battle,
Preserved thou shalt be amidst the slaughter,
Stand thou canst against five hundred,
And thine oppressors shall be seized.

The charm of God about thee!
The arm of God above thee!

SIAN A BHEATHA BHUAN [135]

UIRIM sian a bheatha bhuan,
Mu 'r crodh luath, leathann, lan,
An creagan air an laigh an spreidh,
Gu'n eirich iad beo slan.

A nuas le buaidh 's le beannachd,
A suas le luaths 's le leannachd,
Gun ghnu, gun tnu, gun fharmad,
Gun suil bhig, gun suil mhoir,
Gun suil choig an dearmaid.

Sughaidh mise seo, sughadh feith farmaid
Air ceannard an tighe 's air teaghlaich a bhaile,
Gu'n eirich gach droch-bhuil, 's gach droch-bhuaidh
Bu dhualta dhuibh-se dhaibh-san.

Ma mhallaich teanga duibh,
Bheannaich cridhe duibh;
Ma ghonaich suil duibh,
Shonaich run duibh.

Tionndanam us teanndanam,
Culionn cruaidh us creanndagaich
Air an caoire boirionn 's air an laoighe firionn,
Fad nan naodh 's nan naodh fichead bliadhna.

THE CHARM OF THE LASTING LIFE

I WILL place the charm of the lasting life
Upon your cattle active, broad, and full,
The knoll upon which the herds shall lie down,
That they may rise from it whole and well.

Down with success, and with blessing,
Up with activity and following,
Without envy, without malice, without ill-will,
Without small eye, without large eye,
Without the five eyes of neglect.

I will suck this, the sucking of envious vein
On the head of the house, and the townland families,
That every evil trait, and every evil tendency
Inherent in you shall cleave to them.

If tongue cursed you,
A heart blessed you;
If eye blighted you,
A wish prospered you.

A hurly-burlying, a topsy-turvying,
A hard hollying and a wan withering
To their female sheep and to their male calves,
For the nine and the nine score years.

SIAN BRIDE [136]

IAN a chuir Bride nam buadh,
M'a mise, m'a cire, m'a buar,
M'a capuill, m'a cathmhil, m'a cual, [camhal
Moch us anamach dol dachaidh us uaith.

Ga'n cumail bho chreagan, bho chleitean,
Bho ladhara 's bho adhaircean a cheile,
Bho iana na Creige Ruaidh,
Us bho Luath na Feinne.

Bho lannaire liath Creag Duilionn,
Bho iolaire riabhach Beinn-Ard,
Bho sheobhag luth Torr-an-Duin,
Us fitheach dur Creag-a-Bhaird.

Bho mhada-ruadh nan cuireid,
Bho mhada-ulai a Mhaim,
Bho thaghan tocaidh na tuide,
'S bho mhaghan udail a mhais.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Bho gach ceithir-chasach spuireach,
Agus guireach da sgiath.

ST. BRIDE'S CHARM

The charm put by Bride the beneficent,
On her goats, on her sheep, on her kine,
On her horses, on her chargers, on her herds, [camel
Early and late going home, and from home.

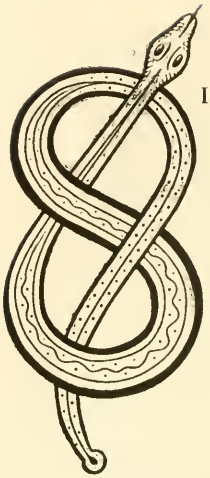
To keep them from rocks and ridges,
From the heels and the horns of one another,
From the birds of the Red Rock,
And from Luath of the Feinne.

From the blue peregrine hawk of Creag Duilion,
From the brindled eagle of Ben-Ard,
From the swift hawk of Tordun,
From the surly raven of Bard's Creag.

From the fox of the wiles,
From the wolf of the Mam,
From the foul-smelling fumart,
And from the bear of uneasy hip.

* * * * *
* * * * *

From every hoofed of four feet,
And from every hatched of two wings.



SIAN [137]

IAN a chuir Moir air a Mac,
Sian romh mharbhadh, sian romh lot,
Sian eadar cioch agus glun,
Sian eadar glun agus lorc,
Sian nan tri sian,
Sian nan coig sian,
Sian nan seachd sian,
Eadar barr do chinn
Agus bonn do chos.
Sian nan seachd paidir, a h-aon, [a dh' aon
Sian nan seachd paidir, a dha,
Sian nan seachd paidir, a tri,
Sian nan seachd paidir, a ceithir,
Sian nan seachd paidir, a coig,
Sian nan seachd paidir, a sia,
Sian nan seachd paidir, a seachd
Ort a nis.
Bho chlaban do bhathas,
Gu dathas do bhonn,
Ga d' chumail o d' chul,
Ga d' chumhn o d' aghaidh.

Clogad slainne mu d' cheann,
Cearcul comhnant mu d' bhraigh,
Uchd-eididh an t-sagairt mu d' bhrollach,
Ga d' dhion an cogadh 's an comhrag nan namh.

Mu's ruaig dhuit, oig, o thaobh do chuil,
Buaidh na h-Oigh ga do chomhnadh dluth, [brog
Sear no siar, siar no sear,
Tuath no deas, deas no tuath.

SAIN

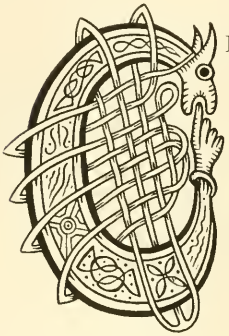
THE sain put by Mary on her Son,
Sain from death, sain from wound,
Sain from breast to knee,
Sain from knee to foot,
Sain of the three sains,
Sain of the five sains,
Sain of the seven sains,
From the crown of thy head
To the soles of thy feet.
Sain of the seven paters, one, [of one
Sain of the seven paters, two,
Sain of the seven paters, three,
Sain of the seven paters, four,
Sain of the seven paters, five,
Sain of the seven paters, six,
Sain of the seven paters, seven
Upon thee now.
From the edge of thy brow,
To thy coloured soles,
To preserve thee from behind,
To sustain thee in front.

Be the helmet of salvation about thine head,
Be the corslet of the covenant about thy throat,
Be the breastplate of the priest upon thy breast,
To shield thee in the battle and combat of thine enemies.

If pursued, oh youth, from behind thy back,
The power of the Virgin be close to succour thee, [shoe
East or west, west or east,
North or south, south or north.

EOLAS GRADHAICH [138]

The people quote many proverbs relating to love and to love charms. 'Is leth-aoin an caothach agus an gaol,'—Twins are lunacy and love. 'Is ionann an galar gaoil agus an galar caothaich,'—Alike the complaint of love and the complaint of madness. 'Duinidh gaol mile suil ach duisgidh



HA'N eolas gradhach duit
Uisge thraghadh tromh shop,
Ach gradh an fhir [te] thig riut,
Le bhlaths a tharsainn ort.

Eirich moch 's an Domhnach,
Gu leac comhnard pleatach
Beir leat currachd sagart,
Agus puball beannach.

Tog sid air do ghualainn
Ann an sluasaid mhaide,
Faigh naoi gasa roinnich
Air an gearradh le tuaigh,

Tri cnamhan seann-duine,
Air an tarruinn a uaigh,
Loisg iad air teine crionaich,
Us dean gu leir n'an luath.

Crath an dearbh bhrollach do leannain
An aghaidh gath gaoth tuath,
'S theid mis an rath, 's am baran duit,
Nach falbh am fear [bean] sin uat.

LOVE CHARM

cuig mile farmaid,'—Love will close a thousand eyes but waken five thousand jealousies.

The lucky bones are the joint of the big toe of the right foot and the nail joints of the left foot of an old man. These are said to be the first part of the human body to decay.

It is not love knowledge to thee
To draw water through a reed,
But the love of him [her] thou choosest,
With his warmth to draw to thee.

Arise thou early on the day of the Lord,
To the broad flat flag
Take with thee the biretta of a priest, [fox-glove (?)
And the pinnacled canopy. [butter-bur (?)

Lift them on thy shoulder
In a wooden shovel,
Get thee nine stems of ferns
Cut with an axe,

The three bones of an old man,
That have been drawn from the grave,
Burn them on a fire of faggots,
And make them all into ashes.

Shake it in the very breast of thy lover,
Against the sting of the north wind,
And I will vow, and warrant thee,
That man [woman] will never leave thee.

EOLAS GRADHAIDH [139]

EOLAS gradhaidh dut,
Uisge thraghadh thromh shop,
Blaths an fhir [te] thig riut,
Le ghradh a tharsainn ort.

Eirich moch Di-domhnaich,
Gu lic chomhnard chladaich
Beir leat beannach pubaill,
Agus currachd sagairt.

Deannan beag a ghriosaich
An iochdar do bhadain,
Dornan corr a ghruaigean,
Ann an sluasaid mhaide.

Tri cnamhan seann-duine,
An deigh an creann a uaigh,
Naoi goisne reann-roinnich,
An deigh an treann le tuaigh.

Loisg iad air teine crionaich
Us dean gu leir diubh luath ;
Crath am brollach broth do leannain,
An aghaidh gath gaoth tuath,

Rach ruaig rath an alachd,
Car nan coig cuart,
'S bheirim brath us baran duit
Nach falbh am fear [bean] sin uat.

LOVE CHARM

A LOVE charm for thee,
Water drawn through a straw,
The warmth of him [her] thou lovest,
With love to draw on thee.

Arise betimes on Lord's day,
To the flat rock of the shore
Take with thee the pointed canopy, [butter-bur (?)
And the cap of a priest. [fox-glove (?)

A small quantity of embers
In the skirt of thy kirtle,
A special handful of sea-weed
In a wooden shovel.

Three bones of an old man,
Newly torn from the grave,
Nine stalks of royal fern,
Newly trimmed with an axe.

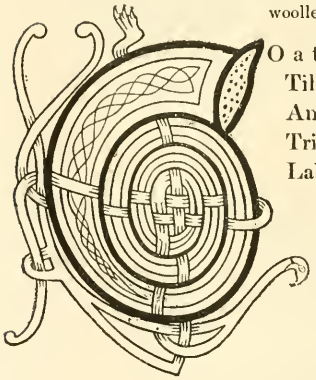
Burn them on a fire of fagots,
And make them all into ashes;
Sprinkle in the fleshy breast of thy lover,
Against the venom of the north wind,

Go round the 'rath' of procreation,
The circuit of the five turns,
And I will vow and warrant thee
That man [woman] shall never leave thee.

CRONACHDUINN SUIL [140]

The results of the evil eye appear in yawning and vomiting and in a general disturbance of the system. The countenance assumes an appearance grim, gruesome, and repulsive—'greann, greisne, grannda.'

This formula for removing the effects of the evil eye is handed down from male to female, from female to male, and is efficacious only when thus transmitted. Before pronouncing it over the particular case of sickness, the operator proceeds to a stream, where the living and the dead alike pass, and lifts water, in name of the Holy Trinity, into a wooden ladle. In no case is the ladle of metal. On returning, a wife's gold ring, a piece of gold, of silver, and of copper, are put in the ladle. The sign of the holy cross is then made, and this rhyme is repeated in a slow recitative manner—the name of the person or animal under treatment being mentioned towards the end. In the case of an animal a woollen thread, generally of the natural colour of the sheep,



O a thilleas cronachduinn suil ?
Tillidh mise tha mi'n duil,
Ann an ainm Righ nan dul.
Tri seachd gairmeachdain co ceart,
Labhair Criosd an dorusd na cathrach ;
Paidir Moire a h-aon,
Paidir Righ a dha,
Paidir Moire a tri,
Paidir Righ a ceithir,
Paidir Moire a coig,
Paidir Righ a sia,
Paidir Moire a seachd;
Tillidh seachd paidrichean Moire
Cronachduinn suil,
Co dhiubh bhitheas e air duine no air bruid,
Air marc no air earc ;
Thusa bhi na d' h-ioma shlainte noehd,
[*An t-ainm*]
An ainm an Athar, a Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh. Amen.

THWARTING THE EVIL EYE

is tied round the tail. The consecrated water is then given as a draught, and sprinkled over the head and backbone. In the case of a cow the horns and the space between the horns are carefully anointed.

The remnant of the water, no drop of which must have reached the ground previously, is poured over a corner stone, threshold flag, or other immovable stone or rock, which is said to split if the sickness be severe. Experts profess to distinguish whether it be a man or a woman who has laid the evil eye :—if a man, the copper adheres to the bottom of the upturned ladle, significant of the 'iomadh car,' many turns in a man's dark wily heart ; if a woman, only the silver and gold adhere, the heart of a woman being to that of man—not in this case, 'as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine'—but as gold and silver to copper and brass. Old women in the Highlands say that if men's hearts were laid bare they would be found to contain many more twists and turns and wiles than those of women.

Who shall thwart the evil eye?
I shall thwart it, methinks,
In name of the King of life.
Three seven commands so potent,
Spake Christ in the door of the city ;
Pater Mary one,
Pater King two,
Pater Mary three,
Pater King four,
Pater Mary five,
Pater King six,
Pater Mary seven ;
Seven pater Maries will thwart
The evil eye,
Whether it be on man or on beast,
On horse or on cow ;
Be thou in thy full health this night,
[*The name*]
In name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

EOLAS A BHEUM SHULA [141]

ALTRAIM air an t-suil
Mar a shaltrais lach air luin,
Mar a shaltrais eal air burn,
Mar a shaltrais each air uir,
Mar a shaltrais earc air iuc, [earca-iucna
Mar a shaltrais feachd nan dul, [Ti
Mar a shaltrais feachd nan dul.

Ta neart gaoith agam air,
Ta neart fraoich agam air,
Ta neart teine agam air,
Ta neart torruinn agam air,
Ta neart dealain agam air,
Ta neart gaillinn agam air,
Ta neart gile agam air,
Ta neart greine agam air,
Ta neart nan reul agam air,
Ta neart nan speur agam air,
Ta neart nan neamh
Us nan ce agam air,
Neart nan neamh
Us nan ce agam air.

Trian air na clacha glasa dheth,
Trian air na beanna casa dheth,
Trian air na h-easa brasa dheth,

EXORCISM OF THE EYE

I trample upon the eye,
As tramples the duck upon the lake,
As tramples the swan upon the water,
As tramples the horse upon the plain,
As tramples the cow upon the 'iuc,' [Caledonian cattle
As tramples the host of the elements, [Being
    As tramples the host of the elements.

Power of wind I have over it,
Power of wrath I have over it,
Power of fire I have over it,
Power of thunder I have over it,
Power of lightning I have over it,
Power of storms I have over it,
Power of moon I have over it,
Power of sun I have over it,
Power of stars I have over it,
Power of firmament I have over it,
Power of the heavens
And of the worlds I have over it,
    Power of the heavens
    And of the worlds I have over it.

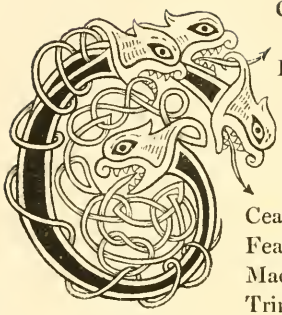
A portion of it upon the grey stones, [third
A portion of it upon the steep hills,
A portion of it upon the fast falls,

Trian air na liana maiseach dheth,
'S trian air a mhuir mhoir shalach,
'S i fein asair is fearr gu ghiulan,
A mhuir mhor shalach,
Asair is fearr gu ghiulan.

An ainm Tri nan Dul, [Di
An ainm nan Tri Numh,
An ainm nan uile Run,
Agus nan Cursa comhla.

A portion of it upon the fair meads,
And a portion upon the great salt sea,
She herself is the best instrument to carry it,
The great salt sea,
The best instrument to carry it.

In name of the Three of Life, [God
In name of the Sacred Three,
In name of all the Secret Ones,
And of the Powers together.



CRONACHDAIN SUIL [142]

HURNAICH suil thu,
Thurmaich bial thu,
Runaich cridh thu,
Smunaich miann thu.

Ceathrar a rinn du-sa trasd,
Fear agus bean,
Mac agus murn;
Trinir cuiream riu ga'n casg,
Athair,
Mac,
Spiorad Numh.

Cuiream fianuis chon Moire,
Mathair-chobhair an t-sluaigh,
Cuiream fianuis chon Bride,
Muime Chriosda nam buadh,
Cuiream fianuis chon Chaluim,
Ostal oirthir us chuain,
'S cuiream fianuis chon flathas,
Chon gach naoimh us gach aingil tha shuas.

Ma's e fear a rinn do lochd,
Le droch shuil,
Le droch run,
Le droch ruam,

COUNTERACTING THE EVIL EYE

An eye covered thee,
A mouth spoke thee,
A heart envied thee,
A mind desired thee.

Four made thee thy cross,
Man and wife,
Youth and maid;
Three will I send to thwart them.
Father,
Son,
Spirit Holy.

I appeal to Mary,
Aidful mother of men,
I appeal to Bride,
Foster-mother of Christ omnipotent,
I appeal to Columba,
Apostle of shore and sea,
And I appeal to heaven,
To all saints and angels that be above.

If it be a man that has done thee harm,
With evil eye,
With evil wish,
With evil passion,

Gun tilg thu diot gach olc,
Gach mug,
Gach gnug,
Gach gruam,
'S gu'm bith thu gu math gu brath,
Ri linn an snathle seo
Dhol a d' dhail mu'n cuart,
An onair De agus Ios,
Agus Spioraid ioic bhi-bhuain.

Mayest thou cast off each ill,
Every malignity,
Every malice,
Every harassment,
And mayest thou be well for ever,
While this thread
Goes round thee,
In honour of God and of Jesus,
And of the Spirit of balm everlasting.

UIBE RI SHUL [143]

UIBE gheal chuir Muire mhin,
A nall air allt, air muir, 's air tir,
Air bhrig, 's air ghat fharmaid, [chat
Air mhac armaid,
Air fiacaill coin-ghiorr,
Air siadhadh coin-ghearr,
Air tri chorracha-cri,
Air tri chorracha cnamh,
Air tri chorracha creothail,
'S air lion leothair lair.

Ge be co rinn dut an t-suil,
Gu'n laigh i air fein,
Gu'n laigh i air a thur,
Gu'n laigh i air a spreidh,
Gu'n laigh i air a shult,
Gu'n laigh i air a shaill,
Gu'n laigh i air a chuid,
Gu'n laigh i air a chlainn,
Gu'n laigh i air a bhean,
Gu'n laigh i air a loinn.

Clomhaidh mise an t-suil,
Somhaidh mise an t-suil,
Imirichidh mi'n t-suil,
A thri feithean feiche,
'S teang eug an iomalain.
Tri maighdeana beaga caomh,
A rugadh 's an aon oidhche ri Criosd,
Ma's beo dh'an triuir sin air an oidhche nochd,
Beo bhith d' ire-sa, bheothaich bhochd.

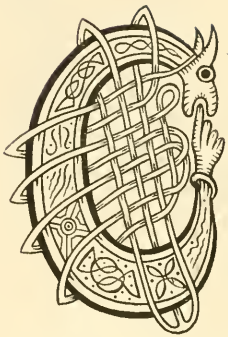
SPELL FOR EVIL EYE

The fair spell that lovely Mary sent,
Over stream, over sea, over land,
Against incantations, against withering glance, [cat
Against inimical power,
Against the teeth of wolf,
Against the testicles of wolf,
Against the three crooked cranes,
Against the three crooked bones,
Against the three crooked 'creothail,'
And against lint 'leothair' of the ground.

Whoso made to thee the eye,
May it lie upon himself,
May it lie upon his house,
May it lie upon his flocks,
May it lie upon his substance,
May it lie upon his fatness,
May it lie upon his means,
May it lie upon his children,
May it lie upon his wife,
May it lie upon his descendants.

I will subdue the eye,
I will suppress the eye,
And I will banish the eye,
The three arteries inviting (?),
And the tongue of death completely.
Three lovely little maidens,
Born the same night with Christ,
If alive be these three to-night,
Life be anear thee, poor beast.

OBI RI SHUIL [144]



UIRIM an obi seo ri m' shul,
Mar a dh' orduich Ti nan dul,
A uchd Pheadail, a uchd Phoil,
An treas ob is fearr fo'n ghrein.

Sil, a Mhoire, sil, a Bhride,
Sil, a Phadra, righ nan reachd,
Sil, a Chalum-chille chaoimh,
Sil, a Chiarain naoimh nam feart.

Air bhuadh larach air chruadh lamha,
An cath tearmaid, an cath farmaid,
Air gach mac da math da'n teid,
Bith Mac De leis an treuin armachd.

A uchd Athar,
A uchd Mic,
A uchd Spioraid Naoimh.
Amen.

CHARM FOR THE EYE

I PLACE this charm to mine eye,
As the King of life ordained,
From the bosom of Peter and Paul,
The third best amulet under the sun.

Pour Mary, pour Bride,
Pour Patrick, king of laws,
Pour Columba the kindly,
Pour Ciaran, saint of power.

For victory in battle, for hardness of hand,
In battle of defence, in battle of offence,
On every son with whom it shall go well,
The Son of God will be with him in full armour.

From the bosom of Father,
From the bosom of Son,
From the bosom of Holy Spirit.
Amen.

EOIR BEUM SULA [145]

E be co rinn duit an t-suil,
Gu 'n curn i air fein,
Gu 'n curn i air a thur,
Gu 'n curn i air a spreidh,
Air a chaillich mhungaich,
Air a chaillaich mhiongaich,
Air a chaillaich mhangaich,
'S air a chaillich gheur-luirg,
A dh' eirich 's a mhaduinn,
'S a suil na seilbh,
'S a seilbh na seoin,
Nar a leatha a buaile fein,
Nar a leatha leth a deoin,
A chuid nach ith na fithich di,
Gu 'n ith na h-eoin.

Ceathrar a rinn duit an t-suil,
Fear agus bean, mac agus murn;
Triuir a thilgeas diot an tnu,
Athair agus Mac, agus Spiorad Numh.

Mar a thog Criosd am meas,
Thar bharra nam preas,
Gu'n ann a thogas e dhiot-s' a nis
Gach cnid, gach tnu, gach farmad,
O'n la'n diugh gu la deireannach do shaoghail.

CHARM FOR THE EVIL EYE

Whoso laid on thee the eye,
May it lie upon himself,
May it lie upon his house,
May it lie upon his flocks,
On the shuffling carlin,
On the sour-faced carlin,
On the bounding carlin,
On the sharp-shanked carlin,
Who arose in the morning,
With her eye on her flocks,
With her flocks in her 'seoin,'
May she never own a fold,
May she never have half her desires,
The part of her which the ravens do not eat,
May the birds devour.

Four made to thee the eye,
Man and dame, youth and maid;
Three who will cast off thee the envy,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

As Christ lifted the fruit,
From the branches of the bushes,
May he now lift off thee
Every ailment, every envy, every jealousy,
From this day forth till the last day of thy life.

EOLAS [146]

EADAIR us Seumas us Eoin,
Triuir is binne beuis an gloir,
Dh' eirich a dheanamh na h-eoir,
Romh mhor dhorus na Cathrach,
Ri glun deas De a Mhic.

Air na feara fur-shuileach,
Air na bana bur-shuileach,
Air na siocharra seanga sith,
Air na saighde siubhlach sibheideach.

Dithis a rinn dut dibhidh sul,
Fear agus bean le nimh agus tnu,
Triuir a chuirim an urra riu,
Athair, agus Mac, agus Spiorad Numh.

Ceithir ghalara fichead an aorabh duine 's bruid,
Dia da'n sgrid, Dia da'n sgroid, Dia da'n sgruid,
A t' fhuil, a t' fheoil a d' chnamha cubhra caoin,
O'n la'n duigh 's gach la thig, gu'n tig la crich do shaoghail.

CHARM

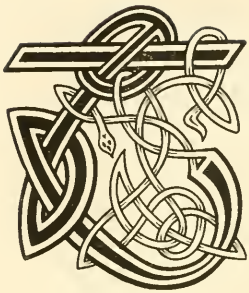
Peter and James and John,
The three of sweetest virtues in glory,
Who arose to make the charm,
Before the great gate of the City,
By the right knee of God the Son.

Against the keen-eyed men,
Against the peering-eyed women,
Against the slim, slender, fairy-darts,
Against the swift arrows of furies.

Two made to thee the withered eye,
Man and woman with venom and envy,
Three whom I will set against them,
Father, Son, and Spirit Holy.

Four and twenty diseases in the constitution of man and beast,
God scrape them, God search them, God cleanse them,
From out thy blood, from out thy flesh, from out thy fragrant bones,
From this day and each day that comes, till thy day on earth be done.

MALLACHD [147]



HAINIG dithis a mach
A Cathrach Neobh,
Fear agus bean,
A dheanadh nan ōisnean.

Mallaich dha na beana bur-shuileach,
Mallaich dha na feara fur-shuileach,
Mallaich dha na ceithir saighde, guineach, guid,
Dh' fhaodadh a bhi 'n aorabh duine 's bruid.

EOLAS A BHEIM SHUIL [148]

The following fragment was copied from an old manuscript and sent to me by the

Saltruighidh mis air an t-suil,
Mar a shaltruigheas eal air tigh nocht, [traigh ?
Ta neart gaoithe agam air,
Ta neart greine agam air,
Ta neart Mhic Righ Neamh
Agus talamhainn agam air,
Trian air na clacha glasa,
* * * *
'S trian air a mhuir mhoir,
Is i fein acfhuinn is fearr g' a ghiulan.

A MALEDICTION

THERE came two out
From the City of Heaven,
A man and a woman,
To make the 'ōisnean.'

Curses on the blear-eyed women,
Curses on the sharp-eyed men,
Curses on the four venomous arrows of disease,
That may be in the constitution of man and beast.

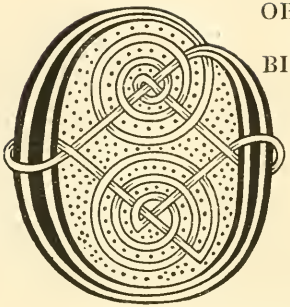
SPELL OF THE EVIL EYE

Rev. Angus Macdonald, Killearnan, Black Isle. The reciter's name is given as 'Anna Chaimbeul'—Ann Campbell.

TRAMPLE I upon the eye,
As tramples the swan on a bar house, [strand ?
Power of wind I have over it,
Power of sun I have over it,
The power of the Son of the King of Heaven
And of earth I have over it,
A portion of it on the grey stones, [third

* * * *

And a portion on the great sea,
She herself is the most able instrument to bear it.



OBI NAN SUL [149]

BI nan geur shul,
Obi nan reul-iul,
Obi Re nan uile re,
Obi Dhe nan dul,
Obi Re nan uile re,
Obi Dhe nan dul.

Obi Bhride nan ciobh oir,
Obi Mhoire mhin-ghil Oigh,
Obi Bheus nan uile bheus,
Obi Dhe na gloir,
Obi Bheus nan uile bheus,
Obi Dhe na gloir.

Obi Pheadail agus Phail,
Obi Airil 's Eoin a ghraidh,
Obi Dhe nan uile dhe,
Obi Dhe nan gras,
Obi Dhe nan uile dhe,
Obi Dhe nan gras.

Feill Mhairi, Feill Dhe, [Che
Feill shagart agus chleir,
Feill Chriosd, Righ nam feart,
Dhiongaich anns a ghrein a neart,
Feill Chriosd, Righ nam feart,
Dhiongaich anns a ghrein a neart.

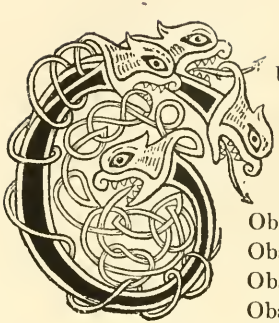
INCANTATION FOR THE EYE

Incantation of the seeing eye,
Incantation of the guiding star,
Incantation of the King of all kings,
Incantation of the God of life,
    Incantation of the King of all kings,
    Incantation of the God of life.

Incantation of Bride of the locks of gold,
Incantation of the beauteous Mary Virgin,
Incantation of the Virtue of all virtues,
Incantation of the God of glory,
    Incantation of the Virtue of all virtues,
    Incantation of the God of glory.

Incantation of Peter and of Paul,
Incantation of Ariel and John of love,
Incantation of the God of all gods,
Incantation of the God of grace,
    Incantation of the God of all gods,
    Incantation of the God of grace.

Feast of Mary, Feast of God, [Ce
Feast of cleric and of priest,
Feast of Christ, Prince of power,
Who established the sun with strength,
    Feast of Christ, Prince of power,
    Who endowed the sun with strength.



OBA RI SHUL [150]

UIRIM an oba seo ri m' shuil,
Mar a dh' orduich Righ nan dul,
Oba Pheadail, oba Phoil,
Oba Sheumais, oba Eoin,
Oba Chaluim-chille chaoimh,
Oba Phadra sar gach naoimh,
Oba Bhride bhith nam ba,
Oba Mhoire mhin nan agh,
Oba tromla, oba treuid,
Oba lomra, oba spreidh,
Oba nolla, oba ni,
Oba sona, oba sith,
Oba troga, oba treuin,
An treas oba is fearr fo'n ghrein,
Oba bhuadha nan Tri Bhuadh,
Athar, Mic, Spioraid buan.

SPELL OF THE EYE

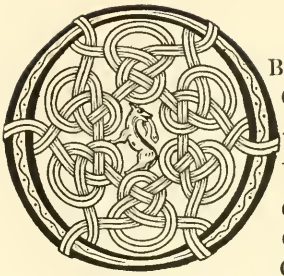
I PLACE this spell to mine eye,
As the King of life ordained,
Spell of Peter, spell of Paul,
Spell of James, spell of John,
Spell of Columba benign,
Spell of Patrick, chief of saints,
Spell of Bride, tranquil of the kine,
Spell of Mary, lovely of the joys,
Spell of cows, spell of herds,
Spell of sheep, spell of flocks,
Spell of greatness, spell of means,
Spell of joy, spell of peace,
Spell of war, spell of the brave,
The third best spell under the sun,
The powerful spell of the Three Powers,
Father, Son, Spirit everlasting.

OBA RI SUL [151]

BA mho-ghil,
A chuir Moir Oighe,
Chon ighinn Dorail,
Nan or-bhi cuach,
A nall air mor-thir,
A nall air oir-thir,
A nall air log-thir,
A nall air cuan,
Chon casga sula,
Chon casga dula,
Chon casga tnutha,
Chon casga fuatha,
Chon tilleadh breotaich,
Chon tilleadh greotaich,
Chon tilleadh sreotaich,
Chon tillcadh ruaidh.

SPELL OF THE EYE

The spell fair-white,
Sent of Mary Virgin,
To the daughter of Dorail,
Of the golden-yellow hair,
Hither on main-land,
Hither on coast-land,
Hither on lake-land,
Hither on ocean,
To thwart eye,
To thwart net,
To thwart envy,
To thwart hate.
To repel 'breotaich,'
To repel 'greotaich,'
To repel 'sreotaich,'
To repel rose.



OB RI SHUL [152]

B a chuir Moire mhor-gheal
Gu Bride mhin-gheal,
Air muir, air tir, air li, 's rachd fharmaid,
Air fiacail coin-ghiorr, 's air siadha coin-ghearr.

Ge be co leag ort an t-suil,
Gu'm much i air fein,
Gu'm much i air a thur,
Gu'm much i air a spreidh.

Clomhadh mis an t-suil,
Somhadh mis an t-suil,
Tri teanga tur nan iomlan,
Am feithean a chridhe,
An eibhlean imileig.

A uchd Athar,
A uchd Mic,
A uchd Spioraid Naoimh.

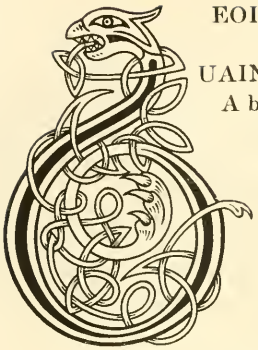
SPELL OF THE EYE

The spell the great white Mary sent
To Bride the lovely fair,
For sea, for land, for water, and for withering glance,
For teeth of wolf, for testicle of wolf.

Whoso laid on thee the eye,
May it oppress himself,
May it oppress his house,
May it oppress his flocks.

Let me subdue the eye,
Let me avert the eye,
The three complete tongues of fulness,
In the arteries of the heart,
In the vitals of the navel.

From the bosom of Father,
From the bosom of Son,
From the bosom of Holy Spirit.



EOLAS A CHRONACHAIDH [153]

UAINIDH mi a chathair aigh
A bhuain Criosd le leth-laimh.

Thainig Ard Righ nan aingeal
Le ghradh 's le fhath os mo chionn.

Thainig Iosa Criosda steach
Le blioc, le blac, le barr,
Le laoigh bhoirionn, le ais.

Air suil bhig, air suil mhoir,
Air uachdar cuid Chriosd.

An ainm Ti nan dul
Cum rium do ghras,
Crun Righ nan aingeal,
Bainne chur an uth 's an ar,
Le laoigh bhoirionn, le al.

Gu'n robh agaibh fad nan seachd bliadhna
Gun chall laogh, gun chall bainne,
Gun chall maona no caomh charaid.

SPELL OF THE COUNTERACTING

I WILL pluck the gracious yarrow
That Christ plucked with His one hand.

The High King of the angels
Came with His love and His countenance above me.

Jesus Christ came hitherward
With milk, with substance, with produce,
With female calves, with milk product.

On small eye, on large eye,
Over Christ's property.

In name of the Being of life
Supply me with Thy grace,
The crown of the King of the angels
To put milk in udder and gland,
With female calves, with progeny.

May you have the length of seven years
Without loss of calf, without loss of milk,
Without loss of means or of dear friends.

CUNNTAS AN T-SLEAMHNAIN [154]

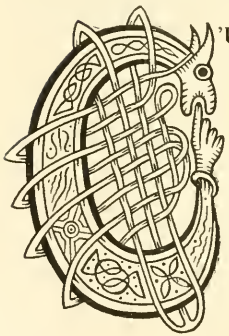
The exorcism of the stye is variously called 'Cunntas an t-Sleamhnain'—Counting of the Stye, 'Eolas an t-Sleamhnain'—Exorcism of the Stye, and 'Eoir an t-Sleamhnain'—Charm of the Stye.

When making the charm the exorcist holds some sharp-pointed instrument, preferably a nail, or the tongue of a brooch or buckle, between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. With each question the operator makes a feint with the instrument at the stye, going perilously near the eye. The sensation caused by the thrusting is extremely painful to the sufferer and even to the observer.

The reciter assured the writer that a cure immediately follows the operation. Possibly the thrusting acts upon the nervous system of the patient.

Ordinarily the exorcist omits mentioning the word 'sleamhnan' after the first two times, abbreviating thus:—

'C'um an tainig a dha an seo	Why came the two here
Gun a tri an seo?'	Without the three here?



'UIM an tainig an aon sleamhnan, [Com á thig
Gun an da shleamhnan an seo?
C'uim an tainig an da shleamhnan,
Gun na tri sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig na tri sleamhnain,
Gun na ceithir sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig na ceithir sleamhnain,
Gun na coig sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig na coig sleamhnain,
Gun na sia sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig na sia sleamhnain,
Gun na seachd sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig na seachd sleamhnain,
Gun na h-ochd sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig na h-ochd sleamhnain,
Gun na naodh sleamhnain an seo?
C'uim an tainig a naodh,
No aon idir an seo?

THE COUNTING OF THE STYE

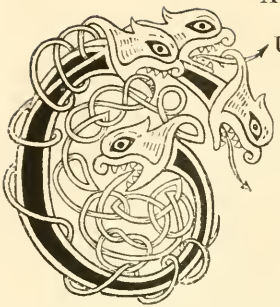
After the incantation the Lord's Prayer is intoned, and the following is repeated:—

'Paidir a h-aon,	Pater one,
Paidir a dha,	Pater two,
Paidir a tri,	Pater three,
Paidir a ceithir,	Pater four,
Paidir a coig,	Pater five,
Paidir a sia,	Pater six,
Paidir a seachd,	Pater seven,
Paidir a h-ochd,	Pater eight,
Paidir a naodh,	Pater nine,
Paidir a h-aon	Pater one
'S a h-ochd,	And eight,
Paidir Chriosda chaoimh	Pater of Christ the kindly
Ort an oidhche nochd,	Be upon thee to-night,
Paidir Tri nan dul	Pater of the Three of life
Air a shuil gun lochd.'	Upon thine eye without harm.

This seems to indicate that the Lord's Prayer was originally repeated nine times.

WHY came the one stye, [Why comes
Without the two styes here?
Why came the two styes,
Without the three styes here?
Why came the three styes,
Without the four styes here?
Why came the four styes,
Without the five styes here?
Why came the five styes,
Without the six styes here?
Why came the six styes,
Without the seven styes here?
Why came the seven styes,
Without the eight styes here?
Why came the eight styes,
Without the nine styes here?
Why came the nine,
Or one at all here?

AM FIONN-FAOILIDH [155]



UIREAM fionn-faoilidh umam,
A thraoghadh feirge falamh,
A chumail rium mo chliu,
Fad 's a bhios mi biu air talamh.

O Mhicheil! glac mo lamh,
Liobh rium cairdeas De,
Ma tha mi-run no di-run air mo namh,
Criosd a bhi eadar mis us e,
O, Criosd eadar mis us e!

Ma tha mi-run no di-run air mo sgath,
Criosd a bhi eadar mis us e,
O, Criosd eadar mis us e!

EOLAS TNU [156]

These lines were obtained in Tiree from a woman known as 'Nic 'aldomhnuich,' the daughter of Maoldomhnuich, rendered 'Ludovic.' This woman had known many such runes, but was forgetting them.

Maoldomhnuich is one of the many personal names originating in the Celtic Church, now rare elsewhere, but still current in the Western Isles. Some of these names with their meanings are interesting. Maoldomhnuich means 'the tonsured of the Lord,' Maolciaran 'the tonsured of Ciaran,' Maolpadruig 'the tonsured of Patrick,' Maolcalum 'the tonsured of Columba,' Maolmicheil 'the tonsured of Michael,' Maolbride 'the tonsured of Bride,' Maolmoire 'the tonsured of Mary.' Maoliosa, 'the tonsured of Jesus,' is the Malise and Malsie of Sir Walter Scott, and

Ge be co rinn duit an tnu,
Fear dubh, no bean fionn,
Triuir cuirim riu ga chasg—
Spiorad Numh, Athair, Mac.

THE 'FIONN-FAOILIDH'

I PLACE the 'fionn-faoilidh' on me,
To drain wrath empty,
To preserve to me my fame,
While I shall live on earth.

O Michael! grasp my hand,
Vouchsafe to me the love of God,
If there be ill-will or ill-wish in mine enemy,
Christ be between me and him,
Oh, Christ between me and him!

If there be ill-will or ill-wish concerning me,
Christ be between me and it,
Oh, Christ between me and it!

ENVY SPELL

the Malisu of the Earls of Strathearn. A precipitous island near the east entrance to Macneilltown, Barra, is called 'Maoldomhnuich' from an anchorite of the name who lived there and whose cell is still to be seen. The island is also called 'Eilean nam fiadh,' isle of the deer, from the ancient Macneills of Barra having had deer there.

There is hardly an island however remote, or an ocean-girt rock however precipitous, throughout the stormy Hebrid seas, that does not show touching traces of the courage and devotion of these self-denying anchorites.

The writer often took pleasure in visiting these almost inaccessible rocks and tracing their cells.

WHOSO made to thee the envy,
Swarthy man or woman fair,
Three I will send to thwart it—
Holy Spirit, Father, Son.

AN DEARG CHASACHAN [157]

UAINIDH mi an dearg-chasachan aic,
An lion a bhuain Bride mhin tromh glaic,
Air buaidh shlainte, air buaidh chairdeas
Air buaidh thoilleachais,
Air buaidh droch run, air buaidh droch shul,
Air buaidh chronachais.
Air buaidh droch bheud, air buaidh droch bheus,
Air buaidh ghonachais,
Air buaidh droch sgeul, air buaidh droch bheul,
Air buaidh shonachais—
Air buaidh shonachais.

AN EIDHEANN-MU-CHRANN [158]

BUAINIDH mis an eidheann-mu-chrann,
Mar a bhuain Moire le a leth-laimh,
Mar a dh' orduich Righ nan dul,
Bainne chur an uth 's an ar,
Le laoigh bhreaca, bhoirionn, bhailgneach,
Mar a thubhradh anns an dailgneachd,
Air an laraich seo gu ceann la 's bliadhna.
A uchd Dia nan dul 's nan cursa comhla.

THE RED-STALK

Pluck will I the little red-stalk of surety,
The lint the lovely Bride drew through her palm,
For success of health, for success of friendship,
For success of joyousness,
For overcoming of evil mind, for overcoming of evil eye,
For overcoming of bewitchment,
For overcoming of evil deed, for overcoming of evil conduct,
For overcoming of malediction,
For overcoming of evil news, for overcoming of evil words,
For success of blissfulness—
For success of blissfulness.

THE TREE-ENTWINING IVY

I will pluck the tree-entwining ivy,
As Mary plucked with her one hand,
As the King of life has ordained,
To put milk in udder and gland,
With speckled fair female calves,
As was spoken in the prophecy,
On this foundation for a year and a day,
Through the bosom of the God of life, and of all the powers.

EOLAS AN TORRANAIN [159]

The figwort is known as 'farach dubh,' 'farach donn,' 'farum,' 'forum,' 'fothlus,' 'fotlus,' 'lus nan cnapan,' 'lus nan clugan,' 'clugan,' 'cluganach,' 'lus an torranain,' 'torranach,' and 'torranan.' The names are descriptive:—'farach dubh'—black mallet, 'farach donn'—brown mallet; 'farum' and 'forum' are probably forms of 'farach.' 'Fothlus' and 'fotlus'—crumbs, refuse, scrofulous, 'lus nan clugan'—plant of the clusters, 'lus an torranain'—plant of the thunderer. Probably 'tarrann,' 'torrann,' 'torranan,' 'tarranan,' are variants of Taranis, the name of the thunder god of the Gauls.

On the mainland the figwort is known for its medicinal properties, and in the islands for its magical powers. On the mainland the leaf of the plant is applied to cuts and bruises, and the tuber to sores and tumours. In the islands the plant was placed on the cow fetter, under the milk boyne, and over the byre door, to ensure milk in the cows.

Having intoned the incantation of the 'torranan,' the reciter said—'The "torranan" is a blessed plant. It grows in sight of the sea. Its root is a cluster of four bulbs like the four teats of a cow. The stalk of the plant is as long as the arm, and the bloom is as large as the breast of a woman, and as pure white as the driven snow of the hill. It is full of the milk of grace and goodness and of the gift of peace and power, and fills with the filling and ebbs with the ebbing tide. It is therefore meet to cull the plant with the flow and not with the ebb of the restless sea. If I had the "torranan" it would ensure to me abundant milk in my cow all the year. Poor as I am, I would rather than a Saxon pound that I had the blessed "torranan." I went away to John the son of Fearachar, who knows every plant that comes through the ground, to see if he would get me the "torranan" of power. But John's wife said "No," and that I was only an "oinig," a silly woman. The jade!'

John Beaton, known as John, son of Fearachar, son of John, son of 'Niall Dotair,' Neil the Doctor, was a shepherd by occupation but a botanist by instinct. He knew Gaelic only, and he knew no letters, but probably he knew more about plants and plant habitats and characteristics than any other man in Scotland. He lived in close communion with nature, and loved plants as he loved his children—with a warm abiding love which no poverty could cool and no age could dim. A Gaelic proverb says:—'Bu dual da sin'—that was hereditary to him; and:—'Sgoiltidh an dualchas a chreag'—heredity will cleave the rock; and again:—'Theid dualchas an aghaidh nan creag'—heredity will go against the rocks. John Beaton was a striking confirmation of these sayings, being descended from a long line of botanists and botanical doctors who left their impress on the minds and on the language of their fellow-countrymen. He was descended from the Beatons of Skye, who were descended from

THE CHARM OF THE FIGWORT

the Beatons of Islay. They in turn were descended from the Beatons of Mull, who are said to have come down from Beatan, the medical missionary of the Columban Church of Iona. These Beatons produced many eminent men, among them James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and his still greater nephew David, the Cardinal Archbishop of St. Andrews, and, through the Barons Livingstone of Bachuill, Lismore, David Livingstone, physician, missionary, traveller and explorer. Mary Beaton, mentioned in the song of the Queen's *Four Maries*, was also of these Beatons :—

'Last night there were four Maries,
This night there shall be but three :
There was Marie Beaton and Marie Seaton
And Marie Carmichael and me.'

The people of Mull say that this Mary Beaton was of the Mull family, but the distinguished scholar, the late Hector Maclean, and other Islay men, claimed that she was of the Islay Beatons. The Beatons were hereditary 'leighean,' physicians, to the Lords of the Isles and to other great insular and mainland chiefs. They were also physicians to the Kings of Scotland, whom they visited periodically. Payments for some of these visits are recorded in the Exchequer Rolls.

The Beatons left many MSS. on medicine and on medicinal plants. Some of these are in the Advocates' Library, some are in private possession, and many are known to have been lost. Some of the most beautiful sculptured stones in Iona, Mull, Islay, and elsewhere, are over the tombs of Beatons.

Several of the Beatons of Mull and Islay went to Paris and other Continental cities to complete their medical and theological studies. Some of these remained abroad and rose to positions of distinction. The name is still to be met with in France in the French form of Bethune. One of the Beatons on returning to Scotland retained that form of the name. He settled in Fife. A descendant of his settled in Skye as leech to Macleod of Macleod, founding the Skye branch of the family. One of this family was known as 'Fearachar Leigh,' 'Fearachar Lighiche,' Farquhar the physician. He held the small estate of Husabost, near the mouth of Dunvegan Loch, for his services. He had a medical MS. valued at sixty milch cows; and so careful was he of this manuscript, that when he himself came up to Dunvegan by boat he sent a trusted man-servant on horseback round by land with the manuscript. John Beaton, the shepherd of Uist, was descended from this 'Fearachar Leigh.'

John Beaton was too old and too rheumatic to move from home, but he described the 'torranan,' its flower, leaf, stalk, and root, and its situation in Benmore, to his son and the writer, with marvellous fulness and accuracy, though he had not been

to Benmore nor seen the 'torranan' for many years previously. He said that there were only two plants of it in Uist, and that these were near one another on Benmore and overlooking the sea. He explained the various medicinal uses of the plant, but smiled at its alleged magical powers.

This was in 1877. John Beaton died in 1881, aged 92, one of nature's scientists and of nature's gentlemen. In 1896 his son, Fearachar, sent me the two plants from Benmore in South Uist. One of them I gave to Professor Bayley Balfour of the University of Edinburgh, who kindly identified the plant for me.

The following tradition is current in Uist:—The Pope sent Torranan to teach the people of Ireland the way of salvation. But the people of Ireland would not receive Torranan, whom they beat and maltreated in various ways. Torranan prayed to God to deliver him from the Irish, and shook the dust of Ireland off his feet. He betook himself to his coracle and turned it sun-wise, in name of God, and in name of Christ, and in name of Spirit, praying the 'Teora Naomh,' Holy Three, to send him when and where and whichever way they listed and had work for him to do—but not again to Ireland. The man was driven about hither and thither on the wild waves in his frail coracle no one knows how long or how far. But an Eye was on his prow, and a Hand was on his helm, and the tide, and the wind, and the waves combined to take him into the little creek of Cailigeo in Benbecula.

The island of Benbecula is situated between the islands of South Uist and North Uist, its axis being at right angles to the axes of these islands—one end on the Minch, the other on the Atlantic. It is fordable on both sides when the tide is out, hence the Gaelic name 'Beinn-nam-faoghla'—ben of the fords. The hill indicated in the name is near the centre of the island and nearly in a direct line between the fords. It is called 'Ruaidhbhal,' 'Ruaival'—red hill, from the Gaelic 'ruadh'—red, and the Norse 'fell'—a hill. Ruaival is the only hill in Benbecula. It is cone-shaped, flat and level on the top, and 409 feet in height. The sloping sides are flushed with heather, while the flat summit is green and grassy. The summit commands an extraordinary view of fords and channels, islands, peninsulas and mainlands, seas and lakes, and of moors and machairs broken up and dotted over in the most marvellous manner with shallow pools, tarns, and lakes scattered broadcast beyond count, beyond number. Probably the world does not contain anything more disorderly than the distribution of land and water in and around Benbecula.

When Torranan was ascending the round red hill of Ruaival to survey his surroundings and to ascertain his whereabouts, his breast was sore from thirst, for he had had no water to drink since leaving Ireland. And Torranan prayed to God for water to quench his thirst, and lo! the red rock before him rent asunder, and from the fissure a clear rill of cold water issued. Torranan thus pre-experienced the truth of Goethe's words:—

> 'At his appointed time revolving,
> The sun these shades of night dispels,
> The rock, its rugged breast dissolving,
> Gives up to earth its hidden wells.'

The water was fair to see and pleasing to taste, and Torranan drank his 'seachd sath'—seven satiations, and he blessed the rill from the rent rock and called it 'Gamhnach'—farrow cow. 'Agus ghuidh Torranan air Dia mor nan dul nach d'reathadh a Ghamhnach gu brath an diosg'—'And Torranan beseeched the great God of the elements that the "Gamhnach" might never go dry.' And ever since then all pilgrims who go to the 'Gamhnach' and drink of the rill give a choice green leaf to the 'farrow cow' in memory of its refreshing drink to the holy man who came to teach the people of 'Innis Cat'—Isle of the Caty—the way of salvation.

The man rejected of the people of Ireland became the accepted missionary of the people of Uist. He wished to build his prayer-house on 'Cnoc Feannaig,' the knoll of the hooded crow, within sight and hearing of the wild waves of Cailigeo where he had been driven ashore from his perilous voyage. Accordingly he began to gather stones to build himself a prayer-house on the knoll. But the stones that Torranan collected on the knoll during the day, the spirits transferred by night to the island in the lake adjoining. After a time Torranan gave up the unequal contest, saying that it was not meet for him to set his will against the will of God as revealed by His angels. Then Torranan built his prayer-house on the little island within hearing but not within seeing of the green seas and white waves of Cailigeo. And when the house was made Torranan dedicated the labour of his hands and the subject of his prayers to God and to Columba.

The lake containing the islet on which the seafarer built his oratory is now lowered, and what was formerly an island is now a peninsula jutting into the lake. The oratory said to have been built by Torranan is a ruin. The ruin shows an extension of the original building. This extension is said to have been made by Amie, daughter of Ruairi mac Allan, High Chief of Lorn, and wife of John of Islay, Lord of the Isles. Shell lime is used in the extension ascribed to the Lady Amie, but not in the original structure ascribed to Torranan. Captain Thomas, R.N., to whom the antiquities and archæology of the Outer Hebrides owe much, said that the part of the church ascribed to Torranan might well belong to the Columban period. The Columban churches are believed to have been usually constructed of wattles. But there were no wattles nor wood of any kind in Uist so late as Columba's time. Consequently, in this and similar situations the Columban brethren and followers had to depart from their usual practice, and build of stone.

The lake containing the peninsula on which Torranan built his prayer-house, dedicated to Columba, is called 'Loch Chaluim-chille'—Columba's Loch. It only covers an area of some few acres and is of no great depth. Cairns and crosses studded the many knolls and hillocks surrounding the lake. But no trace of cairn nor of cross now remains. These pious offerings of a grateful people and of a bygone age to the memory of the saint have been secularised and utilised in making roads and in building culverts.

A religious house was afterwards built on Cnoc Feannaig, where Torranan had wished to build his prayer-house. It is now, and has been for centuries, a dwelling-house, and is probably the oldest inhabited house in Scotland.

Torranan is represented on the West in the island of 'Tarransey,' Tarran's island. In this small rocky glaciated island of the Atlantic there were two small churches, of which nothing now remains but the foundations, with a small burying-ground attached to each. The churches are beautifully situated on the sea-shore near one another, and look across to the ice-rounded mountains of Harris and Uist, while in the far-away blue distance are seen the serrated calcined hills of Skye. One of these simple churches with its burying-ground was dedicated to Saint Tarran and called 'Teampull Tharrain'—the Temple of Tarran, and 'Cladh Tharrain'—the burial-place of Tarran. The other church and burying-ground were dedicated to Saint Ce, or Keith, and were called 'Teampull Che'—the Temple of Ce, and 'Cladh Che'—the burial-place of Ce. The temple and burying-ground of Tarran were exclusively for the use of women, while the temple and burying-ground of Ce were exclusively for the use of men. This rule could not be violated with impunity. If the body of a man were buried in St. Tarran's, or the body of a woman in St. Ce's, the guardian spirits of the temples and burying-grounds thrust forth the obtruded corpse during the night, and it was found in the morning lying stiff and stark above-ground. In North Uist there is a tall obelisk called 'Clach Che'—the stone of Ce. Saint Ce is represented on the East by 'Beinn Che'—Benachie, the hill of Ce, 'Innis Che'—Inchkeith, the island of Ce, and 'Dail Che'—Dalkeith, the plain of Ce.

Palladius is the name usually assigned to the missionary sent by the Pope to the Irish and rejected by them. Skene thinks that Ternan was a disciple of Palladius, with whom he is confounded.

UAINIDH mi an torranan,
Le toradh mar us tir,
Lus nan agh 's nan sonas e,
Lus a bhainne mhi.

Mar a dh' orduich Righ nan righ,
Brigh a chur an cich 's an carr,
'S mar a dh' orduich Ti nan dul,
Sugh a chur an uth 's an ar,
Le bliochd, le blachd, le bladh,
Le cobhan, le omhan, 's le ais,
Le laoigh bhoirionn, bhreac,
Gun laoigh fhirionn ac,
Le al, le agh, le toradh,
Le gradh, le baigh, le sonadh,

'Ternan was buried at Liconium or My Toren of Tulach, Fort-chirn, in Ne Felmada, and Druim Cliat in Cairbre.' Skene thinks that Liconium was the old name of Banchory-Ternan on the river Dee in Aberdeenshire.

The feast of St. Ternan is the 12th of June. Like St. Brendan of Clonfert, St. Ternan was a seafarer, visiting many countries. He is spoken of as 'Torranan buan bannach darler lethan longach'—'Torranan lasting, deedful, over a wide shipful sea.' Many popular stories and distinctive names attach to him.

The plant named after him is popularly supposed to grow only near the sea which Torranan loved. The small rill from which Torranan obtained a drink is named 'Gamhnach,' farrow cow—a cow that does not carry a calf, but which gives milk of good quality and continuous but small in quantity. At present the blade of any grass or the leaf of any plant is given to the 'Gamhnach' in offering. Probably it was permissible for pilgrims who came to drink the water and to worship the 'Gamhnach,' to offer only the leaf of the 'torranan' to the rill. Another curious thing is that two streams into which the 'Gamhnach' runs are called 'na Deathachan,' the Dees, and that two lakes into which these streams flow are called 'Loch nan Deathachan fo dheas,' the Loch of the Dees to the south, and 'Loch nan Deathachan fo thuath,' Loch of the Dees to the north. 'Dee' and 'Deathachan' are plurals of 'dia,' god. This root seems to occur also in Dundee which is in gaelic 'Dun-dia'—hill of god, and 'Dun-diaigh'—hill of gods, while the river on which it stands is called 'Tăth,' 'Tădh.' Were these rivers worshipped as gods?

St. Ternan forms a connecting link between the Dees of Benbecula and the Dee of Aberdeen.

I WILL pluck the figwort,
With the fruitage of sea and land,
The plant of joy and gladness,
The plant of rich milk.

As the King of kings ordained,
To put milk in pap and gland,
As the Being of life ordained,
To place substance in udder and kidney,
With milk, with milkiness, with butter milk,
With produce, with whisked whey, with milk-product,
With speckled female calves,
Without male calves,
With progeny, with joy, with fruitage,
With love, with charity, with bounty,

Gun fear mi-run,
Gun bhean mi-shul,
Gun ghnu, gun tnu, gun toirinn,
Gun mhaghan masach,
Gun chu fasaich,
Gun sean foirinn [foirthir
Dh' fhaighinn greim air a chugain
Anns an teid seo,
Torranan nan sionn,
Toradh ga chur ann,
Le al, le agh, le sonas.

Without man of evil wish,
Without woman of evil eye,
Without malice, without envy, without 'toirinn,'
Without hipped bear,
Without wilderness dog, [wolf
Without 'scan foirinn,'
Obtaining hold of the rich dainty
    Into which this shall go.
Figwort of bright lights,
Fruitage to place therein,
With fruit, with grace, with joyance.

AN TORRANAN [160]

UAINIDH mi an torranan,
Le toradh mar us tir,
Ri lionadh gun traghadh,
Le d' laimh, a Mhoire mhin.

Calum caomh da m' sheoladh,
Odhran naomh da m' dhion,
'S Bride nam ban buadhach
Cur bhuadh anns an ni.

Mar a dh' orduich Righ nan righ,
Bainne chur an cich 's an carr,
Mar a dh' orduich Ri nan dul,
Sugh a chur an uth 's an ar.

Ann an uth bruc,
Ann an uth brac,
Ann an uth murc,
Ann an uth marc.

Ann an uth urc,
Ann an uth arc,
An uth gobhar, othasg, agus caora,
Maoiseach, agus mart.

THE FIGWORT

I WILL pluck the figwort,
With the fulness of sea and land,
At the flow, not the ebb of the tide,
By thine hand, gentle Mary.

The kindly Colum directing me,
The holy Oran protecting me,
Whilst Bride of women beneficent
Shall put fruitage in the kine.

As the King of kings ordained,
To put milk in breast and gland,
As the Being of life ordained,
To put sap in udder and teat.

In udder of badger,
In udder of reindeer,
In udder of sow (?),
In udder of mare.

In udder of sow (?),
In udder of heifer,
In udder of goat, ewe, and sheep,
Of roe, and of cow.

Le blioc, le blac, le bladh,
Le bair, le dair, le toradh,
Le laoigh bhoirionn, bharr,
Le al, le agh, le sonadh.

Gun fear mi-ruin,
Gun bhean mi-shuil,
Gun ghnu, gun tnu,
Gun aon donadh.

An ainm nan ostal deug, [da
An ainm Mathar De,
An ainm Chriosda fein,
Agus Phadruig.

With milk, with cream, with substance,
With rutting, with begetting, with fruitfulness,
With female calves excelling,
With progeny, with joyance, with blessing.

Without man of evil wish,
Without woman of evil eye,
Without malice, without envy,
Without one evil.

In name of the apostles twelve,
In name of the Mother of God,
In name of Christ Himself,
And of Patrick.

EOLAS AN TORRANAIN [161]

UAINIDH mi an torranan,
Le mile beannachd, le mile buaidh,
Bride bhith dha chonall dhomh,
Moire mhin dha thoradh dhomh,
Moire mhor, Mathair chobhair an t-shuaigh.

Thainig na naoi sonais,
Le na naoi marannan,
A bhuain an torranain,
Le mile beannachd, le mile buaidh—
Le mile beannachd, le mile buaidh.

Lamh Chriosda liom,
Fath Chriosda rium,
Sgath Chriosda tharam,
Tha mo lus allail an allos a bhuain— [a los
Tha mo lus allail an allos a bhuain.

An ainm Athar ais,
An ainm Criosda Phais,
An ainm Spiorad grais,
An agallaich mo bhais,
Nach fag mi gu Luan—
An agallaich mo bhais,
Nach fag mi gu Luan.

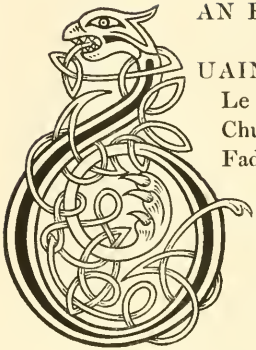
THE CHARM OF THE FIGWORT

I WILL cull the figwort,
Of thousand blessings, of thousand virtues,
The calm Bride endowing it to me,
The fair Mary enriching it to me,
The great Mary, aid-Mother of the people.

Came the nine joys,
With the nine waves,
To cull the figwort,
Of thousand blessings, of thousand virtues—
Of thousand blessings, of thousand virtues.

The arm of Christ about me,
The face of Christ before me,
The shade of Christ over me,
My noble plant is being culled—
My noble plant is being culled.

In name of the Father of wisdom,
In name of the Christ of Pasch,
In name of the Spirit of grace,
Who in the struggles of my death,
Will not leave me till Doom—
    Who in the struggles of my death,
    Will not leave me till Doom.



AN EARNAID SHITH [162]

UAINIDH mi an earnaid,
Le earlaid a bruth,
Chur barrlait air gach ainreit,
Fad 's as earnaid i.

Earnaid shith, earnaid shith,
Mo niarach an neach dh'am bith,
Ni bheil ni mu iadhadh grein,
Nach bheil di-se le buaidh reidh.

Buainidh mi a chraobh urramach
Bhuain Moire mhor, Mathair chobhair an t-sluaigh,
Chur dhiom gach sgeula, sguana, sgulanach,
Dim-bith, dim-baigh, dim-buaidh,
Fuailisg, guailisg, duailisg, doilisg,
Gu'n teid mi dh'an fhuar lic fo'n talamh.

THE FAIRY WORT

Pluck will I the fairy wort,
With expectation from the fairy bower,
To overcome every oppression,
As long as it be fairy wort.

Fairy wort, fairy wort,
I envy the one who has thee,
There is nothing the sun encircles,
But is to her a sure victory.

Pluck will I mine honoured plant
Plucked by the great Mary, helpful Mother of the people,
To cast off me every tale of scandal and flippancy,
Ill-life, ill-love, ill-luck,
Hatred, falsity, fraud and vexation,
Till I go in the cold grave beneath the sod.

EARR THALAMHAINN [163]

UAINIDH mi an earr reidh,
Gu'm bu cheinide mo chruth,
Gu'm bu bhlathaide mo bheuil,
Gu'm bu gheinide mo ghuth.
Biodh mo ghuth mar ghath na grein,
Biodh mo bheuil mar ein nan subh.

Gu'm bu h-eilean mi air muir,
Gu'm bu tulach mi air tir,
Gu'm bu reuil mi ri ra dorcha,
Gu'm bu lorg mi dhuine cli,
Leonaidh mi a chuile duine,
Cha leoin duine mi.

AN EARR-THALAMHAINN [164]

BUAINIDH mi an earr reidh,
Gu'm bu treuinide mo bhas,
Gu'm bu bhlathaide mo bheuil,
Gu'm bu ceumaide mo chas;
Gu'm bu h-eilean mi air muir,
Gu'm bu carraig mi air tir,
Leonar liom gach duine.
Cha leon duine mi.

THE YARROW

I WILL pluck the yarrow fair,
That more benign shall be my face,
That more warm shall be my lips,
That more chaste shall be my speech,
Be my speech the beams of the sun,
Be my lips the sap of the strawberry.

May I be an isle in the sea,
May I be a hill on the shore,
May I be a star in the dark time,
May I be a staff to the weak,
Wound can I every man,
Wound can no man me.

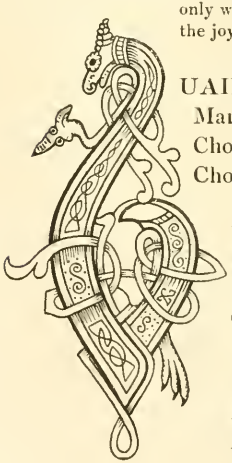
THE YARROW

I WILL pluck the yarrow fair,
That more brave shall be my arm,
That more warm shall be my lips,
That more swift shall be my foot;
May I an island be at sea,
May I a rock be on land,
That I can afflict any man,
No man can afflict me.

ACHLASAN CHALUIM-CHILLE [165]

Saint John's wort is known by various names, all significant of the position of the plant in the minds of the people:—'achlasan Chaluim-chille,' armpit package of Columba; 'caod Chaluim-chille,' hail of Columba; 'seun Chaluim-chille,' charm of Columba; 'seud Chaluim-chille,' jewel of Columba; 'allus Chaluim-chille,' glory of Columba; 'alla Mhoire,' noble plant of Mary; 'alla-bhi,' 'alla-bhuidhe,' noble yellow plant. Possibly these are pre-Christian terms to which are added the endearing names of Mary and Columba.

Saint John's wort is one of the few plants still cherished by the people to ward away second-sight, enchantment, witchcraft, evil eye, and death, and to ensure peace and plenty in the house, increase and prosperity in the fold, and growth and fruition in the field. The plant is secretly secured in the bodices of the women and in the vests of the men, under the left armpit. Saint John's wort, however, is effective only when the plant is accidentally found. When this occurs the joy of the finder is great, and gratefully expressed:—



UAINIDH mise m' achlasan,
Mar achan ri mo Righ,
Chosga fuath nam fear fala,
Chosga meanm nam ban bith. [baoth

Buainidh mise m' achlasan,
Mar achan ri mo Righ,
Gur liom-sa buaidh an achlasain
Thar gach neach a chi.

Buainidh mise m' achlasan,
Mar achan ris an Tri,
An sgath Triura nan gras,
Agus Moire Mathair Ios.

SAINT JOHN'S WORT

'Achlasan Chaluim-chille,
Gun sireadh, gun iarraidh!
Dheoin Dhia agus Chriosda
Am bliadhna cha'n fhaigheas bas.' [fhaighim

Saint John's wort, Saint John's wort,
Without search, without seeking!
Please God and Christ Jesu
This year I shall not die.

It is specially prized when found in the fold of the flocks, augnring peace and prosperity to the herds throughout the year. The person who discovers it says:—

'Alla bhi, alla bhi,
Mo niarach a neach dh'am bith,
An ti a gheobh an cro an ail,
Cha bhi gu brath gun ni.'

Saint John's wort, Saint John's wort,
Happy those who have thee,
Whoso gets thee in the herd's fold,
Shall never be without kine.

There is a tradition among the people that Saint Columba carried the plant on his person because of his love and admiration for him who went about preaching Christ, and baptizing the converted, clothed in a garment of camel's hair and fed upon locusts and wild honey.

I WILL cull my plantlet,
As a prayer to my King,
To quiet the wrath of men of blood,
To check the wiles of wanton women.

I will cull my plantlet,
As a prayer to my King,
That mine may be its power
Over all I see.

I will cull my plantlet,
As a prayer to the Three,
Beneath the shade of the Triune of grace,
And of Mary the Mother of Jesu.

ACHLASAN CHALUIM-CHILLE [166]

UAINIDH mi mo choinneachan,
Mar choinneamh ri mo naomh, [chomaidh
Chasga fuath nam fear foille,
Agus boile nam ban baoth.

Buainidh mi m' achlasan,
Mar achainidh ri m' Righ,
Gur liom-sa buaidh an achlasain,
Thar gach neach a chi.

Buainim an duille gu h-ard,
Mar a dh' orduich an t-Ard Righ,
An ainm Tri Naomh nan agh,
Agus Moire, Mathair Chriosd.

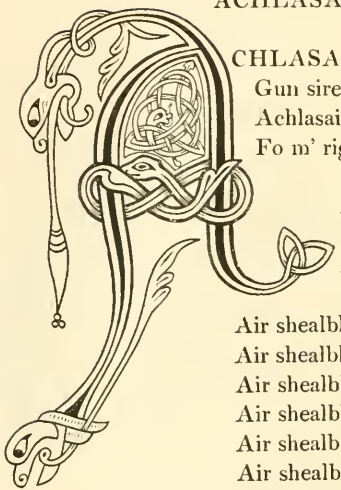
ST. COLUMBA'S PLANT

I WILL pluck what I meet,
As in communion with my saint,
To stop the wiles of wily men,
And the arts of foolish women.

I will pluck my Columba plant,
As a prayer to my King,
That mine be the power of Columba's plant,
Over every one I see.

I will pluck the leaf above,
As ordained of the High King,
In name of the Three of glory,
And of Mary, Mother of Christ.

ACHLASAN CHALUIM-CHILLE [167]



ACHLASAIN Chaluim-chille,
Gun sireadh, gun iarraidh,
Achlasain Chaluim-chille,
Fo m' righe gu siorruidh!

Air shealbh dhaona,
Air shealbh mhaona,
Air shealbh mhianna,
Air shealbh chaora,
Air shealbh mhaosa,
Air shealbh iana,
Air shealbh raona,
Air shealbh mhaora,
Air shealbh iasga,
Air shealbh bhliochd us bhuar,
Air shealbh shliochd us shluagh,
Air shealbh bhlar us bhuadh,
Air tir, air lir, air cuan,
Trid an Tri ta shuas,
Trid an Tri ta nuas,
Trid an Tri ta buan,
Achlasain Chaluim-chille
Ta mis a nis da d' bhuain,
Ta mis a nis da d' bhuain.

ST. COLUMBA'S PLANT

Plantlet of Columba,
Without seeking, without searching,
Plantlet of Columba,
Under my arm for ever!

For luck of men,
For luck of means,
For luck of wish (?),
For luck of sheep,
For luck of goats,
For luck of birds,
For luck of fields,
For luck of shell-fish,
For luck of fish,
For luck of produce and kine,
For luck of progeny and people,
For luck of battle and victory,
On land, on sea, on ocean,
Through the Three on high,
Through the Three a-nigh,
Through the Three eternal,
Plantlet of Columba,
I cull thee now,
I cull thee now.

EALA-BHI, EALA BHI [168]

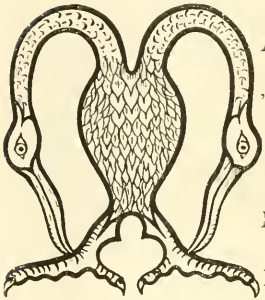
ALA-BHI, eala-bhi, [bhuidhe
Mo niarach neach aig am bi,
Buaineam thu le mo lamh dheas,
Teasdam thu le mo lamh chli,
Ga ba co a gheabh thu 'n cro an ail,
Cha bhi e gu brath gun ni.

SAINT JOHN'S WORT

Saint John's wort, Saint John's wort,
My envy whosoever has thee,
I will pluck thee with my right hand,
I will preserve thee with my left hand,
Whoso findeth thee in the cattle fold,
Shall never be without kine.

AN CRITHIONN [169]

The people of Uist say 'gu bheil an crithionn crion air a chroiseadh tri turais'—that the hateful aspen is banned three times. The aspen is banned the first time because it haughtily held up its head while all the other trees of the forest bowed their heads lowly down as the King of all created things was being led to Calvary. And the aspen is banned the second time because it was chosen by the enemies of Christ for the cross upon which to crucify the Saviour of mankind. And the aspen is banned the third time because—[here the reciter's memory failed him]. Hence



ALLACHD ort, a chrithinn chrann,
Ort a chrochtadh Righ nam beann,
'S na bhualtadh tarrann gun lann,
'S bha 'n sparradh cheusda sin gle theann—
Bha 'n sparradh cheusda sin gle theann.

Mallachd ort, a chrithinn chruaidh,
Ort a chrochtadh Righ nam buadh,
Iobairt Firinn, Uan gun truaill,
Us fhuil na taosg a taom' a nuas—
Fhuil na taosg a taom' a nuas.

Mallachd ort, a chrithinn chrin,
Ort a chrochtadh Righ nan righ,
Us mallaichte gach suil a chi,
Mar mallaich i thu, a chrithinn chrin—
Mar mallaich i thu, a chrithinn chrin!

THE ASPEN

the ever-tremulous, ever-quivering, ever-quaking motion of the guilty hateful aspen even in the stillest air.

Clods and stones and other missiles, as well as curses, are hurled at the aspen by the people. The reciter, a man of much natural intelligence, said that he always took off his bonnet and cursed the hateful aspen in all sincerity wherever he saw it. No crofter in Uist would use aspen about his plough or about his harrows, or about his farming implements of any kind. Nor would a fisherman use aspen about his boat or about his creels or about any fishing-gear whatsoever.

Malison be on thee, O aspen tree!
On thee was crucified the King of the mountains,
In whom were driven the nails without clench,
And that driving crucifying was exceeding sore—
That driving crucifying was exceeding sore.

Malison be on thee, O aspen hard!
On thee was crucified the King of glory,
Sacrifice of Truth, Lamb without blemish,
His blood in streams down pouring—
His blood in streams down pouring.

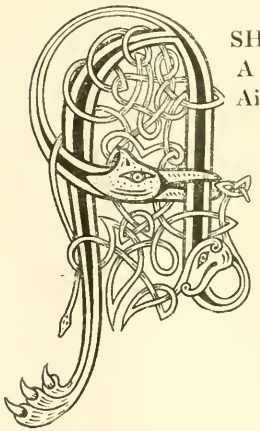
Malison be on thee, O aspen cursed!
On thee was crucified the King of kings,
And malison be on the eye that seeth thee,
If it maledict thee not, thou aspen cursed—
If it maledict thee not, thou aspen cursed!

SEAMRAG NAM BUADH [170]

Some of the people say that the four-leaved shamrock is the shamrock of luck. Others maintain that the shamrock of luck is the five-leaved shamrock. This is a very rare plant and much prized when found.

The shamrock of luck must be found, like many of the other propitious plants, 'gun sireadh, gun iarraidh'—without searching, without seeking. When thus discovered the lucky shamrock is warmly cherished and preserved as an invincible talisman.

'Seamarag nam buadh,' shamrock of luck, is often lovingly called 'seamarag nam buadh agus nam beannachd,' shamrock of luck and of blessing.



SHEAMARAG nam buadh,
A fas fo bhruaich
Air na sheas Moire shuairce,
Mathair De.

Tha na seachd sonais,
Gun sgath donais
Ort, a mhoth-ghil
Nan gath grein—

Sonas slainte,
Sonas chairde,
Sonas taine,
Sonas treuid,
Sonas mhac, us
Mhurn mhin-gheal,
Sonas siocha,
Sonas De!

Ceithir dhuilleagan na luirge dirich, [coig
Na luirge dirich a friamh nam meanglan ceud,
A sheamarag gheallaidh La Fheill Moire,
Buaidh us beannachd thu gach re.

SHAMROCK OF LUCK

It is also called 'seamarag nan each,' horse shamrock, 'seamarag nan searrach,' foal shamrock, 'seamarag an deocain,' shamrock of the 'deocan,' 'seamarag an deocadain,' shamrock of the 'deocadan,' and simply, 'deocan' and 'deocadan.'

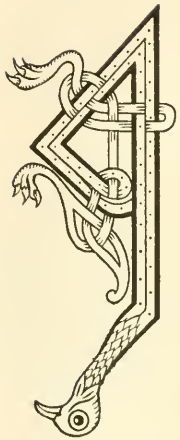
Immediately after birth the foal throws up a pale soft substance resembling a sponge or the seed-cells of the cod. This sponge-like substance coughed up by the newly-born foal is variously called 'deocan, deocadan, deocardan.' The people bury this in the ground, believing that the lucky shamrock grows from it as the nettles grow from human remains, whether buried in the pure shelly sand on the sea-shore or in the pure peat moss on the mountain-side.

Thou shamrock of good omens,
Beneath the bank growing
Whereon stood the gracious Mary,
The Mother of God.

The seven joys are,
Without evil traces,
On thee, peerless one
Of the sunbeams—

Joy of health,
Joy of friends.
Joy of kine,
Joy of sheep,
Joy of sons, and
Daughters fair,
Joy of peace,
Joy of God!

The four leaves of the straight stem, [five
Of the straight stem from the root of the hundred rootlets,
Thou shamrock of promise on Mary's Day,
Bounty and blessing thou art at all times.



SEAMARAG NAM BUADH [171]

SHEAMARAG nan duilleag
A sheamarag nam buadh,
A sheamarag nan duilleag,
Bha aig Muire fo bhruaich,
A sheamarag mo ghraidh,
Is ailinde snuadh,
B' e mo mhiann anns a bhas,
Thu bhi fas air m' uaigh,
B' e mo mhiann anns a bhas,
Thu bhi fas air m' uaigh.

THE SHAMROCK OF POWER

Thou shamrock of foliage,
Thou shamrock of power,
Thou shamrock of foliage,
Which Mary had under the bank,
Thou shamrock of my love,
Of most beauteous hue,
I would choose thee in death,
To grow on my grave,
I would choose thee in death,
To grow on my grave.

AM MOTHAN [172]

The 'mothan' is one of the most prized plants in the occult science of the people. It is used in promoting and conserving the happiness of the people, in securing love, in ensuring life, in bringing good, and in warding away evil.

When the 'mothan' is used as a love-philtre, the woman who gives it goes upon her left knee and plucks nine roots of the plant and knots them together, forming them into a 'cuach'—ring. The woman places the ring in the mouth of the girl for whom it is made, in name of the King of the sun, and of the moon, and of the stars, and in name of the Holy Three. When the girl meets her lover, or a man whom she loves and whose love she desires to secure, she puts the ring in her mouth. And should the man kiss the girl while the 'mothan' is in her mouth he becomes henceforth her bondsman, bound to her everlastingly in cords infinitely finer than the gossamer net of the spider, and infinitely stronger than the adamant chain of the giant.

The 'mothan' is placed under parturient women to ensure delivery, and it is carried by wayfarers to safeguard them on their journeys. It is sewn by women in their bodice, and by men in their vest under the left arm.

An old woman in Benbecula said:—'Thug mi am mothan beannaichte do Ruaraidh ruadh mac Raoghail Leothasaich as a Cheann-a-deas agus e air a thuras do Loch-nam-madadh, dol ga fhiachain air bialabh an t-siorram agus fhuair e dheth ge do bha e co ciontach 's a chionta ri mac peacaich'—'I gave the blessed

UAINIDH mi am mothan suairce,
Mar a bhuain Righ buadhach domhan;
An ainm Athar, agus Mic, agus Spioraid buan,
Bride agus Moire, agus Micheal romham.

Mi anns a bhlar ghabhaidh dhearg,
Anns an traoghar gach fraoch us fearg,
Aobhar gach sonais, agus gach solais,
Sgiath an Domhnaich dha m' dhion.

THE 'MOTHAN'

"mothan" to red Roderick son of Ranald of Lews from the South-end (of Uist), and he on his journey to Lochmaddy to be tried before the sheriff, and he got off although he was as guilty of the guilt as the son of a sinner.' 'Ach a Chairistine carson a thug sibh am mothan dh'an duine agus fios agaibh gu'n robh e ciontach? Saoilidh mi fein nach robh e ceart dhuibh a dhol ga dheanamh'—'But, Christina, why did you give the "mothan" to the man when you knew that he was guilty? I think myself it was not right of you to go and do it!' 'O bhith 's aodaich! a ghraidhean mo chridhe agus a ghaoilean mo dhaoine, cha b' urra dhomh fhein dhol ga dhiultadh. Bhoinich e orm, agus bhochain e orm, agus bhoidich e orm, agus chuir e rud am laimh, agus O! a Righ na gile 's na greine, agus nan corracha ceuta, curra, de b' urra dhomh fhein a gh'radh no dheanamh agus an duine dona na dhubh-eigin na dhearg-theinn agus na chruaidh-chas'—'O food and clothing! thou dear one of my heart, and thou loved one of my people, I could not myself go and refuse him. He beseeched to me, and he swelled to me, and he vowed to me, and he placed a thing in my hand, and oh! King of the moon, and of the sun, and of the beautiful, sublime stars, what could I myself say or do, and the bad man in his black trouble, in his red difficulty, and in his hard plight!' I remembered Bacon and was silent.

To drink the milk of an animal that ate the 'mothan' ensures immunity from harm. If a man makes a miraculous escape it is said of him, 'Dh'ol e bainne na bo ba a dh' ith am mothan'—'He drank the milk of the guileless cow that ate the "mothan."'

I WILL pluck the gracious 'mothan,' [bog violet (?)
As plucked the victorious King of the universe;
In name of Father and of Son and of Spirit everlasting,
Bride, and Mary, and Michael, before me.

I in the field of red conflict,
In which every wrath and fury are quelled,
The cause of all joy and gladness,
The shield of the Lord protecting me.

AM MOTHAN [173]

UAINIDH mi am mothan,
Luibh nan naodh alt,
Buainidh agus boinichidh,
Do Bhride bhorr 's dh' a Dalt.

Buainidh mi am mothan,
A dh' orduich Righ nam feart,
Buainidh agus boinichidh,
Do Mhoire mhor 's dh' a Mac.

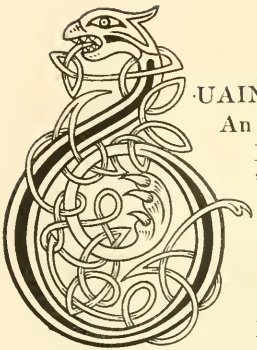
Buainidh mi am mothan,
A dh' orduich Righ nan dul,
Bheir buaidh air gach foirneart,
Us ob air obi shuí.

THE 'MOTHAN'

Pluck will I the 'mothan,'
Plant of the nine joints,
Pluck will I and vow me,
To noble Bride and her Fosterling.

Pluck will I the 'mothan,'
As ordained of the King of power,
Pluck will I and vow me,
To great Mary and her Son.

Pluck will I the 'mothan,'
As ordained of the King of life,
To overcome all oppression,
And the spell of evil eye.



AM MOTHAN [174]

·UAINIDH mis am mothan suairce,
An luibh is luachmhoire 's an tom, [buadhaire,
Dulagan nan seachd sagart,
'S an agallaich a ta n' an com.

* * * *

* * * *

Gur liom an ciall 's an codhail,
Fad 's a bhios am mothan liom.

CEUS-CHRANN NAM BUADH [175]

A CHEUS-CHRANN chaomh nam buadh,
A naomhaich fuil naomh an Uain,
Mac Moire min, Dalta Bride nam buar,
Mac Moire mor, Mathair chobhair an t-sluaigh.

Ni bheil tur, na tir,
Ni bheil cith, na cuan,
Ni bheil lod, na li,
Ni bheil frith, na fruan,
Nach bheil domh-sa reidh,
Le comhnadh ceus nam buadh,
Nach bheil domh-sa reidh,
Le comhnadh ceus nam buadh.

THE 'MOTHAN'

I WILL pluck the gracious 'mothan,'
Plant most precious in the field, [beneficent,
That mine be the holiness of the seven priests,
And the eloquence that is within them.

* * * * *

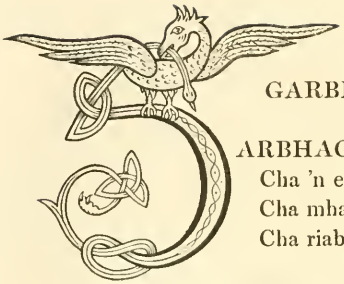
* * * * *

That mine be their wisdom and their counsel,
While the 'mothan' is mine.

THE PASSION-FLOWER OF VIRTUES

THOU passion-flower of virtues beloved,
Sanctified by the holy blood of the Lamb,
Son of Mary fair, Foster Son of Bride of kine,
Son of Mary great, helpful Mother of the people.

There is no earth, no land,
There is no lake, no ocean,
There is no pool, no water,
There is no forest, no steep,
That is not to me full safe,
By the protection of the passion-flower of virtues,
But is to me full safe,
By the protection of the passion-flower of virtues.



GARBHAG AN T-SLEIBH [176]

GARBHAG an t-sleibh air mo shiubhal,
Cha 'n eirich domh beud no pudhar;
Cha mharbh garmaisg, cha dearg iubhar mi,
Cha riab grianuisg no glaislig uidhir mi.

AN DEARG-BHASACH [177]

Criosd ag imeachd le ostail,
'S a briste tosd thubhairt e—
'Ciod e ainm na lusa seo?'
'Is e ainm na lusa seo
An dearg-bhasach, [chasach
Bos deas De a Mhic
Agus a chos chli.'

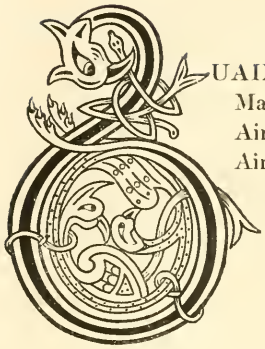
THE CLUB-MOSS

The club-moss is on my person,
No harm nor mishap can me befall;
No sprite shall slay me, no arrow shall wound me,
No fay nor dun water-nymph shall tear me.

THE RED-PALMED

Christ walking with His apostles,
And breaking silence He said—
'What is the name of this plant?'
'The name of this plant is
The red-palmed, [stalked,
The right palm of God the Son
And His left foot.'

A CHLOIMH CHAT [178]



UAINIDH mi a chloimh chat,
Mar a bhuain Mathair Chriosda tromh glac,
Air bhuaidh, air bhuar, air bhleoghann,
Air chual, 's air thoradh na tana,
Gun chall uan, gun chall caora,
Gun chall maosa, gun chall lara,
Gun chall bo, gun chall laogha,
Gun chall maona, gun chall carda,
A uchd Ti nan dul,
'S nan cursa comhla.

A CHLOIMH CHAT [179]

Buainidh mi fhin a chloimh chat,
An lion a bhuain Bride mhin tromh glac,
Air bhuaidh, air bhuar, air thoradh,
Air dhair, air chairr, air bhleoghann,
Air laoigh bhoineann bhailgionn,
Mar a thubhradh anns an deailgne.

THE CATKIN WOOL

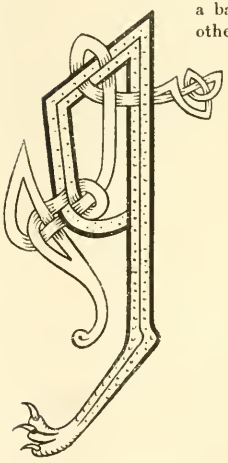
I WILL pluck the catkin wool,
As plucked the Mother of Christ through her palm.
For luck, for kine, for milking,
For herds, for increase, for cattle,
Without loss of lamb, without loss of sheep,
Without loss of goat, without loss of mare,
Without loss of cow, without loss of calf,
Without loss of means, without loss of friends,
From the bosom of the God of life,
And the courses together.

THE CATKIN WOOL

PLUCK will I myself the catkin wool,
The lint the lovely Bride culled through her palm,
For success, for cattle, for increase,
For pairing, for uddering, for milking,
For female calves, white bellied,
As was spoken in the prophecy.

EOLAS A BHUN DEIRG [180]

In making the incantation of the red water, the exorcist forms her two palms into a basin. She places this basin under the urine of the cow or other animal affected, and throws the urine into water, preferably



N ainm Athar caoimh,
An ainm Mic na caoidh,
An ainm Spioraid Naoimh.
Amen.

Muir mor, muir ruadh,
Neart mara, neart cuain,
Naoi tobraiche Mhic-a-Lir,
Cobhair ort a shil,
Casg a chur air t-fhuil,
Ruith a chur air t-fhual.
[*An t-ainm.*]

INCANTATION OF THE RED WATER

running water, to carry away the demon of the complaint. Having washed her hands in clean cold water, the woman forms them into a trumpet. She then faces the rising sun, and intones the incantation through the trumpet as loudly as she can.

In name of the Father of love,
In name of the Son of sorrow,
In name of the Sacred Spirit.
Amen.

Great wave, red wave,
Strength of sea, strength of ocean,
The nine wells of Mac-Lir,
Help on thee to pour,
Put stop to thy blood,
Put flood to thy urine.
[*The name.*]

EOLAS BUN DEIRG [181]

A mis a nis air leirg,
Traogh' fraoich us feirg,
Deanamh eolas a bhun deirg,
Dh'an bho bhailg dhuibh.

Air bhliochd, air bhlachd, air bhlath,
Air omhan agus ais,
Air slaman agus slaig,
Air im, air cais, air gruth.

Air aghar agus agh,
Air damhair agus dair,
Air taghar agus tan,
Air rathaich agus ruth.

Naoi tobraiche Mhic-an-Lir,
Cobhair ort a shil,
Casg a chur air t-fhuil,
Ruith a chur air t-fhual,
A bho bhuar, dhuibh.

Muir mor,
Eas ruadh,
Casg fuil,
Ruith fual.

RED WATER CHARM

I AM now on the plain,
Reducing wrath and fury,
Making the charm of the red water,
To the beauteous black cow.

For milk, for milk substance, for milk produce,
For whisked whey, for milk riches,
For curdled milk, for milk plenty,
For butter, for cheese, for curds.

For progeny and prosperity,
For rutting time and rutting,
For desire and kine,
For passion and prosperity.

The nine wells of Mac-Lir,
Relief on thee to pour,
Put stop to thy blood,
Put run to thy urine,
Thou cow of cows, black cow.

Great sea,
Red cascade,
Stop blood,
Flow urine.

EOLAS A GHALAR FHUAL [182]

EOLAS ta agam air a ghalar fhual,
Air a ghalar a ta buan ;
Eolas ta agam air a ghalar dhearg,
Air a ghalar a ta garg.

Mar a ruitheas abhuinn fhuar,
Mar a mheileas muileann luath,
Fhir a dh'orduich tir us muir,
Casg air fhuil, ruith air fhual.

An ainm Athar, agus Mic,
An ainm Spioraid Naoimh.

THE GRAVEL CHARM

I HAVE a charm for the gravel disease.
For the disease that is perverse;
I have a charm for the red disease,
For the disease that is irritating.

As runs a river cold,
As grinds a rapid mill,
Thou who didst ordain land and sea,
Cease the blood and let flow the urine.

In name of Father, and of Son,
In name of Holy Spirit.

AN STRINGLEIN [183]

ACH 's an stringlein,'
Orsa Calum-cille.

'Tillidh mis e,'
Thubhairt Criosd.

'Moch Di-domhnaich?'
Orsa Calum-cille.

'Romh eirigh ghreine,'
Thubhairt Criosd.

'Tri postachan anns an tobar,'
Orsa Calum-cille.

'Togaidh mis iad,'
Thubhairt Criosd.

'An leighis sin e?'
Ors Eoin Baistidh.

'Barantaich e,'
Thubhairt Criosd.

THE STRANGLES

'A HORSE in straugles,'
Quoth Columba.

'I will turn it,'
Said Christ.

'On Sunday morning?
Quoth Columba.

'Ere rise of sun,'
Said Christ.

'Three pillars in the well,'
Quoth Columba.

'I will lift them,'
Said Christ.

'Will that heal him?'
Quoth John the Baptist.

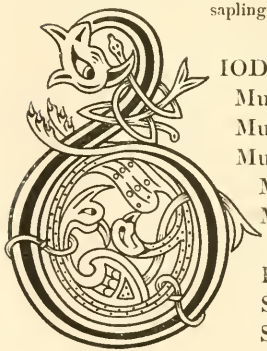
'Assuredly.'
Said Christ.

SIAN SIONNAICH [184]

The fox was the plague of the people of the Highlands, killing their sheep as the wolf killed their cattle, and as the foumart killed their fowls. From the wildness of the land and the sparseness of the people, the Highlands were the natural habitat of beasts and birds of prey and other noxious creatures, which took the people much time and trouble to subdue.

Much could be written of the intelligence of the fox. One of the tales illustrating this intelligence is known as 'Sionnach na Maoile'—the Fox of the Mull [of Kintire]. This fox never committed destruction near his home—always going considerable distances to make his raids, sometimes ten or twenty miles. He caused much injury to the sheep that he attacked, and to the dogs that chased him. When pressed, the fox leaped over a certain precipice and the dogs leaped over after him. The dogs were found dead on the rocks below, but not the fox, who in due time turned up as before.

Nothing could be seen from above nor from below the precipice to account for the immunity of the fox. No shelf or ledge could be seen whereon the fox could leap, and the people were puzzled. But the fox-hunter was not satisfied, and procuring ropes, he went down the precipice and examined it carefully. He found a sapling mountain ash growing out of the rock, and marked as if to distinguish it from the saplings of ordinary ash, bramble, plane, and other woods which



IODH sian a choin-choille,
Mu chasaibh an t-sionnaich,
Mu mhiann, mu ghoile,
Mu shlugaid a ghionaich,
Mu chorr fhiacail chorraich,
Mu chorran a mhionaich.

Biodh sian an Domhnaich mu chaorail,
Sian Chriosda chaoimh-ghil, chaoin-ghil,
Sian Mhoire mhin-ghil, mhaoth-ghil,
Romh chona, romh iana, romh dhaonail,
Romh chona shithil, romh chona shaoghail,
Far an t-saoghail a bhos, far an t-saoghail thall.

THE SPELL OF THE FOX

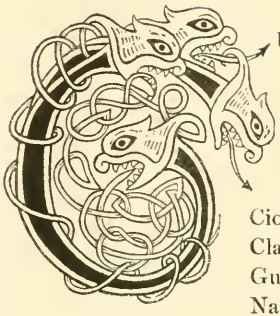
were growing in the neighbourhood. And he found that by bending the marked mountain ash to a certain degree from its perpendicular and at a certain angle to the plane of the precipice, it touched a narrow thread-like sinuous ledge that might yield a precarious footing to a cat, to a marten, or possibly to a fox. This ledge led away to other ledges up and down the cliff. The fox-hunter cut the marked sapling, securing it, however, in its place. When the next havoc of the sheep had occurred, and the next pursuit of the fox had followed, the fox was found dead at the foot of the precipice, the marked mountain ash in his mouth! Choosing the tough mountain ash sapling in preference to the other less tough saplings showed sagacity, leaping from the precipice and seizing the sapling in mid-air to arrest his fall showed courage, and taking the precipice at an angle by which to get the sapling to land him in the only possible spot showed intelligence of a high order in the fox. The scene of this story has ever since been called 'Creag an t-Sionnaich'—precipice of the fox.

The conduct of this fox gave rise to many sayings of the people, 'Co carrach ri sionnach ruadh Maol Chinntire,'—as crafty as the red fox of the Mull of Kintire. 'Co seolta ri sionnach na Maoile,'—as cunning as the fox of the Mull. 'Co siogada sinn seanarach ri sionnach na Maoile,'—as great-great-great-grandfatherish as the fox of the Mull. 'Bheir e leis a chreaig sibh mar a thug an sionnach na todhlairean,'—He will lead you over the cliff as the fox led the hounds.

Be the spell of the wood-dog, [wolf,
On the feet of the fox,
On his heart, on his liver,
On his gullet of greediness,
On his surpassing pointed teeth,
On the bend of his stomach.

Be the charm of the Lord upon the sheep-kind,
The charm of Christ kindly-white, mild-white,
The charm of Mary lovely-fair, tender-fair,
Against dogs, against birds, against man-kind,
Against fairy dogs, against world dogs,
Of the world hither, of the world thither.

ORA CUITHE [185]



UIREAM tan a steach,
Air bhearn nan speach,
Air ghuth mairbh,
Air ghuth tairbh,
Air ghuth dair,
Air ghuth na ba ceire.
Cionnara, ceannara, cairr,
Clach mhor bhun sgonnaig
Gun faothachadh, gun lomadh,
Na taodaiche tromaidh
Bhi slaodadh ri dronnaig bhur tairr,
Go'n tig latha geal am mair'.

An t-Athair, am Mac, an Spiorad Naomh,
D'ar caomhnadh, d'ar comhnadh, 's d'ar tilleadh,
Gu'n comhlaich mise na mo dhuine sibh.

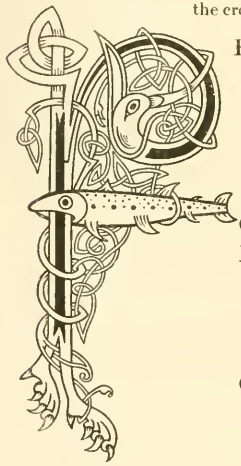
PRAYER OF THE CATTLE-FOLD

I DRIVE the kine within
The gateway of the herds,
On voice of the dead,
On voice of bull,
On voice of pairing,
On voice of grayling cow,
White-headed, strong-headed, of udder,
Be the big stone of the base of the couple
Without ceasing, without decreasing,
As a full-weighted tether
Trailing from the hunch of your rump,
Till bright daylight comes in to-morrow.

The Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit,
Save you, and shield you, and tend you,
Till I or mine shall meet you again.

FEITH MHOIRE [186]

Flat moorland is generally intersected with innumerable veins, channels, and ditches. Sometimes these are serious obstacles to cattle, more especially to cows, which are accurate judges. When a cow hesitates to cross, the person driving her throws a stalk or a twig into the ditch before the unwilling animal and sings the 'Feith Mhoire,' Vein of Mary, to encourage her to cross, and to assure her that a safe bridge is before her. The stalk may be of any corn or grass except the reed, and the twig of any wood except the wild fig, the aspen, and the thorn. All these are forbidden, or 'crossed' as the people say, because of their ungracious conduct to the Gracious One. The reed is 'crossed' because it carried the sponge dipped in vinegar; the fig-tree because of its inhospitality; the aspen because it held up its head haughtily, proud that the cross was made of its wood, when all the trees of the forest



EITH Mhoire,
Feith Mhoire;
Casa curra,
Casa curra;
Feith Mhoire,
Feith Mhoire;
Casa curra fothaibh,
Drochaid urra romhaibh.

Chuir Moire gas ann,
Chuir Bride bas ann,
Chuir Calum cas ann,
Chuir Padra clach fhuar.

Feith Mhoire,
Feith Mhoire;
Casa curra,
Casa curra;
Feith Mhoire,
Feith Mhoire;
Casa curra fothaibh,
Drochaid urra romhaibh.

THE DITCH OF MARY

—all save the aspen alone—bowed their heads in reverence to the King of glory passing by on the way to Calvary; and the thorn-tree because of its prickly pride in having been made into a crown for the King of kings. Notwithstanding, however, the wand of safety and the hymn of the herdsman, a cow driven against her will sometimes sinks into the ditch while crossing. This may necessitate the assistance of neighbours to extricate her from her helpless position. Hence the proverb :—'Is e fear na bo fein theid 's an fheith an tos'—It is the man of the cow himself who shall go into the ditch first. The practice of throwing down the wand and repeating the hymn gave rise to a proverb among the more sceptical of the people :—'Cha dean thu feith Mhoire orm-s' idir a mhicean'—Thou wilt not make a 'vein of Mary' upon me at all, sonnie.

Ditch of Mary,
Ditch of Mary;
Heron legs,
Heron legs;
Ditch of Mary,
Ditch of Mary;
Heron legs under you,
Bridge of warranty before you.

Mary placed a wand in it,
Bride placed a hand in it,
Columba placed a foot in it,
Patrick placed a cold stone.

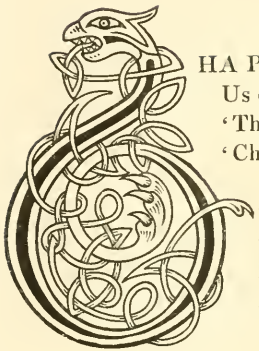
Ditch of Mary,
Ditch of Mary;
Heron legs,
Heron legs;
Ditch of Mary,
Ditch of Mary;
Heron legs under you,
Bridge of warranty before you.

Chuir Muiril mirr ann,
Chuir Uiril mil ann,
Chuir Muirinn fion ann,
'S chuir Micheal ann buadh.

Feith Mhoire,
Feith Mhoire;
Casa curra,
Casa curra;
Feith Mhoire,
Feith Mhoire;
Casa curra fodhaibh,
Drochaid urra romhaibh.

Muriel placed myrrh in it,
Uriel placed honey in it,
Muirinn placed wine in it,
And Michael placed in it power.

Ditch of Mary,
Ditch of Mary;
Heron legs,
Heron legs;
Ditch of Mary,
Ditch of Mary;
Heron legs under you,
Bridge of warranty before you.



AN EILID [187]

HA Peadail us Pol a dol seachad,
Us eilid 's an ro a cur laoigh;
'Tha eilid a breith,' osa Peadail;
'Chi mi gu bheil,' osa Pol.

'Mar a thuiteas a duille bho 'n chraoibh,
Gu'n ann a thuiteadh a seile gu lar,
An ainm Athar an aigh agus Mhic an aoibh,
Agus Spiorad a ghliocais ghraidh;
Athar an aigh agus Mhic an aoibh,
Agus Spioraid a ghliocais ghraidh.'

CALUM-CILLE, PEADAIL, AGUS POL [188]

La domh 's mi dol dh' an Roimh,
Thachair orm Calum-cille, Peadail, agus Pol,
Is e comhradh a bh' aca 's a thachair bhi n' am beul,
Laoigh bheura, bhoirionn, bhailgionn,
Mar thubhradh anns an dailgionn,
Air an laraich seo gu ceann la 's bliadhna,
A uchd Dia nan dul us nan uile bhuadh,
Triath nan triath 's nan Cumhachdan siorruidh shuas.

THE HIND

Peter and Paul were passing by,
While a hind in the path was bearing a fawn,
'A hind is bearing there,' said Peter;
'I see it is so,' said Paul.

'As her foliage falls from the tree,
So may her placenta fall to the ground,
In name of the Father of love and of the Son of grace,
And of the Spirit of loving wisdom;
Father of love and Son of grace,
And Spirit of loving wisdom.'

COLUMBA, PETER, AND PAUL

A day as I was going to Rome,
I forgathered with Columba, Peter, and Paul,
The talk that they had and that happened in their mouths
Was loud-lunged, white-bellied, female calves,
As was spoken in the prophecy,
On this foundation for a year and a day,
Through the bosom of the God of life and all the hosts,
Chief of chiefs and of the everlasting Powers above.

EOLAS A MHEIRBHEIN [189]

OLAS a rinn Calum,
Dh' aona bho caillich,
Air a chraillich, air a ghaillich,
Air a bholg, air a cholg,
Air a mheirbhein ;

Air a ghalar ghir,
Air a ghalar chir,
Air a ghalar mhir,
Air a ghalar tolg,
Air an tairbhein ;

Air a ghalar chil,
Air a ghalar mhil,
Air a ghalar lioil,
Air a ghalar dearg,
Air a mhearchann ;

Sgoiltidh mi an crailleach,
Sgoiltidh mi an gailleach,
Sgoiltidh mi am bolg,
Sgoiltidh mi an colg,
Agus marbhaidh mi am meirbhein :

Sgoiltidh mi an gir,
Sgoiltidh mi an cir,
Sgoiltidh mi am mir,
Sgoiltidh mi an tolg,
Agus falbhaidh an tairbhein ;

Sgoiltidh mi an cil,
Sgoiltidh mi am mil,
Sgoiltidh mi an lioil,
Sgoiltidh mi an dearg,
Us seargaidh am mearchann.

THE INDIGESTION SPELL

The spell made of Columba,
To the one cow of the woman,
For the 'crailleach,' for the gum disease,
For the bag, for the 'colg,'
For the indigestion (?);

For the flux disease,
For the cud disease,
For the 'mir' disease,
For the 'tolg' disease,
For the surfeit (?);

For the 'cil' disease,
For the 'mil' disease,
For the water disease,
For the red disease,
For the madness (?);

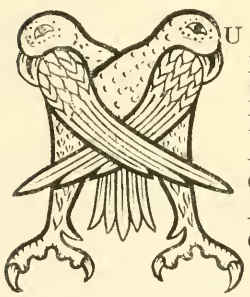
I will cleave the 'crailleach,'
I will cleave the gum disease,
I will cleave the bag,
I will cleave the 'colg,'
And I will kill the indigestion (?);

I will cleave the flux,
I will cleave the cud,
I will cleave the 'mir,'
I will cleave the 'tolg,'
And drive away the surfeit (?);

I will cleave the 'cil,'
I will cleave the 'mil,'
I will cleave the water,
I will cleave the red,
And wither will the madness (?).

EOLAS CHNAMH CHIR [190]

This incantation is said over an animal suffering from surfeit. It is repeated three times, representing the Three Persons of the Trinity. If the surfeit is from eating too much grass or from drinking too much water, the cow or other animal



U dh' ith thu fiar nan naodh beann,
Nan naodh meall, nan naodh toman,
Mu dh' ol thu sian nan naodh steallt,
Nan naodh allt, nan naodh lodan,
A Ghruaigein thrnaigh na maodail cruaidh
Cnamh, a luaidh, do chir,
A Ghruaigein thruaigh na maodail cruaidh
Cnamh, a luaidh, do chir.

CUD CHEWING CHARM

affected begins to chew the cud on being appealed to. If the animal does not begin to chew the cud, the cause of swelling must be sought for otherwise, and the appropriate incantation applied.

If thou hast eaten the grass of the nine bens,
Of the nine fells, of the nine hillocks,
If thou hast drunk the water of the nine falls,
Of the nine streams, of the nine lakelets,
Poor 'Gruaigein' of the hard paunch,
Loved one, chew thou thy cud.
Poor 'Gruaigein' of the hard paunch,
Loved one, chew thou thy cud.

EOLAS A CHRANNACHAIN [191]

An evil eye or an evil spirit is powerless across water, especially across a running stream or a tidal water.

'Sir Eoghan Dubh Lochiall'—Black Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, was at feud with Mackintosh of Moy about lands in Lochaber. 'Gormshul mhor na Moighe'—great Gormul of Moy, the celebrated witch, wished to destroy Lochiel, the foe of her chief and of her race. But, though she nursed her wrath and pursued her course day and night, she could not accomplish her purpose, as running water lay between herself and the object of her hatred. Lochiel knew this, and, although brave to recklessness, he prudently kept out of the way of the witch-woman. But on one occasion when Lochiel was returning from a conference at Inverness, great Gormul saw him far away on the blue horizon; but, if far away was he, not long was she in reaching him:—

Gormshul. 'Ceum ann eudail Eoghain.'	Gormul. 'Step on, beloved Ewen.'
Lochiall. 'Ceum ann thu fhein, a chailleach, 'S ma 's a h-eudar an ceum a ghabhail, bharrachd aig Eoghan.'	Lochiel. 'Step on thyself, carlin, And if it be necessary to take the step, A step beyond thee for Ewen.

Sir Ewen Cameron was one of the bravest men in Albain, and one of the best walkers in Gaeldom. Many a brave Saxon man he met without quailing, and many a hero he laid low, but this froward woman was trying him severely, and he was anxious to be rid of her with the least delay of time and the least betrayal of fear. The witch-woman observed this; and the more desperately he pressed on space, the more she pressed on him, while she herself appeared to be only making 'cas ceum coilich feasgar fann foghair agus a sgroban lan'—the footstep of a cock on a gentle autumn eve when his crop is full.

Gormshul. 'Ceum ann eudail Eoghain, 'S a Righ Goileam 's a Righ Geigean! Is fhada fhein o'n latha sin!'	Gormul. 'Step on, thou beloved Ewen, And oh! King Goileam and King Geigean! Long indeed since that day!'

CHARM OF THE CHURN

Lochiall.	'Ceum ann thu fhein, a chailleach, 'S ma 's a h-eudar an ceum a ghabhail, Ceum a bharrachd aig Eoghan.'	Lochiel.	'Step on thou thyself, carlin, And if the step must be taken, A step beyond thee for Ewen.'

Remembering that occult power could not operate across running water, Lochiel suddenly swerved aside to the first stream he saw and plunged into it. The witch, chagrined at the escape of the prey she had thought safe, immediately called after him :—

Gormshul.	'Durachd mo chridhe dhut, A ghradh nam fear, a Lochiall.'	Gormul.	'The wish of mine heart to thee, Thou best-beloved of men, Lochiel.
Lochiall.	'Durachd do chridhe, chailleach, Dh'an chlaich ghlais ud thall.'	Lochiel.	'The wish of thine heart, carlin, Be upon yonder grey stone.'

The pillared grey stone on the bank of the river to which Lochiel pointed with his sword rent from top to base! Gallant courtier though he was, Sir Ewen Cameron waited to show but scant courtesy to great Gormul of Moy.

The influence of an evil spirit commanded by an evil mind is believed to retard or wholly to prevent butter from coming upon the cream in the churn. This evil influence was used by one woman against another in order to spirit away the butter from her neighbour's churn to her own churn. This, however, could only be done if no stream ran between the two women. A fire for kindling carried across a stream, however small, loses its occult power and is ineffective in spiriting away milk, cream, butter, or other milk product.

The following story was told me in 1870 by Mor Macneill, cottar, Glen, Barra. Sometimes the substance is spirited out of the milk, nothing being left but the semblance. On one occasion a household in Skye were at the peat-moss making peats, none remaining at home but the housewife and a tailor who was making clothes for the father and the sons of the house.

The housewife was up in the 'ben' churning, and the tailor was down in the 'butt' sewing. He sat on the meal-girnel, cross-legged, after the manner of tailors. Presently a neighbour woman came in and asked for a kindling for her fire. She took the kindling and went her way. When she went out, the tailor leaped down, and taking a live cinder from the fire, placed it in the water-stoup below

the dresser, and with a bound was back again cross-legged on the meal-girnel sewing away as before. In a little while the woman came back saying that she failed to kindle her fire, and asked for another kindling, which she took. The tailor leapt down again and took another live cinder out of the fire and put it in the water-stoup below the dresser, and, with a spring to the meal-girnel, resumed his work. The woman came a third time, saying that she had failed to kindle her fire, and for the third time she took a kindling and went her way. As soon as she had left, the tailor leapt down, and taking a live cinder from the fire, placed it in the water-stoup as he had done before, and then springing to the top of the meal-girnel sat cross-legged sewing, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Towards evening the house-wife came down in sore distress, saying—'O Mary

HIG na saor, thig;
Thig na daor, thig;
Thig na caor, thig;
Thig na maor, thig;
Thig na faor, thig;
Thig na baor, thig;
Thig na gaor, thig;
Thig na caoch, thig
Thig na caon, thig;
Thig na caomh, thig;
Thig na gaol, thig;
Thig na claon, thig;
Thig fear a churraig bhuidhe,
Chuireas am muighe na ruith.

Thig na saora,
Thig na daora,
Thig na caora,
Thig na maora,
Thig na faora,
Thig na baora,
Thig na gaora,
Thig na caocha,

and Son, am I not the sorely shamed woman, churning away at that churn the live-long day till my spirit is broken and my arms are weary, and that I have utterly failed to bring butter on the churn after all! O Mary! Mary, fair Mother of grace! what shall I do when the people come home? I shall never hear the end of this churning till the day of my death!' 'Place thine hand in the water-stoup below the dresser and see if thy butter be there,' said the tailor. And with that the woman placed her hand in the water-stoup as directed, and three successive times, and each time brought up a large lump of butter as fresh and fair and fragrant as the beauteous butter-cups in their prime. The clever tailor had counteracted the machinations of the greedy neighbour woman by placing the live cinders in the water-stoup.

Come will the free, come;
Come will the bond, come;
Come will the bells, come;
Come will the maers, come;
Come will the blade, come;
Come will the sharp, come;
Come will the hounds, come;
Come will the wild, come;
Come will the mild, come;
Come will the kind, come;
Come will the loving, come;
Come will the squint, come;
Come will he of the yellow cap,
That will set the churn a-running.

The free will come,
The bond will come,
The bells will come,
The maers will come,
The blades will come,
The sharp will come,
The hounds will come,
The wild will come,

Thig na caona,
Thig na caomha,
Thig na gaola,
Thig na claona,
Thig loma lan na cruinne,
Chur a mhuighe na ruith;
Thig Calum caomh na nidheam,
'S thig Bride bhuidhe chruidh.

Tha glug a seo,
Tha glag a seo,
Tha glag a seo,
Tha glug a seo,
Tha slug a seo,
Tha slag a seo,
Tha slag a seo,
Tha slug a seo,
Tha seilcheag mhor bhog a seo,
Tha brigh gach te dhe'n chrodh a seo,
Tha rud is foir na mil us beoir, [fearr (?)
Tha bocan buidhe nodh a seo.

Tha rud is fearr na choir a seo,
Tha dorn an t-sagairt mhoir a seo,
Tha rud is fearr na chairbh a seo,
Tha ceann an duine mhairbh a seo,
Tha rud is fearr na fion a seo,
Tha lan cuman Cairistine
Do mhiala boga bine seo,
Do mhiala boga bine seo.

Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig;

The mild will come,
The kind will come,
The loving will come,
The devious will come,
The brim-full of the globe will come,
To set the churn a-running;
The kindly Columba will come in his array,
And the golden-haired Bride of the kine.

A splash is here,
A plash is here,
A plash is here,
A splash is here,
A crash is here,
A squash is here,
A squash is here,
A crash is here, [gulp
A big soft snail is here,
The sap of each of the cows is here,
A thing better than honey and spruce,
A bogle yellow and fresh is here.

A thing better than right is here,
The fist of the big priest is here,
A thing better than the carcase is here,
The head of the dead man is here,
A thing better than wine is here,
The full of the cog of Caristine
Of live things soft and fair are here,
Of live things soft and fair are here.

Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come;

Thig, a bhitheag ; thig, a bheathag ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuthag ; thig, a cheathag ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig an fhosgag a adhar,
'S thig cailleag a chinn-duibh.

Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig an lon, thig an smeol,
'S thig an ceol as a bhruth ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chait chaothaich,
Chur faoch air do ruch ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig.

Thig, a mhaduidh, 's caisg do phathadh ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a bhuichd ; thig, a nuichd ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a dhiola-deirce
Is deistiniche ruichd ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig ;
Thig, gach creutair aerach,
Us dioil tart do chuirp.

Come, thou life; (?) come, thou breath; (?)
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou cuckoo; come, thou jackdaw;
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come;
Come will the little lark from the sky,
Come will the little carlin of the black-cap.

Come, thou churn, come:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come will the merle, come will the mavis,
Come will the music from the bower:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, thou wild cat,
To ease thy throat;
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, thou churn, come.

Come, thou hound, and quench thy thirst:
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou poor; come, thou naked:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, ye alms-deserver
Of most distressful moan:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, each hungry creature,
And satisfy the thirst of thy body.

Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig:
'S e Dia duileach a chuir oirnn,
'S cha'n ora caillich le luibh.
Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Thig, a Mhuire mhin-ghil,
Us dilimich mo chuid:
Thig, a chuinneag, thig:
Thig, a chuinneag, thig:
Thig, a Bhride bhith-ghil,
Us coistrig brigh mo chruidh.

Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Am maistreadh rinn Moire,
Air astradh a ghlinne,
A lughdachadh a boinne,
A mheudachadh a h-ime;
Blathach gu dorn,
Im gu uileann;
Thig, a chuinneag, thig;
Thig a chuinneag, thig.

Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come:
It is the God of the elements who bestowed on us,
And not the charm of a carlin with plant.
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou fair-white Mary,
And endow to me my means:
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come:
Come, thou beauteous Bride,
And bless the substance of my kine.

Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come:
The churning made of Mary,
In the fastness of the glen,
To decrease her milk,
To increase her butter;
Butter-milk to wrist,
Butter to elbow;
Come, thou churn, come;
Come, thou churn, come.

AN EOIR A CHUIR MOIRE [192]

OIR a chuir Moir Oighe,
Dh' an chaillich bha chomhnuidh, [Chro-chuile
Air orrlain a ghlinne, [eorrlain, airinn
Air fireacha fuara—
Air orrlain a ghlinne
Air fireacha fuara.

Chuir i eoir ri seile
Chon meudach a h-ime,
Chon lughdach a bainne,
Chon tachradh a tuara— [buara
Chon meudach a h-ime,
Chon lughdach a bainne,
Chon tachradh a tuara.

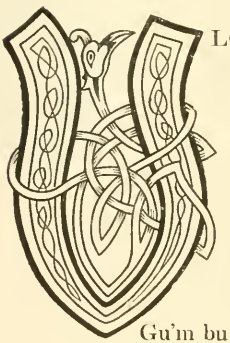
THE CHARM SENT OF MARY

The charm sent of Mary Virgin,
To the carlin who was dwelling [of Cro-chuile
On the floor of the glen, [bottom, near
On the crown of the ben—
On the floor of the glen,
On the crown of the ben.

She put spell to saliva,
To increase her butter,
To decrease her milk,
To make plentiful her food— [kine
To increase her butter,
To decrease her milk,
To make plentiful her food.

ULC A DHEAN MO LOCHD [193]

This and other poems were obtained from Isabella Chisholm, a travelling tinker. Though old, Isabella Chisholm was still tall and straight, fine-featured, and fresh-complexioned. She was endowed with personal attraction, mental ability, and astute diplomacy of no common order. Her father, John Chisholm, is said to have been a 'pious, prayerful man'—terms not usually applied to his class. Isabella



LC a dhean mo lochd
Gu'n gabh e 'n galar gluc gloc.
Guirneanach, gioirneanach, guairneach.
Gaornanach, garnanach, gruam.

Gu'm bu cruaidhe e na chlach,
Gu'm bu duibhe e na 'n gual.
Gu'm bu luaithe e na 'n lach,
Gu'm bu truime e na 'n luaidh.

Gu'm bu gointe, gointe, geuire, gairbhe, guiniche e,
Na'n cuilionn cruaidh cnea-chridheach,
Gu'm bu gairge e na'n salann sion, sionn, searbh, sailte,
Seachd seachd uair.

A turabal a null,
A tarabal a nall,
A treosdail a sios,
A dreochail a suas.

THE WICKED WHO WOULD ME HARM

Chisholm had none of the swarthy skin and far-away look of the ordinary gypsy. But she had the gypsy habits and the gypsy language, variously called 'Cant,' 'Shelta,' 'Romany,' with rich fluent Gaelic and English. She had many curious spells, runes, and hymns, that would have enriched Gaelic literature, and many rare words and phrases and expressions that would have improved the Gaelic dictionary.

THE wicked who would do me harm
May he take the [throat] disease, [glue gloc
Globularly, spirally, circularly,
Fluxy, pellety, horny-grim.

Be it harder than the stone,
Be it blacker than the coal,
Be it swifter than the duck,
Be it heavier than the lead.

Be it fiercer, fiercer, sharper, harsher, more malignant,
Than the hard, wound-quivering holly,
Be it sourer than the sained, lustrous, bitter, salt salt,
Seven seven times.

Oscillating thither,
Undulating hither,
Staggering downwards,
Floundering upwards.

A breochail a muigh,
A geochail a staigh,
Dol a mach minic.
Tighinn a steach ainmic.

Sop an luib gach laimhe,
Cas an cois gach cailbhe,
Lurg am bun gach ursann,
Sput ga chur 's ga chairbinn.

Gearrach fhala le cridhe, le crutha, le cnamha,
Le gruthan, le sgumhan, le sgamha,
Agus sgrudadh cuisil, ugan us arna,
Dha mo luchd-tair agus tuaileis.

An ainm Dhia nam feart
A shiab nam gach olc,
'S a dhion mi le neart,
Bho lion mo luchd-freachd
Agus fuathachd.

Drivelling outwards,
Snivelling inwards,
Oft hurrying out,
Seldom coming in.

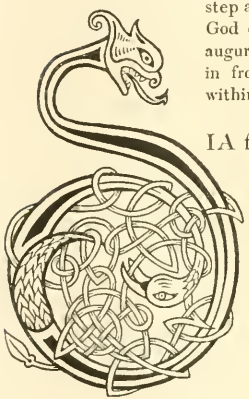
A wisp the portion of each hand,
A foot in the base of each pillar,
A leg the prop of each jamb,
A flux driving and dragging him.

A dysentery of blood from heart, from form, from bones,
From the liver, from the lobe, from the lungs,
And a searching of veins, of throat, and of kidneys,
To my contemners and traducers.

In name of the God of might,
Who warded from me every evil,
And who shielded me in strength,
From the net of my breakers
And destroyers.

FRITH MHOIRE [194]

The 'frith,' augury, was a species of divination enabling the 'frithir,' augurer, to see into the unseen. This divination was made to ascertain the position and condition of the absent and the lost, and was applied to man and beast. The augury was made on the first Monday of the quarter and immediately before sunrise. The augurer, fasting, and with bare feet, bare head, and closed eyes, went to the door-step and placed a hand on each jamb. Mentally beseeching the God of the unseen to show him his quest and to grant him his augury, the augurer opened his eyes and looked steadfastly straight in front of him. From the nature and position of the objects within his sight, he drew his conclusions.



IA faram, Dia fodham,
Dia romham, Dia am dheoghainn,
Mis air do shlighe Dhia,
Thus, a Dhia, air mo luirg.

Frith rinn Muire d'a Mac,
Iobair Bride ri a glac,
Am fac thu i, a Righ nan dul?—
Ursa Righ nan dul gu'm fac.

Frith Muire da muirichinn fein,
Trath dha bhi re ri cuairt,
Fios firinn gun fios breuige,
Gu'm faic mi fein na bheil uam.

Mac Muire min-ghil, Righ nan dul,
A shulachadh domh-s' na bheil uam,
Le gras nach falnaich, ma 'm choinneamh,
Gu brath nach smalaich 's nach doillich.

AUGURY OF MARY

Many men in the Highlands and Islands were famed augurers, and many stories, realistic, romantic, and extremely curious, are still told of their divinations.

The people say that the Virgin made an augury when Christ was missing, and that it was by means of this augury that Mary and Joseph ascertained that Christ was in the Temple disputing with the doctors. Hence this divination is called 'frith Mhoire,'—the augury of Mary; and 'frithireachd Mhoire,'—the auguration of Mary.

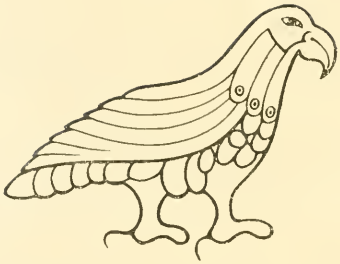
The 'frith' of the Celt is akin to the 'frett' of the Norseman. Probably the surnames Freer, Frere, are modifications of 'frithir,' augurer. Progenitors of persons bearing this name were astrologers to the kings of Scotland.

God over me, God under me,
God before me, God behind me,
I on Thy path, O God,
Thou, O God, in my steps.

The augury made of Mary to her Son,
The offering made of Bride through her palm,
Sawest Thou it, King of life?—
Said the King of life that He saw.

The augury made by Mary for her own offspring
When He was for a space amissing,
Knowledge of truth, not knowledge of falsehood,
That I shall truly see all my quest.

Son of beauteous Mary, King of life,
Give Thou me eyes to see all my quest,
With grace that shall never fail, before me,
That shall never quench nor dim.



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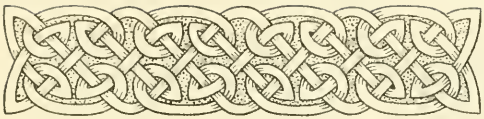
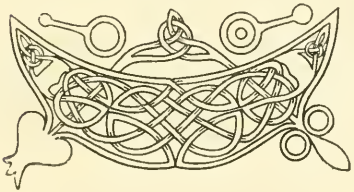


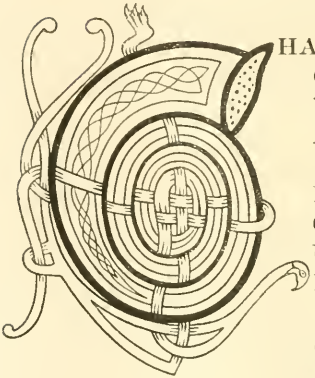
MEASGAIN

MISCELLANEOUS



CIAD MIARAIL CHRIOSD [195]

This poem was obtained in 1891 from Malcolm Macmillan, crofter, Grimnis, Benbecula. Macmillan was then an old man. He heard this and many other poems when a boy from old people who, when evicted in Uist, emigrated to Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and other parts



HAIDH Eosai us Mairi,
Chon aireamh a suas,
'S chaidh eoin an geall caithream
Ann an caille nan cuach.

Bha 'n dithis a siubhal slighe,
Go 'n a ranuig iad coille tiugh,
Us anns a choille bha miosan,
Bha co dearg ris na subh.

Sin an t-am an robh ise torrach,
Anns an robh i giulan Righ nan gras,
Us ghabh i miann air na miosan,
Bha air sliosrach an aigh.

Us labhair Mairi ri Eosai,
Le guth malda, miamh,
'Tabhair miosan domh, Eosai,
Go 'n caisg mi mo mhiann.'

Us labhair Eosai ri Mairi,
'S an cradh cruaidh na chom,
'Bheir mi 'uit miosan, a Mhairi,
Ach co is athair dha d' throm?'

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF CHRIST

of the Canadian Dominion, and to Australia. These old people took great quantities of traditional Gaelic lore with them to their new homes, some of which still lingers among their descendants. Many original and translated songs of the Highlands and Islands are sung among these settlers, whose hearts still yearn towards their motherland.

Joseph and Mary went
To the numbering up,
And the birds began chorusing
In the woods of the turtle-doves.

The two were walking the way,
Till they reached a thick wood,
And in the wood there was fruit
Which was as red as the rasp.

That was the time when she was great,
That she was carrying the King of grace,
And she took a desire for the fruit
That was growing on the gracious slope.

Then spoke Mary to Joseph
In a voice low and sweet,
'Give to me of the fruit, Joseph,
That I may quench my desire.'

And Joseph spoke to Mary,
And the hard pain in his breast,
'I will give thee of the fruit, Mary,
But who is the father of thy burthen?'

Sin d' uair labhair an Leanabh,
A mach as a bru,
'Lub a sios gach geug aluinn,
Go 'n caisg mo Mhathair a ruth.'

'S o 'n mheanglan is airde,
Chon a mheanglan is isde,
Lub iad a sios go 'n a glun,
'S ghabh Mairi dhe na miosan
Ann am fearann fiosraidh a ruin

An sin thuirt Eosai ri Mairi,
'S e lan aithreachais trom,
'Is ann air a ghiulan a tasa,
Righ na glorach 's nan grasa.
Beannaicht thu, Mhairi,
Measg mnai gach fonn.
Beannaicht thu, Mhairi,
Measg mnai gach fonn.'

Then it was that the Babe spoke,
From out of her womb,
'Bend ye down every beautiful bough,
That my Mother may quench her desire.'

And from the bough that was highest
To the bough that was lowest,
They all bent down to her knee
And Mary partook of the fruit
In her loved land of prophecy.

Then Joseph said to Mary,
And he full of heavy contrition,
'It is carrying Him thou art,
The King of glory and of grace.
Blessed art thou, Mary,
Among the women of all lands.
Blessed art thou, Mary,
Among the women of all lands.'

AN OIGH AGUS AN LEANABH [196]

HUNNACAS an Oigh a teachd,
Criosda gu h-og na h-uchd,
Ainghle a lubadh dhaibh umhlachd,
Righ nan dul a dubhradh gur ceart.

An Oigh is or-dhealta cleachd,
An t-Ios is ro ghile na 'n sneachd,
Searapha ciuil a seinn an cliu,
Righ nan dul a dubhradh gur ceart.

DIA NA GILE [197]

Dia na gile, Dia na greine,
Dia na cruinne, Dia nan reula,
Dia nan dile, tir, us neamha,
Dh' orduich dhuinne Righ na feile.

'S i Moire mhin chaidh air a glun,
'S e Ti nan dul a chaidh na h-uchd,
Chaidh durch us diuir a chur air chul,
'S chaidh reul an iuil an aird gu much.

Dh' fhoillsich fearann, dh' fhoillsich fonn,
Dh' fhoillsich doltrom agus struth,
Leagadh bron us thogadh fonn,
Chaidh ceol air bonn le clar us cruth.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

The Virgin was seen approaching,
Christ so young on her breast,
Angels making them obeisance,
The King of glory saying it is just.

The Virgin of gold-bedewed locks,
The Jesu whiter than snow,
Seraphs of song singing their praise,
The King of glory saying it is just.

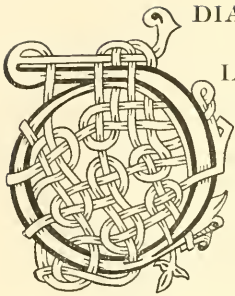
GOD OF THE MOON

God of the moon, God of the sun,
God of the globe, God of the stars,
God of the waters, the land, and the skies,
Who ordained to us the King of promise,

It was Mary fair who went upon her knee,
It was the King of life who went upon her lap,
Darkness and tears were set behind,
And the star of guidance went up early.

Illumed the land, illumed the world,
Illumed doldrum and current,
Grief was laid and joy was raised,
Music was set up with harp and pedal-harp.

DIA NA GILE, DIA NA GREINE [198]



IA na gile, Dia na greine,
Dh' orduich dhuinne Mac na meine.
Muire min gheal air a glun,
Criosda Righ nan dul na h-uchd.
Is mise an cleireach stucanach,
Dol timcheall nan clach stacanach,
Is leir dhomh tulach, is leir dhomh traigh,
Is leir dhomh ainghlean air an t-snamh,
Is leir dhomh calpa cuimir, cruinn,
A tighinn air tir le cairdeas duinn.

TEARUINTEACHD NAM FIAL [199]

This verse, the only verse of the poem he could remember, was obtained from John Kane, a native of Ireland. John Kane had many traditional stories of Saint Columba showing that he 'being dead yet speaketh.' These stories were

Deir Calum-cille ruinn,
Dh' ifrinn gu brath nach tar am fial ;
Ach luchd na meirle 's luchd nam mionn,
Caillidh siad an coir air Dia.

GOD OF THE MOON, GOD OF THE SUN

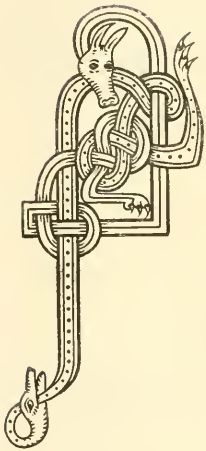
God of the moon, God of the sun,
Who ordained to us the Son of mercy.
The fair Mary upon her knee,
Christ the King of life in her lap.
I am the cleric established,
Going round the founded stones,
I behold mansions, I behold shores,
I behold angels floating,
I behold the shapely rounded column
Coming landwards in friendship to us.

SAFETY OF THE GENEROUS

vivid and graphic, the probable and improbable, possible and impossible, blending and diffusing throughout.

Columba tells to us, that
To hell the generous shall never go:
But those who steal and those who swear,
They shall lose their right to God.

COISTRIG MATHAR [200]



The following lines are whispered by mothers into the ears of sons and daughters when leaving their homes in the Outer Isles for the towns of the south and for foreign lands.

N Dia mor bhi eadar do dha shlinnein,
Ga do chomhnadh a falbh 's a tilleadh,
Mac Moire Oighe bhi an coir do chridhe.
'S an Spiorad foirfe bhi ort a sileadh—
O, an Spiorad foirfe bhi ort a sileadh!

[*Aoidh* [*Una*
[*Thorcuil* [*Shorcha*
[*Thascail* [*Shlaintc.*

MOTHER'S CONSECRATION

Probably they are the last accents of the mother's voice—heard in the far-away home among the hills clothed with mist or on the machair washed by the sea—that linger on the Gaelic ear as it sinks in the sleep that knows no waking.

Be the great God between thy two shoulders
To protect thee in thy going and in thy coming.
Be the Son of Mary Virgin near thine heart,
And be the perfect Spirit upon thee pouring—
Oh, the perfect Spirit upon thee pouring!

[*Aodh* [*Una*
[*Torquil* [*Light*
[*Tascal* [*Health.*

AM FEAR A CHEUSADH [201]

The two following poems were got in Kintail. They are obscure in themselves, and the dialect of Kintail in which they were recited

THIR a chruchadh air a chribh,
Fhir a chiosadh le minn an t-sluaigh. [binn
Nis bho dh' fhas mi aosda, liath,
Gabh ri m' fhaosaid, a Dhia! truais.

Cha 'n ioghnadh domh is mor mo lochd,
Is mi an clab-goileam bochd bua'all.
Ri m' oige gu 'n robh mi baoth,
Ri m' aois gu bheil mi truagh.

Seal mu'n taine Mac De,
Bha 'n ce na lodruich dhuibh,
Gun ri, gun ro, gun re,
Gun chro, gun chre, gun chruth.

Shoillsich fearann, shoillsich fonn,
Shoillsich an trom fhairge ghlas,
Shoillsich an cruinne ce gu leir,
Ri linn Mhic De tigh'nn gu teach.

Sin d' uair labhair Moire nan gras,
An Oigh bhaigheil a bha ghnath glic,
D' uair thug Eosai dhi-se ghradh,
Bu mhiann leis bhi na lathair tric.

HE WHO WAS CRUCIFIED

increases their obscurity. The reciters repeated them as one poem, but were uncertain whether they were one or two poems.

THOU who wert hanged upon the tree,
And wert crucified by the condemnation of the people.
Now that I am grown old and grey,
Take to my confession-prayer, O God! pity.

No wonder to me great is my wickedness,
I am a poor clattering cymbal,
In my youth I was profane,
In my age I am forlorn.

A time ere came the Son of God,
The earth was a black morass,
Without star, without sun, without moon,
Without body, without heart, without form.

Illumined plains, illumined hills,
Illumined the great green sea,
Illumined the whole globe together,
When the Son of God came to earth.

Then it was that spoke the Mary of grace,
The Virgin always most kindly and wise,
When Joseph gave to her his love,
He desired to be often in her presence.

Bha cumhnant eadar Eos agus Oigh,
Ann an ordugh dligheach ceart,
Gu'm biodh cuis ga cur air doigh
Le seula Righ Mor nam feart

Chair iad leis gu Teampull De,
Far an robh a chleir a steach ;
Mar a dh' orduich an t-Ard Righ Mor,
Phos iad mu'n taine mach.

Thainig aingeal na dheigh :—
'Eosai, ciod e 'n gleus a th' ort ?'
'Fhuair mi boirionnach bho 'n chleir,
Cha dual domh fein a bhi ceart.'

'Eosai, fuirich ri do cheil,
Cha'n nodaidh dhuit beud a radh,
Gur h-e th' agad an Oigh ghlan,
Air nach deachaidh le fear lamh.'

'Ciamar a chreideas mi sin uat ?
Agam fein, mo nuar ! tha fios—
D' uair a laigh mi sios ri gual'
Bha leanabh beo a briosg fo crios.

A compact there was between Joseph and Virgin,
In order well-becoming and just,
That the compact might be confirmed
By the seal of the Great King of laws

They went with him to the Temple of God,
Where the clerics sat within:
As ordained of the Great High King,
They married ere they came out.

An angel came afterwards:—
'Joseph, why excited thou?'
'I got a woman from the clerics,
It is not natural for me to be calm.'

'Joseph, abide thou by thy reason,
Not enlightened of thee to find fault,
What thou hast gotten is a virgin pure,
On whom man never put hand.'

'How can I believe that from thee?
I myself, my grief! have knowledge—
When I laid me down by her shoulder
A living child beneath her girdle throbbed.'

AN COILEACH SIN [202]

IN d' uair labhair a bhean bhorb—
' Is iad na coirb a rinn mo chreach,
Cuir am breugaire sios fo lorg,
'S bidh do bheatha nios dha m' theach.

An coileach sin agad 's a phoit,
Air a phronnadh cho broit ri cal,
Cha teid am breugadair an sloc
Go 'n an goir e air an sparr.'

Chair an coileach air an sparr,
Chairich e dha sgiath r'a chorp,
Ghoir e ann gu blasdar, binn,
Us thainig mo Righ bho 'n chroibh.

An dream nach miannach le Dia
Luchd nam breug us luchd nam mionn:
B' annsa leis an urnuigh fhior
Us li nan rosg a ruith gu teann.

THAT COCK

It was then spoke the angry woman—
'It was the wicked who made my ruin,
Drive the liar down below the beam,
And thou shalt be welcome to my house.

That cock thou hast in the pot,
Chopped as broken as the kail,
The liar shall not go to the pit
Till he shall crow upon the spar.'

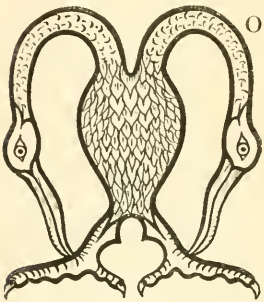
The cock went upon the spar,
He placed his two wings to his body,
He crew sweetly, melodiously,
And my King came from the tree.

The people not liked of God
Are those who lie and those who swear;
Rather would He have the genuine prayer
And water from the eyelids flowing swiftly.

MANAIDH [203]

The people believed in omens of birds and beasts, fishes and insects, and of men and women. These omens were innumerable, and a few only can be mentioned.

The fisher would deem it a bad omen to meet a red-haired woman when on his way to fish; and were the woman defective in mind or body, probably the man would return home muttering strong adjectives beneath his breath. On the other hand,



OCH maduinn Luan,
Chualas meaghal uan,

Agus meigead eunaraig
Seimh am shuidhe crom,

Agus cuthag liath-ghorm,
S guu am biadh am bhronn.

Feasgar finidh Mhart,
Chunnas air lic mhin,
Seilicheag shlim, bhan,

Agus an clacharan fionn
Air barr a gharraidh toll.

Searrach seann larach
Spagail 's a chula rium.

Dh' aithnich mi fein n' an deigh [d' an reir
Nach eireadh a bhliadhna liom.

OMENS

it was lucky for a girl to find the red hair of a woman in the nest of certain birds, particularly in the nest of the wheatear.

'Gruag ruadh boirionnaich,
Fiasag liath fiorionnaich,
Ruth agus rath na leirist
Gheobh an nead a chlacharain.' [bhigirein

The red hair of a woman,
The grey beard of a man,
Are love and luck to the sloven
Who gets them in the nest of the wheatear. [tit

Early on the morning of Monday,
I heard the bleating of a lamb,

And the kid-like cry of snipe,
While gently sitting bent,

And the grey-blue cuckoo,
And no food on my stomach.

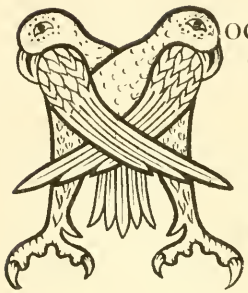
On the fair evening of Tuesday,
I saw on the smooth stone,
The snail slimy, pale,

And the ashy wheatear,
On the top of the dyke of holes,

The foal of the old mare,
Of sprauchly gait and its back to me.

And I knew from these, [according to them
That the year would not rise with me.

MOCH LA LUAN CASG [204]



OCH La Luan Casg,
Chunna mi air sal,
Lach us eala bhan
A snamh le cheile.

Chuala mi Di-mart
Eunarag nan trath,
Meannanaich 's an ard
'S a 'g eigheach.

Di-ciadain bha mi
Buain na feamain-chir,
Us chunna mi na tri
Ri eirigh.

Dh' aithnich mi air ball,
Gu'n robh an imirig ann,
Beannachd nach biodh ann
An deigh sin.

Comraig Bhride bhith,
Comraig Mhoire mhin,
Comraig Mhicheil mhil,
Dhomh fhi' 's dha m' eudail,
Dhomh fhi' 's dha m' eudail.

EARLY EASTER MONDAY

Early on the day of Easter Monday,
I saw on the brine
A duck and a white swan
Swim together.

I heard on Tuesday
The snipe of the seasons,
Bleating on high
And calling.

On Wednesday I had been
Cutting the channelled fucus,
And then saw I the three
Arising.

I knew immediately
That a flitting there was,
Blessing there would not be
After that.

The girth of Bride calm,
The girth of Mary mild,
The girth of Michael strong,
Upon me and mine,
Upon me and mine.

MANADH NAN EALA [205]

HUALA mi guth binn nan eala,
Ann an dealachadh nan trath,
Glugalaich air sgiathaibh siubhlach,
Cur nan cura dhiubh gu h-ard.

Ghrad sheas mi, cha d' rinn mi ghnasad,
Suil dh'an tug mi bhuam co bha
Deanamh iuil air an toiseach?
Righinn an t-sonais an eala bhan.

Bha seo air feasgar Di-aona,
Bha mo smaontan air Di-mart—
Chaill mi mo chuid 's mo dhaona
Bliadhn o'n Aona sin gu brath.

Ma chi thu eala air Di-aona,
Moch 's a mhaduinn fhaoilidh, agh,
Bidh cinneas air do chuid 's do dhaona,
Do bhuar cha chaochail a ghnath. [chlaonaich gu brath.

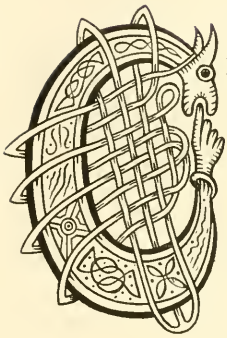
OMEN OF THE SWANS

I HEARD the sweet voice of the swans,
At the parting of night and day,
Gurgling on the wings of travelling,
Pouring forth their strength on high.

I quickly stood me, nor made I move,
A look which I gave from me forth
Who should be guiding in front?
The queen of luck, the white swan.

This was on the evening of Friday,
My thoughts were of the Tuesday—
I lost my means and my kinsfolk
A year from that Friday for ever.

Shouldst thou see a swan on Friday,
In the joyous morning dawn,
There shall be increase on thy means and thy kin,
Nor shall thy flocks be always dying. [decline for ever.



MANAIDH [206]

HUALA mi chuthag 's gun bhiadh am bhroinn,
Chuala mi am fearan am barr a chroinn,
Chuala mi 'n suaircean shuas anns a choill,
'S chuala mi nualla cumhachag na h-oidhche.

Chunna mi 'n t-uan 's a chula rium,
Chunna mi 'n t-seiliche air lic luim,
Chunna mi 'n searrach le thulachain rium,
Chunna mi an clachran air gharradh tuill,
An eunarag 's mi 'm shuidhe cruinn,
'S dh' aithnich mi fhe' nach teidheadh
A bhliadhna liom.

OMENS

I HEARD the cuckoo with no food in my stomach,
I heard the stock-dove on the top of the tree,
I heard the sweet singer in the copse beyond,
And I heard the screech of the owl of the night.

I saw the lamb with his back to me,
I saw the snail on the bare flag-stone,
I saw the foal with his rump to me,
I saw the wheatear on a dyke of holes,
I saw the snipe while sitting bent,
And I foresaw that the year would not
Go well with me.

AN TUIS [207]

I la do shlainte,
Cha dean thu crabhadh,
Cha tabhair thu taine,
'S cha tar thu tuis; [phaigh

Ceann an ardain,
Cridhe na gabhachd,
Beul gun fhaigheam,
'S cha nar leat cuis.

Ach thig do gheamhradh,
Us cruas do theanndachd,
Us bidh do cheann mar
Am meall 's an uir;

Do luth air failing,
Do chruth air fhagail,
Us tu na do thraill,
Air do dha ghlun.

THE INCENSE

In the day of thy health
Thou wilt not give devotion,
Thou wilt not give kine,
    Nor wilt thou offer incense :

Head of haughtiness,
Heart of greediness,
Mouth unhemmed,
    Nor ashamed art thou.

But thy winter will come,
And the hardness of thy distress,
And thy head shall be as
    The clod in the earth ;

Thy strength having failed,
Thine aspect having gone,
And thou a thrall,
    On thy two knees.

DUAN NAN DAOL [208]

There are many curious legends and beliefs current in the Isles about the 'cearr-dubhan,' or sacred beetle. When His enemies were in search of Christ to put Him to death, they met the sacred beetle and the gravedigger beetle out on a foraging expedition in search of food for their families. The Jews asked the beetles if they had seen Christ passing that way. Proud to be asked, and anxious to conciliate the great people, the gravedigger promptly and volubly replied: 'Yes, yes! He passed here yesterday evening, when I and the people of the townland were digging a grave and burying the body of a field-mouse that had come to an untimely end.' 'You lie! you lie!' said the sacred beetle; 'it was a year ago yesterday that Christ the Son passed here, when my children and I were searching for food, after the king's horse had passed.'

Because of his ready officiousness against Christ, the gravedigger is always killed when seen; while, for his desire to shield Christ, the sacred beetle is spared, but because he told a lie he is always turned on his back. The sacred beetle is covered with a strong integument like a knight encased in armour. Consequently he is unable to resume his position, and he struggles continually, waving his feet in the effort to touch something which will assist him to rise. It is unlawful to pass by the sacred beetle without putting him on his back, but should he succeed in righting himself, it is unlawful to molest him further.

In some places the gravedigger is killed because otherwise he will profane the grave of the grandmother of the person who passes him by.

The following somewhat similar legend is also current in Uist:—

The anti-Christians were pursuing Christ, wishing to kill Him. Christ came to a townland where a crofter was winnowing corn on the hillock. The good crofter placed Christ under the heap of grain to conceal Him from His enemies. The crofter went into the barn to bring out more grain to place over Christ to hide Him more effectually. In his absence the fowls attacked the heap of corn under which Christ was hidden. They were round the heap and over the heap—hens and ducks feeding as rapidly as they could. The ducks contented

RATH bha Ti nan dul fo choill,
Agus daoibhidh air a dheigh,
De thuirt daolaire na doill,
Ris an daol 's an dealan-de

POEM OF THE BEETLES

themselves with eating and tramping the corn. Not so the hens: they scattered the corn about with their feet as they ate, so that the hidden Christ was exposed to view when the crofter returned. In consequence of this disservice to Christ in His distress, it was left as a heritage to the hen and to her seed for ever that she should be sever-toed; that she should be confined to land; that she should dislike hail, rain, sleet, and snow; that she should dread thunder and lightning; that dust, not water, should be her bath; that she should have no oil with which to anoint herself and preen her feathers; and finally, that she should have only one life and one joy in life—the joy of land.

And because the duck contented herself with eating the corn without exposing the person of Christ, it was left to her and to her descendants ever more that she should be web-footed, and not be confined to land; that she should rejoice in hail and rain and sleet and snow; that she should rejoice in thunder and lightning; that water, not dust, should be her bath; that she should have oil with which to anoint herself and preen her feathers; that she should have three lives and three joys—the joy of earth, the joy of air, and the joy of water; nay, a fourth life and a fourth joy—the joy of under the water; that she should be most dressed when the hen was most draggled; that she should be most joyous when the hen was most miserable; that she should be most hopeful when the hen was in most despair; that she should be most happy when the hen was in most dread; that she should dance with joy when the hen quaked with fear. When the hen hears thunder she trembles as the aspen and hurries home in terror, screaming and screeching the while. Hence the saying—

'Tha do chridh air chrith	Thine heart is quivering
Mar chire ri torruinn.'	Like a hen in thunder.

The converse is true of the duck. When she hears thunder she rejoices and dances to her own 'port-a-bial'—mouth music. This gave rise to the saying—

'Is collach thu ri tunnaig	Thou art like a duck
'S a fiughair ri torruinn.'	Expectant of thunder.

When the Being of glory was in retreat,
And wicked men in pursuit of Him,
What said the groveller of blindness
To the beetle and the butterfly?

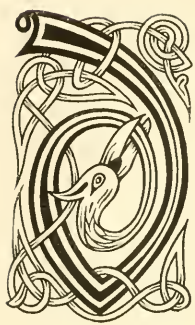
'Am facas seach an diugh no 'n raoir,
Mac mo ghaoil-sa—Mac De?'
'Chunnas, chunnas,' os an daol,
'Mac na saorsa seach an de.'

'Cearr! cearr! cearr thu fhe,'
Os an cearr-dubhan feach,
'A bhliadhna mhor chon an de
Chaidh Mac De seach.'

'Saw ye passing to-day or yestreen,
The Son of my love—the Son of God?'
'We saw, we saw,' said the black beetle,
'The Son of freedom pass yesterday.'

'Wrong! wrong! wrong art thou,'
Said the sacred beetle earthy;
'A big year it was yestreen
Since the Son of God passed.'

DUAN NAN DAOL [209]



UAIR bha Criosda fo choill,
Agus naimhdean air a dheigh,
Is e thuirt faochaire na foill,
Ris an daol 's an dealan-de—

'Am facas seach an diugh no 'n raoir,
Mac mo ghaol-sa, Mac De?'
'Chunna, chunna,' ors an daol,
'Mac na saorsa seach an de.'

'Breug! breug! breug!'
Orsa cearran cre nan each,
'A bhliadhna mhor chon an de,
Chaidh Mac De seach.'

DUAN AN DAOIL [210]

A DHAOLAG, a dhaolag,
An cuimhne leat an la 'n de?
A dhaolag, a dhaolag,
An cuimhne leat an la 'n de?
A dhaolag, a dhaolag,
An cuimhne leat an la 'n de
Chaidh Mac De seachad?

POEM OF THE BEETLES

When Christ was under the wood,
And enemies were pursuing Him,
The crooked one of deception,
Said to the black beetle and the butterfly—

'Saw ye pass to-day or yesterday,
The Son of my love, the Son of God?'
'We saw! we saw!' said the black beetle,
'The Son of redemption pass yesterday.'

'False! false! false!'
Said the little clay beetle of horses,
'A full year yesterday,
The Son of God went by.'

POEM OF THE BEETLE

Little beetle, little beetle,
Rememberest thou yesterday?
Little beetle, little beetle,
Rememberest thou yesterday?
Little beetle, little beetle,
Rememberest thou yesterday
The Son of God went by?

TALADH [211]

The swan is a favourite bird and of good omen. To hear it in the morning fasting—especially on a Tuesday morning—is much to be desired. To see seven, or a multiple of seven, swans on the wing ensures peace and prosperity for seven, or a multiple of seven years.

In windy, snowy, or wet weather swans fly low, but in calm, bright, or frosty weather they fly high; but even when the birds are only specks in the distant blue lift above, their soft, silvery, flute-like notes penetrate to earth below.

Swans are said to be ill-used religious ladies under enchantment, driven from their homes and forced to wander, and to dwell where most kindly treated and

EALA bhan thu,
Hu hi! ho ho!

'S truagh do charamh,
Hu hi! ho ho!

'S truagh mar tha thu,
Hu hi! ho ho!

'S t-fhuil a t' fhagail,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! ho ho!

Eala bhan thu,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Cian o d' chairdiu,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Bean do mhanrain,
Hu hi! ho ho!

LULLABY

where least molested. They are therefore regarded with loving pity and veneration, and the man who would injure a swan would thereby hurt the feelings of the community.

A woman found a wounded swan on a frozen lake near her house, and took it home, where she set the broken wing, dressed the bleeding feet, and fed the starving bird with lintseed and water. The woman had an ailing child, and as the wounds of the swan healed the health of the child improved, and the woman believed that her treatment of the swan caused the recovery of her child, and she rejoiced accordingly and composed the following lullaby to her restored child :—

Thou white swan,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Sad thy condition,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Pitiful thy state,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Thy blood flowing,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

Thou white swan,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Far from thy friends,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Dame of thy converse,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Fan am nabachd,
Hu hì! ho ho!
Hu hì! ho ho!

Leigh an aigh thu,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Sian mo phaisdean,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Dion o 'n bhas e,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Greas gu slaint e,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Mar is ail leat,
Hu hì! ho ho!
Hu hì! hi ho!

Pian us anradh
Hu hì! ho ho!

Dh' fhear do sharuich,
Hu hì! ho ho!
Hu hì! hi ho!

Mile failt ort,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Buan us slan thu,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Linn an aigh dhut,
Hu hì! ho ho!

Remain near me,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! ho ho!

Leech of gladness thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Sain my little child,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Shield him from death,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Hasten him to health,
Hu hi! ho ho!

As thou desirest,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

Pain and sorrow
Hu hi! ho ho!

To thine injurer,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

A thousand welcomes to thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Life and health be thine,
Hu hi! ho ho!

The age of joy be thine,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Anns gach aite,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

* * *

Furt us fas dha,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Neart us nas dha,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Buadh na larach,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Anns gach ait dha,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

Moire Mhathair,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Mhin ghil aluinn,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Bhi da d' bhriodal,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Bhi dha d' mhanran,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Bhi dha d' lithiu,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Bhi dha d' arach,
Hu hi! ho ho!

In every place,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

* * *

Peace and growth to him,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Strength and worth to him,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Victory of place,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Everywhere to him,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

The Mary Mother,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Fair white lovely,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be fondling thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be dandling thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be bathing thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be rearing thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Bhi dha d' dhion
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Bho lion do namhu ;
Hu hi ! ho ho !
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Bhi dha d' bheadru,
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Bhi dha d' naisdiu,
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Bhi dha d' lionu
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Leis na grasu ;
Hu hi ! ho ho !
Hu hi ! hi ho !

Gaol do mhathar thu,
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Gaol a graidh thu,
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Gaol nan ainghlean thu,
Hu hi ! ho ho !

Ann am Paras !
Hu hi ! ho ho !
Hu hi ! hi ho !

Be shielding thee
Hu hi! ho ho!

From the net of thine enemy;
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be caressing thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be guarding thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be filling thee
Hu hi! ho ho!

With the graces;
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

The love of thy mother, thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

The love of her love, thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

The love of the angels, thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

In Paradise!
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

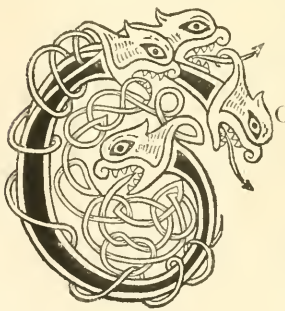
BAN-TIGHEARNA BHINN [212]

There were many religious houses throughout the Isles. Two of these were in Benbecula—one at 'Baile-mhanaich,' Monk's-town, and one at 'Baile-nan-cailleach,' Nuns'-town. These houses were attached to Iona, and were ruled and occupied by members of the first families of the Western Isles. Probably their insularity secured them from dissolution at the time of the Reformation, for these communities lingered long after the Reformation, and ceased to exist simply through natural decay.

It is said that two nuns had been visiting a sick woman. When returning home from the moorland to the townland, they heard the shrill voice of a child and the soft voice of a woman. The nuns groped their way down the rugged rocks, and there found a woman soothing a child in her arms. They were the only two saved from a wreck—the two frailest in the ship. The nuns took them home to Nunton. The woman was an Irish princess and a nun, and the child an Irish prince, against whose life a usurper to the throne had conceived a plot. The holy princess fled with the child-prince, intending to take him for safety to Scandinavia. The two nuns are said to have composed the two following poems.

One version of the story says that the child grew up and succeeded to the throne in Ireland; another that he died in the North Sea, and that he was buried in North Ronaldsay, Orkney.

During the three centuries of the Norse occupation there was much cordial communication between Scotland and Ireland, and much, but not cordial, communication between Ireland and Scandinavia. Norsemen infested the east of Ireland and west of Scotland. There were plots and counter-plots and wars innumerable between invaders



O i bhain-tighearna bhinn,
An bun an tuim,
Am beul an tuim?

Cha'n alca, [fhalc
Cha lacha,
Cha'n eala,
'S cha'n aonar i.

THE MELODIOUS LADY-LORD

and invaded, the ends of the beam ascending and descending in sore quick succession. Ultimately the Irish succeeded in inflicting a crushing defeat on the Scandinavians at the battle of Clontarf.

Clontarf is situated on Dublin Bay, a few miles below the city. It is a low-lying plain of much extent and great fertility. In the adjoining sea is a spit or bar emitting curious sounds during certain conditions of tide and wind. The sounds resemble the bellowing of a bull, and hence the name 'Cluantarbh,' Clontarf, the plain of the bull.

The famous battle of Clontarf was fought on Good Friday, April 23rd, 1014. The Irish were led by their celebrated warrior-king, Brian Boroimhe, monarch of all Ireland, and the Danes by their Celto-Danish prince, Earl Sigurd. There was indescribable havoc on both sides. The slaughter, as seen from the walls of Dublin, is described as resembling the work of mad reapers in a field of corn. Earl Sigurd fell. This was foretold him by his mother, Audna, daughter of Carroll, King of Ireland, when she gave him the 'Raven Banner of Battle' at Skidda-myre, now Skidden, in Caithness. Audna told Sigurd that the Raven Banner would always bring victory to the owner, but death to the bearer. At the battle of Clontarf every man who took up the Raven Banner fell. At last no one would take it up. Seeing this, Sigurd himself seized the banner, saying, ''Tis meetest that the beggar himself should bear his bag.' Immediately thereafter Sigurd fell, and with him the Norse power in Ireland. The victorious Irish slaughtered the defeated Danes with all the concentrated hate of three centuries of cruel wrong. The fall of Earl Sigurd was made known to his friends in the North through the fore-knowledge of the Valkymar, the twelve weird sisters of Northern Mythology, of whom Gray sings in his 'Fatal Sisters.'

Who is she the melodious lady-lord,
At the base of the knoll,
At the mouth of the wave?

Not the ale,
Not the duck,
Not the swan,
And not alone is she.

Co i bhain-tighearna bhinn,
Am bun an tuim,
Am beul an tuim ?

Cha 'n fhosga,
Cha lona,
Cha smeorach,
Air gheuig i.

Co i bhain-tighearna bhinn,
Am bun an tuim,
Am beul an tuim ?

* * * *
* * * *

Cha tarman tuirim
An t-sleibh i.

Co i bhain-tighearna bhinn,
Am bun an tuim,
Am beul an tuim ?

Cha bhreac air a bhuinne,
Cha mhoineis na tuinne,
Cha mhnirghin-mhuire
Na Ceit i.

Co i bhain-tighearna bhinn,
Am bun an tuim,
Am beul an tuim ?

Cha bhainisg na cuigeil,
Cha'n ainnir na fuiril,
Cha bhainnireach bhuidhe
Na spreidh i.

Who is she the melodious lady-lord,
At the base of the knoll,
At the mouth of the wave?

Not the lark,
Not the merle,
Not the mavis,
On the bough is she.

Who is she the melodious lady-lord,
At the base of the knoll,
At the mouth of the wave?

* * * *
* * * *

Not the murmuring ptarmigan
Of the hill is she.

Who is she the melodious lady-lord,
At the base of the knoll,
At the mouth of the wave?

Not the grilse of the stream,
Not the seal of the wave,
Not the sea maiden
Of May is she.

Who is she the melodious lady-lord,
At the base of the knoll,
At the mouth of the wave?

Not the dame of the distaff,
Not the damsel of the lyre,
Not the golden-haired maid
Of the flocks is she.

Co i bhain-tighearna bhinn,
Am bun an tuim,
Am beul an tuim ?

Bain-tighearna bhinn,
Bhaindidh mhin,

Ighinn righ,
Ogha righ,
Iar-ogh righ,
Ion-ogh righ,
Dubh-ogh righ,
Bean righ,
Mathair righ,
Muinne righ,
I taladh righ,
Us e fo breid aic.

A Eirinn a shiubhail i,
Gu Lochlann tha fiughair aic,
An Trianaid bhi siubhal leath
Chuile taobh a theid i—
Chuile taobh a theid i.

Who is she the melodious lady-lord,
At the base of the knoll,
At the mouth of the wave ?

Melodious lady-lord,
God-like in loveliness,

Daughter of a king,
Granddaughter of a king,
Great-granddaughter of a king,
Great-great-granddaughter of a king,
Great-great-great-granddaughter of a king,
Wife of a king,
Mother of a king,
Foster-mother of a king,
She lullabying a king,
And he under her plaid.

From Erin she travelled,
For Lochlann is bound,
May the Trinity travel with her
Whithersoever she goes—
Whithersoever she goes.

RIGHINN NAM BUADH [213]

S min a bas,
Is fin a cas,
Is caomh a cruth,
Is caoin a guth,
Is binn a cainn,
Is grinn a meinn,
Is blath sealladh a sul,
Is tlath meaghail a gnuis.
'S a brollach graidh-gheal a snamh na com
Mar chra-fhaoileag air bharr nan tonn.

Is naomhar an oigh is or-dhealta cul,
Le maotharan og am bonn nan stuc,
Gun lon dhaibh le cheil fo chorr nan speur,
Gun sgoth fo 'n ghrein bho 'n namhaid.

Ta sgiath Mhic De da comhdach,
Ta ciall Mhic De da seoladh,
Ta briathar Mhic De mar bhiadh di fein,
Ta reul na leirsinn mhoir di.

Ta duibhre na h-oidhche dhi mar shoillse an lo,
Ta an lo dhi a ghnath na sholas,
Ta Moir oigh nan gras 's a h-uile h-ait,
Le na seachd graidh 'g a comhnadh,
Na seachd graidh 'g a comhnadh.

QUEEN OF GRACE

Smooth her hand,
Fair her foot,
Graceful her form,
Winsome her voice,
Gentle her speech,
Stately her mien,
Warm the look of her eye,
Mild the expression of her face,
While her lovely white breast heaves on her bosom
Like the black-headed sea-gull on the gently heaving wave.

Holy is the virgin of gold-mist hair,
With tenderest babe at the base of the ben,
No food for either of them under the arch of the sky,
No shelter under the sun to shield them from the foe.

The shield of the Son of God covers her,
The inspiration of the Son of God guides her,
The word of the Son of God is food to her,
His star is a bright revealing light to her.

The darkness of night is to her as the brightness of day,
The day to her gaze is always a joy,
While the Mary of grace is in every place,
With the seven beatitudes compassing her,
The seven beatitudes compassing her.

CILL-MOLUAG [214]

A curious ceremony was current in the island of Lismore. When several boys gathered together, two

ILL! hill! uill! O!
Co chill an teid seo?

Cill-moluag an Liosmor,
Far an cinn na cnoimheagan!

Uill! hill! uill! O!
Co chill an teid seo?

Cill-moluag an Liosmor,
Loisealam na greine.

Uill! hill! uill! O!
Co chill an teid seo?

Cill-moluag an Liosmor,
Boid nach dean e eiridh!

After more questions and more answers, the boy was carried round in procession sunwise to a wailing march, in which all the boys joined. The boy was then laid upon a rock or knoll for an altar. After more singing and more ceremonial the

KILLMOLUAG

boys seized a third by the head and heels, and swaying him from side to side sang an eerie chant over him.

FIRST BOY Uill! hill! uill! O!
In what kill shall this go?

SECOND BOY In Killmoluag of Lismore,
Where the maggots grow!

Uill! hill! uill! O!
In what kill shall this go?

In Killmoluag of Lismore,
Fairest 'neath the sun.

Uill! hill! uill! O!
In what kill shall this go?

In Killmoluag of Lismore,
I vow he shall not rise!

victim was laid in some convenient hollow for a grave, to the music of another eerie lament and the laughter of the boys. The writer was an actor in this boyish drama, but what the drama represented he does not know.

AM BREID [215]

'Am breid,' the kertch or coif, was a square of linen formed into a cap and donned by a woman on the morning after her marriage. It was the sign of wifehood as the 'stiom,' snood, was the emblem of maidenhood. The linen of the kertch was pure white and very fine. The square was arranged into three angles symbolic of the Trinity, under whose guidance the young wife was to walk. From this it is called 'currachd tri-chearnach'—three-cornered cap. The kertch was fastened to the hair with cords of silk or pins of silver or of gold. It is said to have been very becoming and picturesque. It is mentioned in many of the sayings of the people as:—'breid ban'—white kertch; 'breid cuailean'—hair kertch; 'breid beannach'—pinnacled kertch; 'breid an crannaig'—kertch on props; 'breid cuimir nan crun,' the shapely coif of the crowns; and 'breid cuimir nan tri crun'—the shapely coif of the three crowns. It is also spoken of in many songs.

'Nar a faicear ort breid
La feile no clachain,
'S nar a faicear do chlann
Dol gu teampull baistidh.'

Never on thee be seen kertch
Upon feast-day or church-day,
And never be seen thy children
Going to the temple of baptism.

'Na 'm faighinn dhomh fein
Thu le heannachd na cleire, [cairdeas
Gur a mis a bhitheadh reidh [eibhinn
Ri bhi faicinn do bhreid
An ceud Dombnach.'

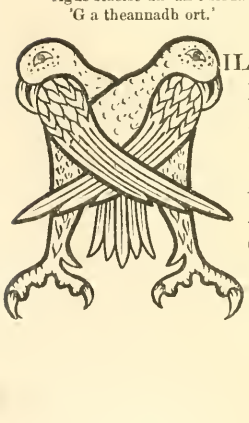
Were I to obtain to myself
Thee with the blessing of the clerics, [friendship
It is I who would be joyous
At seeing on thee thy kertch
The first Sunday.

'A cul dualach, camlach, cuachach,
Ann an sguaib aig m' eudail,
'S ge boidheach e 's an stiom a suas
Cha mheas an cuailean breid e.'

Her hair in coils, curled, curved,
And in clustered folds has my beloved,
And though beautiful it seems within the snood,
It would not look worse beneath the kertch.

'Gur a math thig breid ban
Air a charamh beannach dhut,
Agus staoise dh' an t-sioda mhin,
'G a theannadh ort.'

Well becomes thee the white kertch,
Placed pinnacle-wise,
And cords of the fine silk
Binding it upon thee.



ILE failte dhut fo d' bhreid,
Ri do re gu robh thu slan,
Luth us laithean dhut le sith,
Do pharas le do ni bhi fas.

An tus do chomh-ruith us tu og,
An tus do lo iarr Ti nan dul,
Cha churam dha nach toir e ceart
Gach foil us feart a bhios na d' run.

THE KERTCH

The song from which this last verse is quoted had curious wanderings and narrow escapes—from Lochaber to Lahore, from Lahore to Lochalsh, and from Lochalsh to Skye and Uist. It was taken down at Howmore, South Uist, from Peggie Macaulay, better known as Peggie Robertson and 'Peigi Sgiathanach'—Skye Peggie. She came from 'Sleibhte riabhach nam ban boidheach,'—brindled Sleat of the beautiful women, and well upheld the reputation of her native place, for she was a tall, straight, comely brunette, with beautiful brown eyes and hair 'like raven's plumage, smoothed on snow.' She had accompanied her master and mistress, Captain and Mrs. Macdonald, Knock, Skye, on a visit to Sir John Macrae, Airdantouil, Lochalsh. Sir John was famed for his symmetry, bravery, and accomplishments. He inherited the musical talents of the Macleods of Rararsey, and could play a phenomenal number of musical instruments. He was wont to say that there was no music for the house equal to Highland music, nor instrument for the field equal to the Highland bagpipe. Sir John had been military attaché to his cousin, the Marquis of Hastings, when he was Governor-General of India. From Sir John Macrae, Peggie Macaulay heard the words of this song and an account of how he got them. Sir John said that when in India he was sent with despatches to a distant fort. As he was nearing the gate under cover of night, he was surprised to hear a Gaelic song once heard in childhood and often sought since. When he reined in his horse to listen, the sentry stopped his song and challenged. The answer was given in Gaelic, and the sentry was surprised in his turn. Macrae was just in time to rouse the Governor from his fancied security and to lead the garrison to repel an attack, in which the singer Eoghan Cameron fell after killing seven sepoys single-handed.

Sir John Macrae died soon after Peggie Macaulay heard him singing the song, and she died soon after the song was taken down from her dictation by the present writer. Sir John Macrae called this song, 'treas taladh na h-Alba,' —the third lullaby of Alban, and as sung by bright Peggie Robertson it merited praise.

A THOUSAND hails to thee beneath thy kertch,
During thy course mayest thou be whole,
Strength and days be thine in peace,
Thy paradise with thy means increase.

In beginning thy dual race, and thou young,
In beginning thy course, seek thou the God of life,
Fear not but He will rightly rule
Thine every secret need and prayer.

An coron-ceile a chuir thu suas,
Is tric a fhuair e buaidh do mhnai;
Bi-sa subhailc ach bi suairc,
Bi-sa stuam an lid 's an laimh. [gnaith

Bi-sa fialaidh ach bi glic,
Bi-sa misneachail ach stold,
Bi-sa bruithneach ach bi balbh,
Bi-sa caimeineach ach coir.

Na dean criontaireachd an toirt,
Na dean brosg ach na bi fuar,
Na labhair fos air neach ge h-olc,
Ma labhrar ort na toir-sa fuath.

Bi-sa gleidhteach air h-ainm,
Bi-sa sgeimineach ach suairc,
Lamh Dhe biodh air h-eilm,
An deilbh, an gniamh 's an smuain.

Na bi gearanach fo d' chrois,
Siubhail socair fo chopan lan,
A chaoidh dh'an olc na toir-sa speis,
'S le do bhreid, dhut ceud mile failt!

This spousal crown thou now hast donned,
Full oft has gotten grace to woman,
Be thou virtuous, but be gracious,
Be thou pure in word and hand. [deed

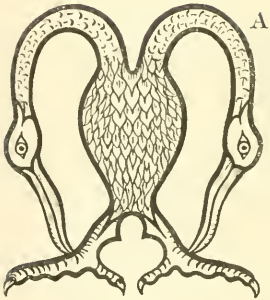
Be thou hospitable, yet be wise,
Be thou courageous, but be calm,
Be thou frank, but be reserved,
Be thou exact, yet generous.

Be not miserly in giving,
Do not flatter, yet be not cold,
Speak not ill of man, though ill he be,
If spoken of, show not resentment.

Be thou careful of thy name,
Be thou dignified yet kind,
The hand of God be on thine helm,
In inception, in act, and in thought.

Be not querulous beneath thy cross,
Walk thou warily when thy cup is full,
Never to evil give thou countenance,
And with thy kertch, to thee a hundred thousand hails!

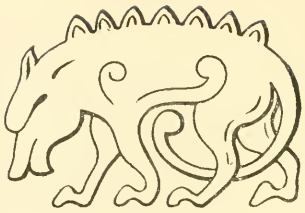
FUIGHEAL [216]



AR a bha,
Mar a tha,
Mar a bhitheas
Gu brath,
A Thrithinn
Nan gras!
Ri traghadh,
'S ri lionadh!
A Thrithinn
Nan gras!
Ri traghadh,
'S ri lionadh!

FRAGMENT

As it was,
As it is,
As it shall be
Evermore,
O Thou Triune
Of grace!
With the ebb,
With the flow,
O Thou Triune
Of grace!
With the ebb,
With the flow.



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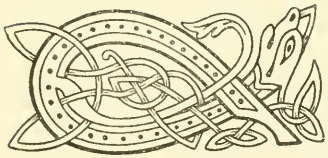


NOTES

A

Abhr, abhra, fat, rich, oily; 'cloimh abhrais,' oiled wool, wool prepared for spinning; 'abhrta,' 'abhrtach,' 'abhrtadh,' a feast, festival, rich entertainment.

Abhr, aur, prayer (?). A place at the base of 'Beinn Righ Coinnich'—King Kenneth's Mount, or 'Beinn airidh Coinnich'—Ben of Kenneth's shieling, in South Uist, is called 'Auratot,' 'Auratobhte,' prayer ruin. The spot is green and grassy, and contains the remains of an oratory, which was used by seafarers before and after voyaging. A font and other ecclesiastical objects have been found among the ruins. *Cf.* 'aurtech,' gen. 'aurtige'; 'for bendchopar ind aurtige,'—on the roof of the oratory.—Windisch's *Wörterbuch.* Perhaps merely a diphthongised form of 'or,' prayer, as in 'abhran,' 'oran.'

Acair, anchor. The anchor in the West is often a stone. A form of anchor in olden times was a cylinder made of heather ropes bound strongly together, closed at one end and filled with stones. This anchor was called 'mogais,' cylinder. At anchor, 'air chruaidh,' lit. 'on hard,' fast.

Adhamhnan, Adamnan. There are several dedications in Scotland to St. Adamnan. There is a 'Port Adhamhnain,' port of Adamnan, in Iona, Mull, and Lismore. A cross called 'Crois Adhamhnain,' cross of Adamnan, stood above the port of Adamnan in Iona, and there is a 'Crois Adhamhnain,' cross of Adamnan, in North Uist. This cross is incised on a large ice block at which the saint is said to have stood when preaching the first Gospel message to the natives. The people are said to have cut the cross on the side and set the stone on edge in honour of the occasion. There is a 'Srath Adhamhnain,' Strath Adamnan, in Strathfillan. Near Strath of Adamnan is 'Beinn Chaluim,' mountain of Columba. Adamnan was the successor and biographer of Columba.

Ai, sheep. 'Cuir a stigh an ai,' put in the sheep. Perhaps connected with Greek *αἴξ,* a goat.

Ai, swan. 'Chi mi ai air loch a mhuilinn,' I see a swan on the mill loch. 'Chi mi ai air ailn an eilean,' I see a swan on the loch of the island. 'Ai' seems to mean white, whiteness; perhaps akin to 'aigh,' beautiful.

Aibheis, eibheis, an abyss, a place or person in ruins or unkempt.

'Ged tha thu 'n diugh 'a d' aibheis fhuar,
Bha thu uair 'a d' aros righ.'

Though thou art to-day a ruin cold,
Thou wert once the dwelling of a king.

Aicil, a form of 'faicill,' circumspection.

Aigne, the (bird) swift, anything of unusually quick motion. 'Co luath ris an aigne,' as quick as the swift. 'Co luath ri aigne nam ban baoth,' as swift as the thoughts of the foolish women.

Ailbh, al, rock foundation, anything hard, solid, rigid, immovable.

Ailinde, most beautiful. The people use many forms of this superlative, as 'ailne,' 'ailindeach,' 'aildiche,' 'aluinnde,' and others.

'Ailineachd mna na Greuige.' The beauteousness of the woman of Greece (Helen).

Aingeal, aigheal, aitheal, athal, light, flame, fire, glowing fire, angel. Cf. 'aithine,' 'athaine,' 'aine,' fire, glowing peat.

'Aingeal' occurs in many place names, as 'Tom Aingil,' 'Dun Aingil,' 'Cnoc Aingil,' 'Carn Aingil,' in Lochaber, Lismore, Islay, Iona, Muckairn, Uist, Lews, and other places. As the names indicate, the places stand high. Dun Aingil in Lochaber is situated on the side of a mountain 686 feet above the sea, and is also called 'Cladh Choireil,' St. Cyril's Burial-ground. This is the only 'aingil' knoll known to me used as a place of burial, though at Muckairn a 'Cnoc Aingil' or 'Tulach Aingil' adjoins the burying-ground, 105 feet above sea level, called by some 'Cladh Choireil,' Cyril's Burial-ground, and by others 'Cladh Easbuig Earail,' Bishop Harold's Burial-ground. Harold was the first bishop of the see of Argyll and the Isles, disjoined from that of Dunkeld in 1200.

'Cnoc Aingil' in Iona is a green knoll on a sandy plain. In his 'Life of Columba,' Adamnan says that angels were wont to converse with Columba on this knoll, and that during drought the brethren carried the tunic of the saint round the knoll singing psalms and repeating prayers the while, whereupon copious rain fell. Pennant mentions that the people of Iona rode sunwise round 'Cnoc Aingil' on St. Michael's Day.

Probably these knolls were places of sun-worship and fire-worship, which were current in the West as they are in the East.

In a poem composed over two centuries ago, 'aingeal' is twice used for fire—

'Bha 'n spor bhearnach, gheur, thana,	The jagged flint, sharp, thin,
Am beul snaip air dheagh theannadh,	Was in the snap mouth well bound,
Ged dhiult thu dhomh aingeal	Though thou didst refuse me fire
Ri ord.	To the hammer.
Na 'n tugadh tu aingeal	Hadst thou given the fire
Chuirinn cunnart air anam,	I had placed his soul in jeopardy,
Ged chaillinn ris gearran	Though I had lost by it a garron
'S a mhod.'	In the moot.

'Aingeal' meaning fire is current in some districts though obsolete in others. The word is borrowed into Scots and applied to the hearth, as 'ingle,' 'ingle-neuk'—neuk being from 'an iuc,' ''n iuc,' the corner, the angle.

The idea of an angel guarding the door is not unknown to literary art. At an inn visited by Burns an angel was painted above the door. The house was

kept by a husband and wife whose names were Peace and Grace. When Burns revisited the place he found the angel gone, the husband dead, and the wife more gracious than graceful, on which he composed the following lines:—

'When Peace and Grace lived in this place,
An angel kept the door;
Now Peace is dead, the angel 's fled,
And Grace is grace no more.'

Airil, the angel Ariel. The people speak of 'Airil nan og,' Ariel of the youth; 'Airil ail nan og,' Ariel beauteous of the youth, and other endearing terms. Those who were under his care enjoyed perpetual youth and perpetual beauty. Ariel is called the 'city of Judah,' 'the strength of God,' 'the lion of God,' and other favoured names.

Ālis, milk, milk preparation; dainty, delicacy, nectar, ambrosia.

Āis, wisdom. 'Āis na mna sithe,' the wisdom of the fairy woman. (See 'cnoc.')

Alc, fhalc, falc. In some districts 'alc' is applied to the razorbill (*alca torda*), and in some to the guillemot (*uria troile*). The razorbill and the guillemot resemble one another closely, and at some distance can only be distinguished by the practised eye. In Cornwall both birds go by the name of 'murr,' from the sounds they emit. The guillemot, however, is slightly larger and more graceful, and its bill is long, pointed, and smooth, while that of the razorbill is shorter, more rounded, and more furrowed towards the point. The eggs, like the birds, resemble one another in shape, size, and markings.

A crofter in Lews, a shrewd, sensible man, went under the name of 'Alcag,' Little 'Alc.' He had come to Lews from Mull. Mackenzie of Lews and he had frequent wit-combats, generally to the discomfiture of the former. On one occasion Mackenzie, with whom the man was a favourite, and a friend met the 'Alcag' returning from Stornoway with a pot on his head, when Mackenzie said, 'I will pay you the price of the pot if you will allow me to make a rune upon you without retorting,' and proceeded:—

'Thainig thugainn, air muir a nall,	There came to us over sea hither
Eoin fiadhaich air sgadan cuain	Wild birds after ocean herring
A Muile, 's ge fada thall,	From Mull, and though far away
B' olc an dream, daibh bu dual.	Bad the breed, to them hereditary.
An Alcag a braigh a Chaolais	The Little Alc from the head of the Sound
Caobaidh i fear a h-araich,	Will peck at the hand of its rearing,
Asgartach nan daoine baotha,	The refuse of all ill men found,
Aircleach, aoireach, mi-narach.'	A needy, shameless satirist.

To this Mackenzie's friend added:—

'A phoit dhona gun ro-fheum,	Wretched pot of little worth,
B' fhearr a ceannach air an iheill,	Better to have bought it in the market;
'S ge h-uallach foi' do cheum	Though lightsome be thy step beneath it,
Cha d' fhuair thu i reis gun toibheum.'	Thou hast not got a span of it without reproach.

The man replied :—

'Is cumhaidh do gach saoidh nach socrach,	It behoves the man who is not secure,
A bhith na fhulangach, sar-fhaclach,	To be enduring and choice-worded,
Us buinidh a dh' fhear a bhios na airc	And the man who is in straits
A bhi 'n eisemeil fear dha chomhnadh.	To defer to him who aids him.
Is gilide am bord a chailc	The board is the whiter for the chalk,
Cha mhiside a chruaidh a h' aghart,	The steel is not the worse for being tempered,
Eisemeil us tu 's an airc,	Deference and thou in straits,
Cha taiside do laoch a tobhart.'	Is not weakness in hero to give.

Combats of this kind were frequent between chiefs and clansmen, probably to the advantage of both.

Altaich, nurture, nourish, bring up.

'Ach a Thi is mor gloir,	But Thou Being of great glory,
Altaich fein an siol og,	Nurture Thou the young seed,
Ta gun tagsa, gun sgor-	Reft of prop, and of rock
A cuil daibh.'	Behind them.

—*St. Kilda song.*

Amadan-Dè, butterfly, God's fool. In some districts the term is 'amadan-leith,' grey fool. Sometimes applied to giddy, foolish children.

Aon, Aona, Aoin, Aoine, Fast, Friday. (See 'Dì.')

Arna Moire, kidney of Mary; 'tearna Moire,' saving of Mary. This is a square, thick Atlantic nut, sometimes found indented along and across, the indentations forming a natural cross on the nut. It is occasionally mounted in silver and hung round the neck as a talisman. Every nurse has one which she places in the hand of the woman to increase her faith and distract her attention. It was consecrated on the altar and much venerated.

Arrais, evil, wicked, demon. Cf. 'arracht,' spectre.

Ath-aodach, athaodach, second clothing, second-hand clothing. A person wearing a new suit is addressed :—

'Meal an greann,	Enjoy the clothing,
Paigh an sainns,	Pay the hansel,
Us cuir an nall	And send thither
An t-athaodach.'	The old clothing.

With some people 'athaodach' means new cloth, the explanation being that the wool is first 'aodach na caora,' the sheep's clothing, and afterwards man's clothing :—

'Meal us caith an t-athaodach	Enjoy and wear the second clothing,
Sguiridh tathaich an tailear.'	The tailor-visiting shall cease.

B

Badhar, placenta of cow.

Bainisg, a female satirist, a songstress, a singing naiad; from 'ban,' woman, and 'eisg,' satirist.

Baireachd, quarrelling, wrangling.

Balg bannaig, bannock bag; the sacred shrine in which the Host was carried; the bag in which the Christmas gifts, the Easter gifts, and the gifts of other sacred seasons were placed. The 'balg bannaig' is now used to carry the various kinds of food-stuffs given to carollers at Christmas and New Year.

Balgaire, thief, rogue, robber, the fox. A place in Badenoch is called 'Creag a bhalgaire,' rock of the rogue. The fairies came down and carried a newly-born child up this rock and away to fairy-land.

Ballan, a teat, a cup, tub, vessel. 'Ballan buirn,' water tub; 'ballan bainne,' milk tub; 'ballan blathaich,' butter-milk tub; 'ballan binndeachaidh,' the vessel in which milk is placed to curdle for cheese; 'ballan binndichte,' cheese press; 'ballan stiallach,' stocks; 'ballan iocshlaint,' vessel of healing, in which, according to the old tales, was kept the balsam for restoring to health and to life those wounded or killed in battle. 'Cur nam ballan,' applying the cups, is a term used in cupping for rheumatism and kindred complaints. This fragment of Highland surgery is occasionally practised in outlying places, and with much success.

Bannag, Christ, Eucharist, a cake, gift, offering, a wish, a blessing. Cf. 'bonnach,' a bannock, cake.

Certain cakes are made in certain ways and at certain seasons, and all significant, as 'bannag,' 'breacag,' 'bonnach,' 'bonnach-boise,' 'dearnagan,' 'poilean,' or 'moilean.' The 'bannag,' 'bonnach-boise,' 'dearnagan,' and 'moilean' are made on the palm of the hand. There must be no 'fallaid,' loose meal left from a former baking, used. If the 'fallaid' is put back in the meal-chest, the 'cailleach,' carlin, will come and sit in the chest, eating up all the luck of the family, and will not leave till five o'clock in the morning. This is called 'a mhionaid mhi-fhortanach,' the unfortunate minute.

When the 'bannag' is finished it is placed on the left palm, and the thumb of the right hand is turned round sunwise through the centre. This is as a preventive of witchcraft. The 'bannag' is symbolic of Christ, and is broken and eaten by the family with becoming reverence and solemnity. After the bannock has been cooked the mother takes up the 'clach bhannag,' bannock-stone, against which the cake was supported before the fire, and tenderly hands it to her daughters, in emblem of Christ.

The 'dearnagan' and the 'moilean' are not perforated. The former is given to girls, and the latter, which is thicker, is given to boys.

The first Monday after Christmas is called 'Diluain bannaig,' Monday of the bannock, while the first Monday of the New Year is 'Diluain sainnseil,' hansel Monday.

Bansgal, an unmarried woman, a masculine woman, an amazon; a whale, leviathan.

'A.D. 891. The fish Banscal thrown out of the sea of Alban. It was 195 feet long, 17 feet in circumference. Its paw was seven feet long. As likewise its nose, and the whole was white as a swan.'—*De Rebus Albanicis.*

Bārlait, barrlait, check, hindrance, prevention, suppression.

Beairdean, ordinarily 'boitean,' a pottle, a bottle, a buttle, a bundle of hay, straw, or reeds.

Beall, beoll, fire, glowing fire, glowing embers—hence 'beollag,' bright little flame, a word common in Uist. *Cf.* Eng. 'bale-fire.'

Bean-nigh, bean-nighidh, washer, wash-woman; also 'nigheag,' little washer; 'nigheag na h-ath,' little washer of the ford; 'nigheag bheag a bhroin,' little washer of the sorrow. This is the naiad or water-nymph who presides over those about to die, and washes their shrouds on the edge of a lake, the bank of a stream, or the stepping-stones of a ford. While washing the shroud the water-nymph sings the dirge, and bewails the fate of the doomed. The 'nigheag' is so absorbed in her washing and singing, like the black-cock in his gyrations and serenading, that she is sometimes captured. When this occurs she will grant her captor three requests. Hence when a man is specially successful in some work or phase of life, it is said of him, 'Moire! fhuair an duine chuid a b'fhearr dh'an nigheig agus thug i dha a thri ragha miann'—Mary! the man got the better of the 'nigheag' and she gave him his three choice desires.

'Ann am marbh-thrath na h-oidhche bha gille-cas-fliuch Mhic 'ic Ailean Mor nan Eilean a dol dachaidh chon an Dun-bhuidhe am braigh Bheinn-a-faoghla. Agus d'uair a bha e siaradh an loch co chunnaic e roimhe air fath a chlachain ach gu'm b' i a bhean-nighe a nigheadh agus a strulladh, a gul agus a gal.

A leineag bheag bhais na dorn
A mialaran broin na beul.

Chaidh gille-cas-fliuch gu fiath failidh air a cul agus rug e air nigheag na ghlac. "Leig as mi," orsa nigheag, "agus thoir cead mo choise dhomh agus gu'm bheil am fabhan dotha tha dluth dha t-fhiasaig chiaru chairtidh an annar stad a chur air anail mo bhraghaid. Is mor gu'm annsa le m' shroin agus gu'm bu deoine le m' chridhe aile tuise cubhraidh ceathach nam beann." "Cha leig mi as thu," orsa gille-cas-fliuch, "gu'n geall thu dhomh mo thri ragha miann." "Cluinnim iad a dhuine dhona," orsa nigheag. "Tha, thu dh' innseadh dhomh co dha tha thu nigheadh na leineige agus a seirm na duaineige, thu thoir dhomh mo ragha ce, agus thu chumail tachair todhair an croic a bhail againn am fad agus a mhaireas bodach Sgeir-rois dha thuiream." "Tha mi nigheadh na leine agus a seinn na duaine do Mhac 'ic Ailean Mor nan Eilean, agus cha teid e

tuillidh ri bheo mhaireann shaoghail a null no a nall air clachan an Duin-bhuidhe." Thilg gille-cas-fliuch an leine bhais a muigh dh'an loch air barr a ghaise agus leum e dhachaidh na dheann a chon taobh leaba Mhic 'ic Ailean. Dh' inns e chuile car mar a chunna agus a chuala agus a dh' eirich dha. Leum Mac 'ic Ailean na chruinn chruaidh leum na sheasadh bonn as an leaba fhraoich agus dh' orduich e bo a spadadh agus curachan a chur air doigh. Spadadh bo agus rinneadh curachan agus chaidh Mac 'ic Ailean as an eilean a null thar an loch gu tir-mor agus cha do thill e riamh tuillidh dh' an Dhun-bhuidhe am braigh Bheinn-a-faoghla.'

'In the dead watch of the night 'gille-cas-fliuch,' wet-foot man, of Great Clanranald of the Isles, was going home to Dun-buidhe in the upland of Benbecula—ben of the fords. And when he was westering the loch, whom should he see before him in the vista on the 'clachan,' stepping-stones, but the washer-woman of the ford, washing and rinsing, moaning and lamenting—

Her little shroud of death in her hand,
Her plaintive dirge in her mouth.

'Gille-cas-fliuch' went gently and quietly behind 'nigheag' and seized her in his hand. "Let me go," said 'nigheag,' "and give me the freedom of my feet, and that the breeze of reek coming from thy grizzled tawny beard is anear putting a stop to the breath of my throat. Much more would my nose prefer, and much rather would my heart desire, the air of the fragrant incense of the mist of the mountains." "I will not allow thee away," said 'gille-cas-fliuch,' "till thou promise me my three choice desires." "Let me hear them, ill man," said 'nigheag.' "That thou wilt tell to me for whom thou art washing the shroud and crooning the dirge, that thou wilt give me my choice spouse, and that thou wilt keep abundant seaweed in the creek of our townland as long as the carle of Sgeir-rois shall continue his moaning." "I am washing the shroud and crooning the dirge for Great Clanranald of the Isles, and he shall never again in his living life of the world go thither nor come hither across the clachan of Dun-buidhe." 'Gille-cas-fliuch' threw the shroud of death into the loch on the point of his spear, and he flew home hard to the bedside of Clanranald. He told everything that he saw and heard and that befell him. Clanranald leaped his hard round leap on to his feet from the heath-bed, and he ordered a cow to be felled and a little coracle to be made ready. A cow was felled accordingly, and a little coracle was constructed in which Clanranald went from the island over the loch to the mainland, and he never again returned to Dun-buidhe in the upland of Benbecula.'

Beinn a cheo, mount of mist. The term occurs in the following old songs :—

'Am beinn a cheo,
'S sinn ann n'ar dithis,
Challain cile,
Na bho hi o.'

In the mount of mist,
And we two together,
Callain cile,
Na vo hi o.

'Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol,
Muigh ri taobh beinn a cheo,
Mo nigh'nn donn ho hu,
Hi ill u ho ill au.'

Would were I and my true love,
On the side of the mount of mist,
My brown maid ho hu,
Hi ill u ho ill au.

Probably 'beinn a cheo' is a particular name and not a general term. Perhaps 'Beinn a ghlo' in Perth is a localism for 'beinn a cheo,' mount of mist, or for 'beinn a sgeo,' mount of haze.

Beithir, adder, serpent, thunder-bolt, lightning, a destructive deity dwelling in caves, corries, and mountain fastnesses. The great scholar Ewen Maclachlan makes effective use of this figure in his beautiful elegy on his friend Professor James Beattie:—

'Bu tu craobh ubhal a gharaidh,
A chaoidh cha chinnich ni 's aillidh fo'n ghrein,
Dealt an t-samhraidh mu blathaibh,
Luisreadh dhuileag mu chracaibh a geug;
Ach thilg dubh-dhoireann a gheamhraidh,
A bheithir theintidh le srann as an speur,
Us thuit an gallan ur riomhach,
Us uile mhaise ghrad chrion air an fheur.'

Thou wert the apple tree of the garden,
Never more so beauteous shall grow beneath the sun,
The dews of summer bathed its blossom,
With abundant foliage spreading over its branches;
But the black tempest of winter threw
The levin bolt with a whirr from the sky,
And the handsome fresh sapling fell,
And all its beauty quickly withered on the grass.

A family of two elderly brothers and a sister in Benbecula were known as 'Na Beithrich,' the thunder-bolts, from their frequently saying: 'Sgrios na beithreach ort!'—The destruction of the thunder-bolt upon thee! During a terrible thunder-storm, as the three were sitting round their fire, a thunder-bolt came crashing through the roof of their little cottage, filling the room with a glare of light and a smell of sulphur, and the inmates with terror. None of the three ever used their singular imprecation again.

Some people allege that the serpent bursts the belly in bringing forth its young, hence the term used by one scold to another: 'Sgoltadh beithreach ort!' —The bursting of the serpent on thee! There is a similar belief regarding the salmon, hence: 'Sgoltadh bradain ort!'—The bursting of the salmon upon thee!

Beoir, spruce, spruce beer. Spruce beer is obtained from the spruce tree, as whisky was obtained from the birch tree, whence 'uisge beithe,' birch water, corrupted 'uisge beatha,' life water.

Spruce was much used in olden times, and is often mentioned in the old songs and sayings of the people.

'Beoir us brailis b'eol domh agad,
Mil us bainne buaile.'

Spruce and wort I know were thine,
Honey and milk of cattle-fold.

A lover addresses his love—

'Gur a milse do phog
Na mil agus beoir,
Ge robhas ga'n ol
A gloineachan.'

Sweeter is thy kiss
Than honey and spruce,
Though we were drinking them
From glasses.

Bialag, a person in front of another person on horseback.

Biast dubh, biast donn, black beast, brown beast, the otter, especially the female otter. The otter is also called 'dobhran,' from 'dobhar,' water. 'Dobhar-chu,' water-dog, is confined to the male otter. Otters and seals are instructive and interesting, and become much attached to those who feed them and teach them. They fish in the river, in the lake, and in the sea, and bring the fish ashore as retrievers bring birds.

'Mar dhobhran am beul uisge,
Mar sheobhag am bun sleibhe,
Mar chu chon cait, mar chat chon luch,
Bidh bean mic gu mathair-cheile.'

As an otter at the mouth of water,
As a hawk at the base of hill,
As a dog to a cat, as a cat to a mouse,
So is son's wife to mother-in-law.

Binne-bheul, 'mouth of melody,' a character in Gaelic story. (Vol. i. p. 8.) The people say that the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea stood still and listened when 'Binne-bheul' sang. 'Bile-Binn,' musical mouth, is also the name of a female character in the tales.

Biolair, biorlus, water-cress, water-plant, from 'bir,' 'bior,' water, and 'lus,' plant. The water-cress is also called 'dobhar-lus,' 'dubhar-lus,' and 'durlus,' from 'dobhar,' water, and 'lus,' plant—'biolair Moire,' water-cress of Mary. It was much prized, and was used as food, as medicine, and as an occult agent.

Bionn, symmetrical, well-featured, beauteous. The word occurs in the following old chorus:—

'Is binne liom a guth na'n smeorach
Air na lointibh ri la ciuin;
Ho mo leannan, he mo leannan,
Is i mo leannan an te bhionn.'

More sweet to me her voice than mavis
On the plains in summer time;
Ho my love, he my love,
My love she is the beauteous maid.

Possibly 'bionn' is a form of 'fionn,' fair.

Bith-eutrom, light-element, the lift, the atmosphere, the heavens; from 'bith,' life, globe, element, and 'eutrom,' light, buoyant, volatile.

The nearest term to this known to me is 'bith-braonach,' dewy-world, a term which occurs in a lament composed by a maiden on her lover slain by her three brothers. The song is very old and very beautiful. It was sung to a weird old air by a girl in the island of Miunghlaidh (Mingalay), Barra, in August 1868. As the girl rehearsed the history and sang the song her fine features glowed with subdued animation and sympathy for the distressed maiden.

'Tha mo ghradh 's a gharadh lios, [leannan
De mu tha, cha'n ann le fios,
Marcraich an eich chruthaich ghlais,
Shiubhlainn am bith-braonach leis.'

My lover is in the garden of flowers,
But if he is it is not with knowledge,
Rider of the well-shod grey steed,
I would travel the dewy-world with him.

Blianach, a fish, bird, or beast that has died from want or from disease; from 'blian,' blanch. In Uist 'blianach,' 'blianadh,' is applied to exhausted land, especially to mossy land and to land overlaid with drift-sand or shell-sand.

Bliochd, milk, whey, whey when in the curd; skimmed milk, sour milk, milk that has lost any of its original character. In Assynt 'bliochd' or 'bleachd' is the general term for dairy produce. E. Ir. 'mlicht,' cognate with English 'milk.'

Bochd, poor, indigent, weak, sick. In the islands of Barra, 'bochd,' poor, is declined in the same manner as 'boc,' a buck. 'Is misde na buic a bhi lionar'—Worse are the poor for being numerous. 'Na beirt a dol a suas, na buic a dol a sios' —The rich going up, the poor going down.

Bōchuin, swelling, bursting, protruding; from 'bochd,' swell. The month of May is called 'mi bochuin,' 'mios buchuin,' the month of swelling. May is also known as 'mi Moire,' 'mios Moire,' the month of Mary, and 'buchuin Moire,' the swelling of Mary.

Bōchuin, the sea, the ocean.

Bōchuin, the ripple at the bow of a moving boat.

Boisileag, palmful, a small palmful of water; from 'bois,' 'bas,' the palm of the hand; hence 'basaidh,' a basin, 'baslach,' the full of the two palms placed side by side.

Brāc, curve, the curve of the wave immediately before breaking.

Brāc, a bellow, the roar of the stag.

Brāc, branch, applied to the horns of the deer.

Brāc, reindeer, red-deer, fallow-deer, deer in general. (Vol. i. p. 52 *ff.*)

The reciter, Catherine Mackintosh, said that 'brac' was 'creatair mor bracach 's na duthchan thall'—a big branchy-horned creature in the countries beyond (the sea). The reindeer was in Scotland till the beginning of the thirteenth century, probably later, and reindeer moss grows on the Scottish mountains. The reindeer is implied in the following fairy lullaby, known as 'Bainne nam fiadh':—

'Air bainne nam fiadh a thogadh mi,	On milk of deer I was reared,
Air bainne nam fiadh a shealbhaich,	On milk of deer was nurtured,
Air bainne nam fiadh fo dhruim nan sian,	On milk of deer beneath the sphere,
Air bharr nan sliabh 's nan garbhlach.'	On crest of hill and mountain.

The late J. G. Campbell, minister of Tiree, held that a race similar to the Lapps lived in Scotland about the glacial period.

In 1869 the writer opened an underground house at Valacuidh, North Uist. In 1871 the late Iain F. Campbell of Islay accompanied him to see it. Mr. Campbell was familiar with Lapps and Lapp dwellings, and he said that this underground structure was entirely similar to those of the Lapps. Fragments of horns, bones, shells, and other débris found in the house were submitted to Sir Richard Owen, who discovered bits of reindeer horns and bones among them. 'Brac' is mentioned in the following fragment, evidently the composition of one of the Macdonalds of the Isles, several of whom were poets:—

'A nighean righ nan roiseal soluis,
An oidhche bhios oirnne do bhanais,
Ma 's fear beo mi an Duntuilm
Theid mi toirleum da d'earrais.

Thou daughter of the king of the regions of light,
On the night that thy wedding is on us,
If living man I be in Duntulm
I will go bounding to thee with gifts.

Gheobh tu ciad bruicean taoghal bruach,
Ciad dobhran donn, dualach allt,
Gheobh tu ciad damh alluidh nach tig
Gu innis ard ghleannaidh.

Thou wilt get an hundred badgers dwellers in banks,
An hundred brown otters native of streams,
Thou wilt get an hundred wild stags that will not come
To the green pastures of the high glens.

Gheobh tu ciad steud stadach, luath,
Ciad brac bruaill an t-samhraidh,
'S gheobh tu ciad maoilseach maol, ruadh,
Nach teid am buabhall am Faoileach geamhraidh.'

Thou wilt get an hundred steeds stately and swift,
An hundred reindeer intractable in summer,
And thou wilt get an hundred hummelled red hinds,
That will not go in stall in the Wolfmonth of winter.

A few miles south-west of Inveraray there is a hill called 'Barr nam brac,' 'Barr a bhrac'—Ridge of the deer, ridge of the reindeer.

Brāchd, putrescence, putrefaction, effervescence, fermentation. 'Braich,' malt; 'braicheadh,' malting; 'brachadh,' 'brachach,' 'brachag,' and other forms. 'Brachd' assumes the form of 'brūchd,' a term applied in the Outer Isles to the red seaweed cast on the shore and collected in heaps and allowed to ferment. 'Bruchda dubh,' 'bruga dubh,' black putrefaction.

Brāchd, fat, rich, generous.

Bradan, salmon. The simple term is confined to the *salmo ferox*, but qualified it is applied to the turbot and the sturgeon. The turbot is called 'bradan brathain,' round salmon, quern-like salmon, while the sturgeon is called 'bradan leathann,' broad salmon, 'bradan bacach,' halting salmon, and 'bradan cearr' or 'gearr,' left-sided or broad salmon. 'Stirean' and 'stiorasg' are modifications of the English sturgeon. Like the salmon proper, the sturgeon ascends rivers to spawn.

'Bradan breithinn'—the salmon of knowledge touched by Fionn.

It is ominous to see a dead fish when going to fish, to see a dead bird when going to shoot, or to see a dead beast when going to hunt. (Vol. i. p. 318.) Even sickly, weakly, maimed, or old persons were shunned when going to fish, shoot, or hunt, and men otherwise shrewd and sensible would turn home in displeasure if such crossed their path. Were a woman with red hair to meet them their mutterings would be deep and long. This is the colour of hair attributed to Judas Iscariot, for whom the people have a personal hatred.

Brāth, fire, conflagration, everlasting, eternal, without end. 'Gu brath,' for ever;

'La Bhrath,' Day of Conflagration. The 'Clacha Brath' of Iona were put round, and as long as they continued to move the Day of Judgment would not come.

Brāth, a quern, handmill, anything round, anything that has no end. 'Bonnach brathain,' a round bannock; 'bradan brathain,' a round salmon, turbot; 'liabag bhrathain,' round flounder.

Breideag, breideachag, little woman of the kertch; from 'breid,' kertch, 'breideach,' kertched.

Breun, sour, acid, fermented, putrid. 'Bainne breun,' soured milk, fermented milk. Travellers in Greece, Palestine, Syria, and other pastoral countries of the East, speak of the soured, fermented milk used by the people of those lands. The traveller in Uist may probably be offered milk similarly affected, but may not be able to take it. Seeing this, the kindly woman will say, 'Cha toigh leibh bainne breuin?'—'You do not like soured milk? Our men prefer it sour, and the more sour the more they like it.'

Throughout the Shetland Isles whey is soured and used as a beverage under the name of 'blānd.' Cf. the 'koumiss' of other countries.

Brian, briain, angel, archangel, god, divinity, hence god of evil; a term of exclamation. 'A bhriain!' thou god! 'a bhriain Mhicheil!' thou god Michael!' 'a bhriain Choibhi!' thou god Coivi! 'a bhrian dhonais!' thou demon god! *Cf.* Gaulish Brennos, also Brian, one of the 'tri dee dana,' three gods of fate. See Rhys' *Hibbert Lectures.*

Brianain, Breannan, Brendan. St. Brendan was a voyager going long journeys west and north in his missionary zeal. According to Matthew Arnold's short poem on St. Brendan, the Saint saw Judas Iscariot sitting on an iceberg in the far north. On inquiry he found that on account of his having given his cloak to a beggar, Judas was allowed an hour's respite from burning pain, and selected an iceberg as likely to be the most comfortable place.

Malcolm Maclean, smith, Ceanntangval, Barra, said that Brendan asked to be buried beside his beloved 'anam-chara,' soul friend, Moluag in Lismore, and that this was done. Malcolm Maclean, who was a man of quiet wit, natural intelligence, and independence of mind, told me the following story:—

A man called 'Domhull Dubh,' sometimes 'Domhull Dubh Mor,' dwelt at Baile-na-creige, near St. Brendan's church and burial-place in Barra.

Domhull Dubh had opinions of his own about Saints and Saints' Days, in consequence of which he and the priest of St. Brendan had occasional rubs, sometimes bordering on anger. The man was neighbourly and industrious, but some said sceptical and irreligious, barely observing the Sunday, and hardly even the Feast Day.

On the day of the holy Brendan, when others becomingly went to morning mass, Domhull Dubh went away to plough. He chose a hollow out of sight, where he thought he might work unseen and unmolested of man, or of woman,

or of tell-tale child, not thinking that the eye of Brendan would see him, nor that the wrath of Brendan would be upon him for disturbing his rest and breaking his day.

No sooner had Domhull Dubh called his horses to go on than a 'eco drao,' magic mist, came down, dark as the shroud of death, hiding the horses before him, and the 'crom-nan-gad,' single plough, in his hand. Feeling that he had offended the Saint, he called on his name:—

'A Bhrianain! a Bhrianain!
Tog dhiom an eco.'

Brendan! O Brendan!
Lift off me the mist.

The fog lifted, but instead of his stout, steady, short-eared, long-maned, long-tailed garrons, he had but slim, frail, long-eared, short-maned, short-tailed asses before him in the furrow, and instead of his plough he had now but his wife's distaff in his hand, while he himself had dwindled down to a mere manikin no bigger than a dwarf. Domhull Dubh Mor marvelled much at the transformation, and was sorely perplexed what to do. But, thinking to make the best of the worst, he called to the asses to go on. Immediately the magic mist came down, rendering the light around him as black as the sea around the cuttle-fish, hiding the asses in front, and the distaff in his hand. Again he called on the Saint:—

'A Bhrianain! a Bhrianain!
A dheoin Dhia 's a mhiann dhaoine,
Tog dhiom an eco.'

Brendan! O Brendan!
With God's will and men's wish,
Lift from me the fog.

The fog cleared away, but instead of the asses and the distaff he had now long-eared, maneless, tailless coneys in front of him, and his wife's spindle in his hand, while he himself was no bigger than a fairy man of the knoll. Domhull Dubh marvelled much at the transformation, and was sorely perplexed what to do. He, however, began again to plough, but again the magic mist descended. Being now convinced that he had offended the Saint, he earnestly called upon his name in contrition of heart:—

'A Bhrianain! a Bhrianain!
Eisd ri mo bhriathran,
A dheoin Dhia 's a mhiann dhaoine,
Tog dhiom an eco.'

Brendan! O Brendan!
Listen to my prayer,
With God's will and men's desire,
Lift from me the fog.

Domhull Dubh Mor having shown repentance of soul and a spirit of prayer, the fog lifted up, and instead of the coneys and the spindle he had now his own sturdy garrons in front of him and his own good plough in his hand, and he himself, from being as small as a fairy man of the knoll, was become himself again.

When Domhull Dubh Mor found that he could not contend against the Saint, he was much cast down, and wended his way home 'fo naire, 's fo mhasladh 's fo rudha gruaidh'—under shame, and disgrace, and flushing of cheek. His neighbours found him out and mocked him, while his best friends upbraided

him, saying that it was futile for a sinner to contend against a saint, and that he deserved all that had come upon him, and more, for disturbing the rest of the blessed Brendan, and breaking his holy day. But there was one who did not upbraid Domhull Dubh Mor, but who cleaved to him the more closely the more he was reviled, and who sang in her heart if not with her voice:—

'My loving dark-haired one,
Let sharp tongues assail thee,
One heart will not fail thee
That knows to be true.
Dark-haired one, dark-haired one,
Though poor, poor we be,
No rich old man could please me
Like thee, love, like thee.'

The comely young wife of Domhull Dubh ran to the priest, and besought him for the sake of the Holy Mother, the Virgin of sorrows, to come and sprinkle 'the water' on Domhull, and remove from him the ban of Brendan.

'Let Domhull Dubh Mor revel in his agony,' said the priest, 'till he shows by his good deeds contrition for his evil ways.' But the good priest came notwithstanding, and, after administering a rebuke to Domhull Dubh, sprinkled on him the water of peace, and bade him go and give alms to the poor and the needy made in the image of God, and sin no more.

'Chunna Brianain Domhull Dubh,
Is faide an la an diugh na 'n de,
Ge mor 's ga 'n cunnta tu
dha d' ni
Is beag am pris an tigh Mhic De.

Brendan saw Black Donald,
Longer is to-day than (was) yesterday,
How many soever thou wouldst count of thy
flocks,
Small is their price in the house of God's Son.

Cha dean mis, no ciob, no uan,
Cha dean curachd, buain, no feur,
Cha deau marc, no earc, no buar,
Dhusa buanachd la an eug.

No goat, no sheep, no lamb,
No sowing, no reaping, no grass,
No horse, no cow, no cattle,
Shall avail thee on the day of death.

Tha suil Bhrianain ort am muig,
Tha chruth a dubhradh ort 's an neul,
Tha chlaidhe geur a chon do sgruid,
Ann an taigh na diumb 's na pein.

The eye of Brendan is on thee in frown,
His form is darkening on thee in the cloud,
His sword is sharp to scourge thee,
In the house of wrath and pain.

Treig a dhaolaire do chealg,
Treig do mhearrachain us do bhreuig,
An teampull De dean-sa t-earb
An deachu fial 's an nasgu deirc.

Forsake, thou grub, thy deception,
Forsake thine errors and thine evil ways,
In the temple of God place thou thy reliance,
In liberal tithes and in free alms.

Threig an t-aithreachan a chearb,
Thill chon tearmad teach Mhic
De,
Air altair fein thug deirc dha ainm,
'S bha ait us aoibh air ainghle
neamh.'

The penitent forsook his errors,
He sought the protection of the house of God's
Son,
On His own altar he gave alms to His name,
And there was joy and delight on the angels of
heaven.

In the Roman Catholic isles of the West the Sunday is more observed, and the Saints' Days are less observed than was the case some years ago.

A Protestant girl from South Uist married a miller in South Harris. Some time after the marriage a Roman Catholic companion of the young wife came to visit them. On Sunday the miller and his wife went to church, and, there being no Roman Catholic service in Harris, the friend stayed at home. On their return from church the young couple found their guest busily baking. The young wife chided her friend, who replied, in much astonishment: 'O Mhoire! Mhoire! nach tu tha gun doigh a nighean! A Righ! chunna mise mnathan a bhail againn fhein a fuinne La Feile gun ghuth air La Domhnach!' 'O Mary! Mary! art not thou the girl without reason! King! I saw the women of our own townland baking on a Saint's Day, to say nothing of the Lord's Day!'

Broth, breast, breast-bone, stem of 'brollach,' breast. Cf. 'broth,' eruption, rash, pimples, swollen, projecting; hence 'duine brothach,' a man swollen up with anger, pride, or from some other cause.

Bun-dearg, red swelling; 'burn dearg,' red water; 'galar dearg,' red disease; 'earna dhearg,' 'earnach dhearg,' red murrain; 'earna dhubh,' 'earnach dhubh,' black murrain. The red and the black murrain are two stages of this disease, which is produced by several causes. On the mainland it is generally caused by the cattle eating the young leaves of shrubs and trees, especially the bog myrtle, the alder, and the birch, and by drinking water impregnated with them. In the Isles the disease is caused chiefly by eating the sundew (*drosera rotundofolio*). Wherever sundew prevails red pleura is common. A place in South Uist is known as 'Bogach na fala,' marsh of blood, from the prevalence of sundew and its deadly effects.

Bun-feann, bun-feam, bun-feaman, rump-tail, root of the rump. A wolf was destroying the sheep of the crofters of Kintail. Two old men went to kill it. One entered the den of the wolf, while the other stood guarding the entrance. When the wolf came home the man at the entrance seized him by the tail as he was entering his den and held him fast. The man within called out:—

'Illechriost chaim,	One-eyed Gillchrist,
Co dhruid an toll?'	Who closed the hole?

The other answered:—

'Ma bhriseas am bun-feann,	If the rump-tail should break,
Bith fios sin aig do sgall.'	Thy skull shall know that.

Būrn, water. In Scots and English the Gaelic 'burn' means a river, and occurs as a river-name, as do also the Gaelic 'nisg,' 'abhuinn,' and 'alan,' in Esk, Avon, Allan, and other forms.

'Burn' is used in the following lullaby:—

'Brochan buirn, buirn, buirn,	Porridge of water, water, water,
Brochan buirn gheobh mo leanabh,	Porridge of water shall my child get,
D uair a bheireas an crodh-laoigh	When the bearing kine shall calve
Gheobh mo ghaol brochan bainne.'	My darling shall get porridge of milk.

C

Cailleach, a woman, a single woman, an old woman, a carlin, a woman without offspring, a nun; the counterpart of 'bodach,' carle; also a supernatural of malign influence dwelling in dark caves, woods, and corries; a period of time.

'Cailleach uisg,' water woman, water carlin; akin to the 'bean nigh,' 'uraisg,' 'peallaidh,' and many other water divinities with which the old Highlanders invested their lakes, streams, and waterfalls. The term 'cailleach uisg' is applied to a diseased potato containing only water. According to some people, 'cailleach' as a period of time is the first week of April, and is represented as a wild hag with a venomous temper, hurrying about with a magic wand in her withered hand switching the grass and keeping down vegetation, to the detriment of man and beast. When, however, the grass, upborne by the warm sun, the gentle dew, and the fragrant rain, overcomes the 'cailleach,' she flies into a terrible temper, and throwing away her wand into the root of a whin bush, she disappears in a whirling cloud of angry passion till the beginning of April comes again, saying, as she goes:—

'Dh' fhag e mhan mi, dh' fhag e 'u ard mi,	It escaped me below, it escaped me above,
Dh' fhag e eadar mo dha lamh mi,	It escaped me between my two hands,
Dh' fhag e bial mi, dh' fhag e cul mi,	It escaped me before, it escaped me behind,
Dh' fha e eadar mo dha shul mi.	It escaped me between my two eyes.
Dh' fhag e shios mi, dh' fhag e shuas mi,	It escaped me down, it escaped me up,
Dh' fhag e eadar mo dha chluas mi,	It escaped me between my two ears,
Dh' fhag e thall mi, dh' fhag e bhos mi,	It escaped me thither, it escaped me hither,
Dh' fhag e eadar mo dha chos mi.	It escaped me between my two feet.
Thilg mi 'n slacan druidh donai	I threw my druidic evil wand
Am bun preis crin cruaidh conuis,	Into the base of a withered hard whin bush,
Far nach fas fionn na foinnidh,	Where shall not grow 'fionn' nor 'foinnidh,'
Ach fracan froinnidh feurach.'	But fragments of grassy 'froinnidh.'

Caim, cam, a loop, a curve, a circle, a sanctuary, an imaginary circle described with the hand round himself by a person in fear, danger, or distress.

'Caim,' a sanctuary, is a term of frequent occurrence among the people, as —'caim Dhe,' the sanctuary of God; 'caim Chriosd,' the encompassing of Christ; 'caim Mhoire mhin,' the encircling of the fair Mary, and many other forms. 'Rinn mi caim Mhoire orm fein,' I made the sanctuary of Mary on myself. 'Rinn mi caim na Cro-Naoimhe,' I made the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart. This making of the sanctuary is not confined to illiterates nor to Catholics. A distinguished scholar and rigid Protestant told me that he often found himself unconsciously making the 'caim.'

I had the following story from a woman who evidently accepted it in its literal aspect:—

A maiden, tending her father's flocks, met a 'lasgaire loinneil,' handsome young man, on the lone hillside. The man pressed his suit upon the maiden; but though

pleased with his appearance, and charmed with his manner, she kept shy of him, and tried to evade him. He asked her to lift some of the sheep droppings rolling down towards them, and to satisfy him she did so, and lo! they became balls of glittering gold, shining and sparkling in the bright light of the sun, like the fireflies of night. The youth told the maiden that this was only a small part of what he could do for her; and, pressing his suit the harder, asked her to meet him again.

But through her long downcast eyelashes the girl thought that she could discern what seemed like hoofs instead of feet, with clay in their crevices and earth on their edges, and there appeared also to be fragments of 'rabhagach,' water-reeds, in his moist hair, and she feared in her heart that he might be the 'each-uisge,' water-horse, of which her mother had warned her. The maiden was sore afraid, and, fearing to say 'No,' tremblingly promised to meet the man again.

On getting home the girl told her mother, and her mother told her father, and her father told the 'pears-eaglais,' priest. 'It is the devil with his lures,' said the good priest, 'and we must meet him stoutly. I myself will go with thee and with thy daughter, and I will bring the Book, and we will make the blessed sanctuary.'

They went, and the priest took the Book, and made the 'caim' in Name of the Sacred Three, and of the sanctified saints, and of the sinless angels.

Presently the young man arrived, clothed from head to heel in finest garb and gaudiest array, and right full of seductive smiles and enticing words. He tried to come near them, and went round and round three successive times, but could not come through the 'caim Chriosda chaoimh'—sanctuary of Christ the kindly.

And again, and again, and yet again the prideful young man tried to come near, but again, and again, and yet again failed because of the blessed 'caim.' Then the big cock crowed, and the young man, defeated, fled with a roar, flames of forkling fire more deadly than the fangs of the serpent issuing from his ears, eyes, nostrils, and heels, and showing his form anew.

The affrighted girl, trembling like the leaf of the aspen tree, looked in her hand, and lo! the erstwhile pellets of glittering gold were become filth, and in disgust she threw them away.

'Is e'n tarbh baoidhre bh'ann a ghraidh mo chridhe, agus caim Iosa Mhic Mhoire mhin bhi eadar sinne agus e agus gach gniomh graineil agus gach bair duaichnidh.'—'It was the bull of lust, thou love of my heart, and may the sanctuary of Jesus the Son of the gentle Mary be between us and him and each unsightly thing and unseemly strife.'

'Cam' and its inflections occur in the names of many places widely apart, as 'Caim,' a bay, and also a stream, in Arasaig, and the hamlet of 'Bun-na-caime'; 'Caim,' a river in Rannoch; 'Cam,' the river upon which Cambridge stands; and 'Camel,' 'cam-thuil,' crooked flood, a river in Cornwall.

From 'cam' comes 'cambar,' a place of burial.

There is a place of burial called 'Cambar' in the island of St. Kilda, and another in the island of Bearnaray, Harris.

The daughter of a widow in North Uist died in Bearnaray. The weather being stormy and the people unable to bury the girl among her kindred, the distressed mother appealed to Columba:—

'A Chalum-chille an Sannda,
Nar leig mo laogh an Chambar!'

Oh! Columba in Sannda,
Allow not my love to Cambar.

There is a dedication to Columba in Sannda, North Uist, in which three chiefs of the Macdonalds of the Isles are buried, including 'Gilleaspa Dubh,' Black Archibald, who murdered his two brothers to clear his own path to the chiefship.

Caimeineach, caimineach, saving, economical; from 'caimein,' 'caimin,' small.

Caimhleachadh, cuingleachadh, restraining, confining, hemming in, entrapping; 'caimh, 'caimhil,' to confine; 'caimhleachadh chaorach,' hemming in sheep: 'caimleachadh bhreac,' guddling trout.

Caimir, a fold, a stockade in which flocks were safeguarded; a sanctuary.

Cain, white, clear, bright, fair, pure.

Cairbre. This is a frequent name in Gaelic lore. In Gaelic mythology, 'Cairbre' is the name of the hero who carried the souls of the men slain in battle to 'flathanas,' heaven.

'Cairbre' means a charioteer, from 'cairb,' a chariot, a thing that carries.

It was customary to place a wax candle, a gold coin, a hammer, and a pair of scales with the body in the grave. The candle was to light the pilgrim 'thar abhuinn dubh a bhais,' across the black river of death; the coin to pay 'duais a asgair,' the services of the ferryman; the hammer, 'chon bualadh dorus nam flathas,' to knock at the door of heaven; and the scales, 'chon cothromachadh an anama,' to weigh the soul.

Some years ago the Atlantic waves exposed to view a grave in Cladh Arninn, an ancient burial-plot in the small island of Keilligrey, in the Sound of Harris. The grave contained a large skeleton, a small hammer, and a pair of small scales.

Candlesticks have also been found in graves.

When the news reached the people of Lismore that their beloved St. Moluag was dead, twenty-four of the strongest men of the island travelled to Ardclach and brought home the body and buried it beneath the altar of his church in the centre of the churchyard. About the close of last century, while opening a grave about this place, a tripod gold candlestick was found. Calcined bones, stones, and wood came up in the debris where the tripod was discovered. The church, crowded with people, had been burned by the Norsemen. The tripod may have formed part of the altar furnishing of the church, or it may have been buried with St. Moluag. It is said to have been plain, but beautifully formed. The people gave the candlestick to the highly popular General

Campbell of Lochnell. What became of it at the dispersion of the general's extensive collection is not known. Some of his things went to the British Museum. The authorities of the Museum allowed the writer to examine candlesticks in their possession, some of which had been found in graves, but they did not know whether the candlestick of St. Moluag was among them.

Cairc, flesh, a person.

Cairde, convenient, suitable, appropriate ; as being of kin.

Caisean-uchd, a strip of skin from the breast of a sheep killed at Christmas, New Year, and other sacred festivals. The strip is oval, and no knife must be used in removing it from the flesh. It is carried by the carollers when they visit the houses of the townland, and when lit by the head of the house it is given to each person in turn to smell, going sunwise. Should it go out, it is a bad omen for the person in whose hand it becomes extinguished.

The inhaling of the fumes of the burning skin and wool is a talisman to safeguard the family from fairies, witches, demons, and other uncanny creatures, during the year.

Two such strips were placed face to face to form a bag. Probably this was the 'uilm,' the sacred bag for alms. (Vol. i. p. 126 *ff.*)

Caithris, wake, watch, harass ; the labour required of a crofter holding under a tacksman.

Throughout the Highlands and Islands the chiefs and proprietors generally rented out large tracts of land to relatives, connections, and friends. These were called 'fir gabhail,' gavelkind men, 'fir baile,' townland men, tacksmen, in Ireland middlemen. The tacksmen retained the best land in their own immediate possession, sub-letting the remainder to tenants of varying degrees at exorbitant rents. Besides exacting high rents, the tacksman exacted labour—so many days from each crofter throughout the year. It would not be profitable, were it possible, to describe these things here. The reader interested can find them in *Travels in the Western Isles*, by the Rev. John Lane Buchanan, and other works.

The lot of the crofter holding under the proprietor might be hard enough, but that of the crofter holding under the tacksman was infinitely harder. This wrung from the hearts of the people many sayings, as, 'Gille ghille is measa na'n diobhal'—The servant of the servant is worse than the devil.

'Is don an gabhalach,	Bad is the tenancy,
Ach tha don an donuis	But the evilness of the evil one
Anns an ath-ghabhalach.'	Is in the sub-tenancy.

In many extensive districts cleared of people the proprietor was able to say that he never had crofters in these places. This was true in word but not in spirit, the crofters having been the sub-tenants, or the sub-sub-tenants, of the proprietor's tenant.

Calanas, wool or flax or silk working, from the raw material to the finished cloth. The women of the Highlands are famous at 'calanas,' the first crow of the old cock being their call to morning prayer and eident 'calanas.' There are crofter houses in the West in which from ten to twenty pairs of blankets are laid past apart from the current requirements of the household. These become useful when the daughters of the family are getting married. (Vol. i. p. 298 *ff.*)

Calum-cille, St. Columba, was probably the greatest man that Ireland ever produced. He was a man of splendid presence, and had a magnificent voice, and a wonderful fascination over the minds of men. For several centuries Columba was the patron saint of Scotland, till superseded in the south by St. Andrew, through the influence of Margaret, the Saxon wife of Malcolm Canmore. He is still virtually the patron saint of the Highlands, and is held in the highest veneration. Thursday of the second week of June is sacred to Columba, and by implication every Thursday throughout the year is propitious for man, beast, and enterprise. This is expressed in many sayings. Even the furies, the fairies, the witches, the people of the evil eye, and of druidry, were powerless for evil on Thursday. Oblation cakes are baked for St. Columba's Day as for other festivals. (Vol. i. pp. 162, 163.)

St. Columba's banner, the 'breac-beannach,' speckled banner, was intrusted to the keeping of the Abbey of Arbroath. At the dissolution of the abbey this precious relic was lost, and no trace of it can now be found.

Caoibean, the five or six inches of warp uncrossed by the weft at the beginning of the web; 'caob,' a piece.

Caoineag, caointeag, caoineachag, caointeachag, caoidheag, weeper, mourner; from 'caoin,' weep, and 'caoidh,' mourn. These names are applied to the naiad who foretells the death of and weeps for those slain in combat. Unlike 'nigheag,' 'caoineag' cannot be approached nor questioned. She is seldom seen, but often heard in the hill, in the glen, and in the corrie, by the lake, by the stream, and by the water-fall. Her mourning and weeping cause much trepidation to night-farers, and much anxiety to parents whose sons are in the wars. When a mournful cry is heard, and the remark is made, 'Co tha sid?'—Who is that? the answer invariably is, 'Co ach caoineachag'—Who but 'caoineachag.' 'Co ach caoineachag bheag a bhroin'—Who but little 'caoineachag' of the sorrow. The sorrowing of 'caoineachag' was much feared before a foray, an expedition, or an impending battle. It is said that she was heard during several successive nights before the Massacre of Glencoe. This roused the suspicions of the people, and notwithstanding the assurance of the peace and friendship of the soldiery, many of the people left the glen and thus escaped the fate of those who remained. Fragments of the dirges sung by 'caoineachag' before the massacre are current in that valley of the dark shadow of death:—

'Tha caoineachag bheag a bhroin,
A dortadh deoir a sula,
A gul 's a caoidh cor Clann-domhuill,
Fath mo leoin ! nach d' eisd an cumha.'

Little 'caoineachag' of the sorrow
Is pouring the tears of her eyes,
Weeping and wailing the fate of Clandonald.
Alas my grief ! that ye did not heed her cries.

'Tha caoidh us caoineadh am beinn a cheo,
Tha gul us glaodhaich am beinn a cheo,
Tha hur us baoghal, tha murt us maoghal,
Tha fuil ga taomadh am beinn a cheo.'

There is gloom and grief in the mount of mist,
There is weeping and calling in the mount of mist,
There is death and danger, there is maul and murder,
There is blood spilling in the mount of mist.

Caor, red, red berries, red sparkles, red bodies of a globular form; probably from 'cra,' red, crimson. 'Caora teine,' fire sparkles; 'tha an duine na chaoire dearga teine,' the man is in red sparkles of fire. 'Caor' is specially applied to the berry of the mountain ash, it being the most common. The berry as well as the wood of the mountain ash was used to safeguard animals, and especially to avert mishap to bearing animals.

'Lair dhubh bhreabach,
Feadh nan creagan,
Lair dhubh bhreabach,
'S i na ruith.'
* * * *
'Lan an duirn de chaora dearga
Chum a teanacsa,
'S i na ruith.'

A black mare a-kicking,
Among the rocks,
A black mare a-kicking,
And she a-running.
* * * *
A handful of red rowan berries
To safeguard her,
And she a-running.

Caorrann, caorrunn, rowan, mountain ash.

The rowan was sacred, and used in many forms about the homestead. 'Failean caorruinn,' a rowan sucker, or 'fleasg caorruinn,' a rowan wand, was placed over the lintels of the barn, byre, stable, sheep-fold, and lamb-cot, as a safeguard against witchcraft and malicious spirits. A twig of rowan was coiled into a circlet and placed beneath the milk boynes to keep the milk from being spirited away. A fire of rowan was sacred, and therefore the festival cakes were cooked with rowan fagots or other sacred wood.

A coffin, or a bier, or the spokes on which it was carried, was treated with especial reverence if made of the mountain ash.

'A chraobh chaorrainn sin 's an dorus,
Theid thu fotham-sa dh'an chill,
Cuirear m' aghaidh ri Dundealgan,
'S deantar dhomh-sa carbad grinn.'

Thou rowan tree before the door,
Thou shalt go under me to the burial place,
My face shall be put toward Dundealgan,
And a beautiful bier shall be made for me.

Carr, cairr, flesh, coarse flesh, the flesh of the seal and the whale, which is of a peculiarly rich carmine colour; the udder, the glandular organ in which the milk of mammals is collected; shingle on mountain-tops.

'Is fearr a bhi dubh na bhi donn,	Better be black than be brown,
Is fearr a bhi donn na bhi ban,	Better be brown than be fair,
Is fearr a bhi ban na bhi ruadh,	Better be fair than be red,
Ni bheil air an ruadh	Nothing can be said for the red
Ach gur fearr e bhi shuas na charr.'	But that 'tis better to be there than the flesh.

Cas-chrom, bent-spade, the name of a spade much used in the Western Isles; from 'cas,' leg, and 'crom,' bent. The 'cas-chrom' is well adapted for ground of tough surface, but not for ground already broken in and pulverised.

Cat-cinn, inflorescence on shrubs and trees; spots in the hair of animals.

Cāthadh, cleaning corn in the barn with two open doors opposite each other to cause a draught. If the corn is winnowed outside, 'fasgnadh' is the word used.

Cathadh, cabha, cabhnadh, snow, snow-wreath, snow-drift, 'cabha-lair,' ground-drift; 'cabha-sian,' a visible storm of rain, a white sheet of rain; 'cabha-mara,' sea-drift.

Cathu, cathudh, an offensive smell, especially from fish newly salted, or from skate when becoming 'high.'

Ce, the world, sphere.

Ce, spouse, companion, friend, devotee. 'Thu thoir dhomh-sa mo ragha ce'—You to give me my choice spouse. A form of 'ceile,' spouse, partner.

Ce, Keith, St. Keith.

Ceabhar, ce'ar, sky, cloud, upper clouds, slight wind; 'ceairidh,' 'ciridh,' cirrus clouds.

The term is used in the story of the 'Gobhar Ghlas,' Grey Goat. During the absence of the goat the fox discovered the two kids carefully hid under grass in the hollow by the mother when she left for the foraging. The fox ate the kids, and while they were still bleating in his stomach the goat returned. In answer to the distressful cry and reproachful looks of the mother the fox said:—

'Air an dreighinn, air an dris,	By the thorn, by the bramble,
Air an uisge ruith 's an eas,	By the water in the water-fall,
Air an adhar os do chionn,	By the sky above thine head,
Air an talamh os do bhonn,	By the earth beneath thy foot,
Air a ghrian anns an iarm,	By the sun in the firmament,
Air a ghealach seachad siar,	By the moon in its westing,
Air na reultai anns a chi'ar,	By the stars in the lift,
Ni am facas riamh do chuid meann.'	I never saw thy set of kids.

This is a form of asseveration common among boys at play. One boy says to another: 'Tog do lamh agus thoir do mhionnan'—Lift thine hand and give thine oath. The boy thus commanded repeats the lines of the fox. This oath is called 'mionnan a mhadaidh ruaidh,' the asseveration of the red dog; and 'mionnan a mhadaidh ruaidh dh'an ghobhair ghlais,' the asseveration of the red dog to the grey goat.

Ceacharra, obstreperous, unmanageable; 'duine ceacharra,' headstrong man.

Ceal, same, similar, similar colour, hue.

Ceal, cliff, ridge; 'na cealaichean,' ridge of cliffs.

Ceal, end, finish, complete. 'Cuir ceal air,' put an end to it.

Cearr-dubhan, the sacred beetle, the wrong or left-sided little black one. 'Cearradan,' 'cearrdaman,' 'cearraman,' 'cearran,' 'cearnabhan,' 'ceard-dubhan,' seem to be forms of the 'cearr-dubhan.' It is also called 'cearr-fhiollan,' 'ceard-fhiollan,' 'cearrallan,' left-sided insect. Possibly the name should be 'gearr-dubhan,' 'gearr-daolan,' thick-set black one, broad little beetle. (Vol. ii. p. 188 *ff.*)

'Co ard 's gu'n seol au cearr-dubhan,
Is auu 's a ghlar a thuiteas e.'

However high the beetle soars,
It is in the filth it falls.

Ceasg, floss; an animal with long, flossy hair or wool, a sheep; a supernatural creature of great beauty, half-woman half-grilse; a fresh-water mermaid, with hair long and flossy. 'Ceasg lin,' a tuft of fine lint; 'ceasg sioda,' a tuft of fine silk; 'ceasg cloimhe,' a tuft of fine wool.

Ceigeach, shaggy, having long matted hair; a sheep, a goat.

'Thug e leis a chul na creaige
Chaora cheigeach an robh bhrigh.'

He took with him behind the rock
The shaggy sheep of substance.

'Dhannsadh na gobhair cheigeach,
Mheigeach, bhailgean,
Dhannsadh 's na minn bheaga,
'S bheiceadh ri na cailbhean.'

Dance would the shaggy goats,
Bleatful, spotted,
Dance would the little kids,
And curtsey to the wattles.

Ceitein, May, as now understood. There were at least four periods of time called 'Ceitein.' These were the 'Ceitein Earraich,' the spring Ceitein; 'Ceitein Samhraidh,' the summer Ceitein; 'Ceitein Oinnsich,' foolish woman's Ceitein; and 'Ceitein Geamhraidh,' the winter Ceitein. Probably there was a 'Ceitein Foghraidh,' autumn Ceitein, although it is not now known among the people; or 'Ceitein Oinnsich,' Ceitein of the foolish woman, is probably a mistake for 'Ceitein Oinich,' liberal Ceitein, the Ceitein of autumn, when Nature was generous and food abundant.

'*Ceud Diluain an raithe*,' the first Monday of the quarter. This was a lucky day, a day of good omen for the people. In order to appease any evil spirits that might be hovering about in the air above or lurking about in the earth beneath, a living creature was thrust outside by the first person who rose in the morning, and the door shut again. The awaiting spirits seized the propitiatory sacrifice thus offered to them, which was generally a cock or hen, a drake or duck, or a cat, rarely a dog. If this offering to the night spirits were neglected, some mishap would occur.

'A chiad Diluain dh'an gheamhraidh fhuar
Is daor a phaigh mi duais nan sealg—
Fear buidhe, ban, bu ro-ghlan snuadh
Air taobh na beinne fuar 's e marbh.'

The first Monday of the cold winter
Dearly did I pay the reward of the chase—
The yellow-haired man of brightest hue
On the side of the mountain cold and dead.

Ceus-chrann, ceus-chrannd, passion-flower, crucifying tree; from 'ceus,' crucify, and 'crann,' tree. The people say that drops of the sacred blood fell upon the plant at the foot of the Cross, and that hence the semblance of the cross on the flower and the name given to the plant.

Cillorn, cilleorn, an urn, a sacred vessel.

Ciob, sheep; hence 'ciobair,' shepherd. The sheep has several names, as 'caora,' 'cire,' 'ceasg,' 'ai.' These are generic terms, the different kinds, sexes, and ages having special names. Modern critics of Highlanders allege that there were no sheep in the Highlands till they were introduced by Lowland farmers towards the end of the eighteenth century. The statement is as much opposed to truth as innumerable other statements from the same sources. Don Pedro de Agala, who wrote in 1498, speaks of the vast flocks of sheep in Scotland, and especially in the Highlands. Cosmo Innes and other writers confirm the statement. It is surprising, indeed, to find that there were such flocks of sheep, considering the destruction to which they were exposed by wild-cats, pole-cats, marten-cats, foxes, wolves, and birds of prey. During the Commonwealth, a tax of one mark was levied on every sheep in Scotland. This pressed heavily on those who had large flocks of sheep. 'Iain dubh nan cath'—Black John of the battles, as Highlanders loved to call Montrose—abolished this impost. For this relief a grateful Highlander praises Montrose's great commander, Alexander Macdonald, better known to Highlanders as 'Alastair mac Cholla Chiotaich'—Alexander, son of left-handed Coll:—

'Dia leat, Alastair 'ic Cholla,
Is mor do thromad am measg dhaona,
Gloir dh'an Mhac thu thighinn a dh'Alba,
Cha phaigh sinne marg air shealbh chaora.'

God be with thee, Alexander son of Coll,
Great is thy weight among men,
Praise to the Son that thou hast come to Alban,
We shall not pay a mark for our sheep flocks.

Highlanders regard the sheep as blessed because Christ speaks of Himself as the Shepherd, and of His people as His sheep. On this account they treat the sheep with loving care, and speak of it as of a familiar friend.

Ciob, club-rush, flaky peat.

Ciosan, diminutive of 'cios,' a basket. Scottish 'cassie.' The 'ciosan' is made of reeds, rushes, rib-grass, bent, bent roots, straw, hazel, birch, or willow. It is made in two forms. One form is small and circular, like a bee-hive. This is called 'ciosan mine,' meal basket. The other form is large and spherical, with an opening in the side. This is called 'ciosan cloimhe,' wool cassie. In Argyll this form is called 'murlag' and 'murlach.' Another form of wool basket is called 'ciarachan.'. It is open at the top, bulges out in the middle, and again tapers in towards the base. Another kind of basket is called 'maois,' Anglicised maize. It is flat, oblong, or circular, and now made of willow, but formerly of reeds or rushes. Perhaps the term 'maois,' for basket, is from 'Maois,' Moses, the law-giver, whose cradle

was made of bulrushes. The 'maois' is now made of one uniform size, and is principally used as a measure for herrings.

The Shetland Isles, like the Outer Isles, being destitute of wood, the 'ciosan' there, called 'caisie,' 'caizie,' is made of the stems of thistles, dockens, and ragwort.

Cir, cire, ciridh, sheep, a cud-chewing animal; in use in the Outer Hebrides, and in the Isle of Man.

Cir, comb. The comb was an article of importance in olden times. It is mentioned in the old tales and represented on the sculptured stones, and is found in the ancient cists among the bones of the dead. When thus found it indicates that the grave was that of a lady, probably of rank. Bride is frequently represented combing her golden hair, sometimes with a comb of gold and sometimes with a comb of silver.

Cith, cithe, cuithe, cuidhe, a mass, a quantity, a drizzle; 'cithe buirn,' a bank of water; 'cithe sneachd,' a bank of snow; 'cithe ceo,' a bank of fog; 'an cithe,' the mass, the world mass.

Citheal, probably a form of 'ciall,' reason, prudence, wisdom.

Citheal, cidheal, cibheal, ciall, giall, jaw, jaw-bone.

Clacharan, cloichirean, wheatear, stone-bird. The wheatear is facetiously called 'fear na Feill Padruig,' bird of the Feast of Patrick, because he appears then. The people speak of the wheatear as 'siant,' sained, as, they say, he lies dormant during winter. Ornithologists are not agreed on this point. It has not been the privilege of the writer to see the wheatear dormant, but he has conversed with several reliable men who assured him that they had so seen it.

Donald Macmurdoch, crofter, Bailemeadhonach, Islay, said that he and his boys were clearing away a fail-dyke in mid-winter, when they came upon great numbers of wheatears in hollows in the turf. The birds were stiff and cold, and to all appearance dead. The boys took home a bonnetful of the wheatears and placed them on the floor round the fire. By degrees the apparently dead birds began to show signs of returning life, and to rise to their feet, and to flap their wings, and to fly about, though evidently weak and dazed. Many flew out at the open door to fall with the falling snow, others died, while some lived for several days. Donald Macmurdoch is a most intelligent man, and a very observant naturalist.

Donald Maccoll, foxhunter, Glencreran, said that one winter, early in the century, a long stretch of undermined bank fell down on the road. Among the débris of roots, moss, and gravel there were masses of wheatears, apparently dead. There had been long-continued frost, followed by a sudden thaw and abnormal heat. The birds exposed to the warmth of the sun showed signs of reviving life. Boys and girls took home many of the dormant birds and brought them to life before their home fires. People from distant places came to see the strange phenomenon. Donald Maccoll visited the place several times, and he was an entirely trustworthy man and a minute observer.

Clar, clarsach, harp, harp stave. The harp was common throughout the Highlands and Islands down to modern times. The poems and proverbs are full of sayings about harps and harpers:—

'Piobair an aona phuirt, 'S clarsair an t-seana phuirt.'	The piper of the one tune, And the harper of the old tune.
'Cha'n eil teud am chlarsaich, Bho 'n a dh' fhag mo run mi.'	There is not a chord in my harp, Since my lover has left me.
'Dheanadh Eoghan clarsaichean Na'n cuireadh cacha ceol annt.'	Eoghan would make harps If others would put melody in them.

All the chief families and religious houses had harpers attached to them. The harpers, like the other officials, were paid in kind. A piece of land at Torr-loisg, in Mull, is called 'Peighinn a chlarsair,' the harper's pennyland. Another piece of land at Cnoc-an-torrain, in North Uist, is called 'Croit nan clarsair,' the croft of the harpers, while a family of Macdonalds are known as 'Clann a chlarsair,' the children of the harper, and 'Na clarsairean,' the harpers. A place near Beauly is called 'Ceann a chlarsair,' the headland of the harper. Probably this harper was attached to the Priory of Beauly or to Castle Brahan. In Lismore there is a place called 'Croit nan clarsair,' the croft of the harpers, and a well called 'Tobar nan clarsair,' the well of the harpers. It is likely that the harpers in Lismore were attached to the church of St. Moluag, the cathedral of the see of Argyll and the Isles, and built during the episcopate of Bishop Carmichael, generally called an 't-Easbuig Ban,' the fair-haired bishop.

'Cadal a chlarsair Seachd raidhean gun fhaireach.'	The sleep of the harper Seven quarters without knowing.
'Cadal a chlarsair leisg Seachd raidhean na bliadhn.'	The sleep of the lazy harper Seven quarters of the year.
'C'ait am bheil na puirt Nach ursgeil an clarsair?'	Where may be the tunes The harper will not recall?

The last harper of note in the Highlands was Roderick Morrison, harper to Macleod of Macleod. He was a man of good family and education, and was known as a celebrated musician, not only throughout Scotland, but in England and Ireland.

Cleachd, hair, ringlet, fillet of hair, wool, or lint; the hair dressed. An old song says:—

'Chuir i suas a gruag an cleachd, 'S bha shnuagh air dhreach an oir.'	She put up her hair in form, And its hue was of the lustre of gold.

Cleid, quip, prank, trick, fillip, sharp stroke.

Cleit, a ridge, a backbone, a door bar, land surrounded by the sea at high water, an island, a rock, a cliff; from Norse *Klettr*, a rock, a cliff, an eminence. 'Cleit' often occurs as a prefix and as a suffix in place-names. 'Ormacleit,' Orm's ridge, in South Uist; 'Cleite na dubhcha,' ridge of the black dye, in Harris; 'Na Cleitean,' the ridges, in Kintyre; the 'Clett Rock' in Caithness; 'Cleite

Gadaig,' cliff of 'Gadag,' St. Kilda. This term occurs in the 'Banais Ioirteach,' St. Kilda Wedding:—

'Is truagh nach robh mi 's giullachan
Air mullach Cleite Gadaig,
Acuinn air a sunnaradh,
Us mise bhi gu h-aird oirr.'

Would were I and manikin
On crest of Cleite Gadaig,
His harness well established,
And I right in charge of it.

'Cleite na comhla,' bar of the door; 'cleit,' a hut, store, the name in St. Kilda for the small structures in which the people store birds, peats, and provender.

Cliath, stockade, wattle, creel, panier, hurdle, hamper, harrow.

In olden times 'cliath' included a strong stockade, constructed of wood or wattle, to safeguard 'meanbh chro,' small cattle, and sheep, from the ravages of wild animals.

When 'caol,' oziers, were unattainable and the enclosure was built of stones, it was called 'cro,' pen.

Cloimh-chat, catkin, cat-wool, the inflorescence of the birch, the beech, the willow, and other trees. The catkin wool was twined into a three-plied cord, and that into a circle, and placed under the milk boyne to safeguard the milk against unseen powers. The triple cord symbolised the Trinity, and the circle eternity.

Clomh, clomhadh, counteract, subdue, surmount, overcome.

Cnoc, knoll, hill, council, court, wisdom, sense. The Celts held their meetings in the open air, and the word for the knoll on which the meetings were held came to denote the meeting itself.

Trial by jury was not known in England before the Norman Conquest, some say not before the time of Henry III. In Scotland trial by jury was common long before this. Cutting a cross on a tree, digging a trench on a hill, or erecting a stone on a plain, denoted that the king in person signified the decision of the council. In the Highlands the jury were the clansmen and the judge the chief of the clan. In some districts the chiefs appointed judges to act for them. These were called 'breitheamh,' Anglicised 'brehon.' The office was as a rule hereditary. The best known of these 'brehons' were the Morrisons of the Western Isles, generally called 'Na breithimh Leothsach,' the Lews brehons, who are still spoken of with admiration. These hereditary jurisdictions were abolished after the '45, the chiefs being compensated.

The origin of the Council of St. Kilda goes back beyond tradition to the peopling of the island itself, while the rules of the Council are inelastic as brass. Woe betide the crofter who would propose an iota of change on the ways of the fathers! The 'mod,' council, meets on the 'cnoc,' knoll, every morning except Sunday. All are allowed to attend, but only householders to speak.

The discussions are varied, animated, and forcible, all affecting the immediate interests of the people. Perhaps the matter before the little community is

when to begin to manure or till the ground, sow seed, cut turf, pluck sheep, shear corn, lift eggs, kill birds, or go a-fishing. What one does all do. All speak together, every man his loudest, irrespective of his neighbour, as he strides to and fro on the knoll; and the lung-power of the people of St. Kilda being of the most admirable quality, the confusion of voices is great.

But the lung-power of even a St. Kilda man has its limits, and these having at length been reached, the confusion of voices subsides, and the people peaceably and promptly decide their action for the day, hastily go in to breakfast, and leisurely come out to work.

An observer would think, not unreasonably, that these people were quarrelsome and ill-tempered; quite the reverse, however. The members of this simple, lovable little community are most kind and attached one to the other, the joy of one, or the grief of another, being the joy or the grief of all.

'Escaped the severed world by happy stealth,
A skiff their navy and a rock their wealth,
Rough as the stormy elements they brave,
Fearless they ride upon the heaving wave.'

The 'cnoc' is often spoken of in prose and poetry,—'Cnoc na comhairle,' hill of counsel; 'cnoc na droch comhairle,' hill of evil counsel; 'duine cnocach,' a shrewd man; 'duine cnocach crnaidh,' a shrewd hard man; 'cho glic ri cnoc,' as wise as a council knoll; 'cho glic ri leanabh cnoc ais,' as wise as the child of the knoll of wisdom.

'An la bhathas a roinn na ceil — The day that sense was apportioned
Cha robh mi fein air a chnoc, — I myself was not on the hillock,
Na'n d'fhuair mise mo chuid fhein — Had I received mine own share
Cha robhas anns an tein s' a nochd.' — I would not be in this strait to-night.

'Cnoc' in the text (vol. i. page 6) implies wisdom, good sense, intelligence.

I came to know this in a curious manner, after I had despaired of getting at the true meaning.

Lachlan Macdonald, crofter, Benbecula, a man of great natural intelligence, ability and industry, often praised my wife, and on one occasion added, 'She was on the knoll the day that sense was portioned.' I paid no heed to the phrase at the time; but some sixteen years afterwards I went from Edinburgh to the Outer Hebrides and various other places, to try to ascertain the meanings of words and phrases occurring in these poems.

The following summary is translated and condensed from Lachlan Macdonald's prose poetry:—

'Bha righinn na toinisg a tuinne — The maiden-queen of wisdom dwelt
An Grianan Aluinn una chroinn, — In Beauteous Bower of the single tree,
Far am faiceadh i 'n saoghal uile, — Where she could see the whole world,
'S far nach faiceadh fuidir a loinn.' — And where no fool could her beauty see.

'Great grief was on the queen of fairy-land at seeing the want of wisdom in the daughters of men. And the fairy queen put her lips to the fairy flax,

and every blade and plant, every frond and flower, and every bush and tree throughout the wide world breathed an invitation to the daughters of men to come to the knoll, and that she, the fairy queen, would give them wisdom.

'Much commotion followed this invitation, the whole woman-world heaving and moving like the hill of the ant, the byke of the wasp, or the hive of the bee. The proud scorned, the foolish laughed, but the thoughtful sighed. Some said that they were wiser than the fairy queen herself, others that they had wisdom enough already. But many dames and damsels came to the knoll, some to see, some to be seen, and some to seek wisdom. Presently the queen of fairy-land appeared, holding in her hand the 'copan Moire,' cup of Mary, the blue-eyed limpet-shell, containing the 'ais' of wisdom.

'The lovely little queen was arrayed in all the beauteous iridescent hues of silver, emerald green, and mother-of-pearl.

'"Loveliness shone around her like light,
Her steps were the music of songs."

'With a grace of form and a charm of manner all her own the fairy queen held up the 'copan Moire,' and invited all the women of the world to come and partake of the 'ais.' A derisive wave moved over maids and matrons, like a wave of light over the green and golden corn. But to all who sought wisdom in their hearts the fairy queen gave of the 'ais'; to each according to her faith and desire, till none was left. Many came to the knoll too late, and there was no wisdom left for them. That is why some women are wise and some are otherwise. "And by my father's hand, and by my grandfather's hand, and by mine own two hands to free them, your lady must have been there on the knoll when the queen of fairy-land distributed the 'ais' of wisdom, and the gracious queen must have given to her a goodly portion from the beautiful cup of the lovely Mary of grace."'

Coibhi, Coibhe, Coivi, the traditional archdruid of the Celts.

'Ge faisge leac ri lar,
Is faisge lamh Choibhi.'

Though near be the stone to the ground,
Yet nearer is the hand of Coivi.

Coich, coc, coch, cochul, a case, seed-vessel, husk, sheath, shrine, screen. 'Coich anama,' soul-shrine; 'coich na cno,' the sheath of the nut.

Coig, five. One of the sacred numbers, but not so common as three, seven, and nine.

'Crog nan coig miar,' hand of five fingers; 'cas nan coig miar,' foot of five toes; 'fuamhaire mor nan coig ceann, nan coig meall agus nan coig muineal,' the big giant of the five heads, the five humps, and the five necks.

'Car nan coig cuart,' the turn of the five circuits—a lucky circuit. When a boy is making a hole in the ground for a ball, he swings round on his heel five times.

'Tha coig coigeamh an Eirinn agus coig coigeamh an Sratheirinn, ach is fearr aon choigeamh Eirinn na coig coigeamh Sratheirinn'—There are five-fifths in

Erin and five-fifths in Stratherin (Strathearn), but better is one-fifth of Erin than the five-fifths of Stratherin.

Coitchionn, coitcinn, caitcinn, general, communal, a common grazing. In the island of Tiree 'caitcinn' is the form of the term. Possibly the Cathkin Braes, near Glasgow, may have been the common grazing of the surrounding villages.

Conair, a blessing, a crown, a path, a course, a haven, a plant, a circle, a rosary. 'Iomhaidh us conair Moire,' image and rosary of Mary; 'Conair meangain,' a plant mentioned in the 'Muilearteach.'

Conal, conall, love, friendship, the guardian spirit of childhood, the Cupid of the Gael. A child had got lost in the mist and was benighted on the wild moor, when a storm came on. But the good Conal took the child by the hand and led him to safety. The following verse is part of a poem composed to the protecting spirit:—

'Fhuaradh dha-san blaths us conail,
Oidhche nan seachd sian,
Fhuair Conal dha-san creagan,
Fo'n do ghabh e dian.'

Found for him were warmth and love,
On the night of the seven elements,
Conal found for him a bower,
Whereunder he was sheltered.

Conal, conall, fruitage, fruitfulness, endowment, corn, ear of corn.

Cormag, Carmag, Cormac, St. Cormac. There were several saints of this name, the most celebrated being the learned Cormac, king of Munster, who wrote a Gaelic Glossary much prized by Celtic scholars. Probably the Cormac of these poems was the friend and successor of Columba.

Corrachd, a promise, a very sacred promise, a death promise, entreaty. 'Coraidheachta,' supplications, in *Chronicon Scotorum* (Rolls Series). The word occurs in the following song. A young maiden in Uist promised a young man that she would meet him on the machair. But the maiden rued her promise and remained at home. The young man was 'lifted,' and when moving with the 'hosts' in the sky above the girl's home, he was heard to sing:—

'Mhorag bheag an cum thu rium cath?
Bheil thu nochd air son na corrachd?
Mhorag bheag an cum thu rium cath?
Gu bheil an gath dha d' ionnsuidh.

Morag wilt thou hold the war with me?
Wilt thou to-night keep thy promise?
Morag wilt thou hold the war with me?
And that the dart is towards thee.

'Bheil thu nochd air son na corrachd?
Bheil thu nochd air son na coinneamh?
Bheil thu nochd air son a chath?
'S an t-saighead grad dha d' ionnsuidh.

Art thou this night for the promise?
Art thou this night for the tryst?
Art thou this night for the battle?
And that the arrow is fast towards thee.

Crā, blood; hence red. 'Cra-dhearg,' blood-red; 'cra-dhubh,' dark red; 'cra-gheal,' light red. 'Cra' enters into place and animal names, as, 'Cra-re,' red rock, and 'Cra-leacainn,' red slope, place-names on Lochfyne; 'cra-rionnach,' red mackerel, tunny fish; 'cra-chluasach,' red-eared; 'cra-chu,' red dog, the fox; 'cra-fhaoileag,' red gull, the black-headed gull generally called 'ceann-dubh' and

'ceann-dubhan,' black-headed; 'cra-ghiadh,' red goose, shell-drake. This beautiful bird is common in the Outer Isles—Uist being known as 'Uidhist nan cra-ghiadh,' Uist of the shell-drakes.

John Macdonald, 'Ian Lom,' poet-laureate to Charles II., says :—

'Dol gu uidh chuain fhiadhaich,
Mar bu chubhaidh dhuinn iarraidh,
Gu Uidhist bheag riabhach
Nan cra-ghiadh.'

Going the way of the ocean wild,
Pleasantly as we could desire,
To brindled little Uist
Of the shell-drakes.

And again Alexander Macdonald, 'Mac Mhaighstir Alastair,' poet-laureate to Prince Charlie, says :—

'Cuiribh fothaibh an rudh ud,
Le fallus mhailghean a struthadh,
'S togaibh siuil rithe bho Uidhist
Nan cra-ghiadh.'

Place behind you yonder point,
With the sweat of eyebrows pouring,
And lift sails to her from Uist
Of the shell-drakes.

Crean, crion, quake, tremble, suffer, upheave, tear up, excavate.

Creodach, paralysis of the limbs in horses.

Creubh, person, body, corpse. When Macdonald of the Isles died in Edinburgh his wraith appeared to his people at Duntulm the following night, and said :—

'Bha mi 'n Duneidean an de,
Tha mi 'm thalla fein an nochd,
'S meud a ghoinebhein anns a ghrein,
Cha 'n eil ann mo chreubh a lochd.'

I was in Edinburgh yestreen,
I am in mine own hall to-night,
And as much as the mote in the sun,
There is not of harm in my corpse.

Crios, girdle. The girdle is much spoken of and prized.

When the young wife of the king of Lochlann, a daughter of the king of France, eloped with generous Ailde of the golden hair, Fionn sent a princess (according to some versions his own daughter) to offer compensation to the injured husband. The damsel mentioned to the king the many things he would receive in atonement, and among them the girdle—

'Gheobh tu siud us ceud crios,
Cha teid slios mu'n teid iad aog,
Leighisidh iad leatrom us sgios—
Seudan riomhach nam ban saor.'

Thou wilt get that and an hundred girdles,
Nor loin round which they go shall die,
They will relieve burden and lassitude—
The lustrous jewels of the free women.

'Crios-feile,' kilt girdle, a leather or woven strap used to keep the kilt in position. A similar strap is used by women in the Isles when working on the strand, in the field, or travelling the moors.

Crioslachan, a bag suspended from the 'crios' or girdle. 'Crioslachan chno,' a girdleful of nuts. There are no nuts now in the Outer Isles, but abundance of nut shells. These are found underlying peat-moss and glacial deposits. Rock underlying peat-moss is corroded, while that under glacial deposit is perfectly preserved and highly polished, the striæ speaking as clearly as do Egyptian cylinders.

Crithionn, crithinn, aspen; from 'crith,' to quiver. Highlanders will not use aspen in any form either on land or sea. It is said that the first poem composed by Ross, the Gaelic Burns, was on the aspen and the willow. When a child he was in a boat which was driven by storm upon a shelterless, uninhabited island. The thole-pins broke, and no wood to replace them grew in the island except 'caol-dubh,' black willow, and aspen. Tradition says that the white willow was transformed into black willow because of the wickedness that went on among it, and that the aspen was 'crossed' for its want of reverence to Christ. The boatmen would use neither aspen nor black willow for oar-pins, and the people had to remain on the island till rescued. William Ross, then a child, said:—

'Is meinig a thachair ann an eilean	Alas, to fall upon an isle
Far nach heirear earba,	Where hind is never horn,
Gun dad ann ach seileach salach,	Where nothing is but willow vile,
'S crithionn grad an tairmisg.'	And aspen worthless, forsworn.

Cro, cot, fold, hiding-place, place of protection; 'cro-laogh,' calves' cot; 'cro-sheilg,' a hiding-place for hunters; 'cro-dhion,' sanctuary; 'cro-chuile,' a recessed pen, a pen in the hollow between two or more hills, a place-name.

An Uist song says:—

'Cha teid mi do chro nan gobhar,	I will not go to the fold of the goats,
Cha teid mi do chro nan uan,	I will not go to the fold of the lambs,
Cha teid mi do chro nan caorach,	I will not go to the fold of the sheep,
Bho dh' fhalbh mo ghaol uam.'	Since my lover is gone from me.

Cro, heart, death, occasionally and mistakenly used for 'cra,' blood; 'cro-leapa,' bier, death-bed; 'cro-leine,' shroud; 'Cro Naomh,' Sacred Heart.

A lament of intense passion and great beauty, composed by a hapless maiden on her slain lover—'Seathan mac Righ Eirinn,' John, son of the king of Ireland,—says:—

'Cha tugainn dh' an Mhoire mhin thu,	I would not give thee to the gentle Mary,
Cha tugainn a dh' Iosa Criosd thu,	I would not give thee to Jesus Christ,
Cha tugainn dh' an Chro Naoimh thu.'	I would not give thee to the Holy Heart.

A well at Drimmore, in South Uist, is called 'Tobar Cro Naomh,' Well of the Holy Heart. All who drank of its refreshing and curative waters placed a votive offering in the cairn beside the well. Another well of the same name is in Sannd, in North Uist. This one, however, cannot be located, the extensive and once populous district being now almost uninhabited.

A ruin at Gauslan, in Lews, is called 'Teampull Cro Naomh,' Temple of the Holy Heart. It is situated above the shore, and measures eighteen feet by nine. Tradition says that it was built as a 'nasgadh deirce,' vow-offering, by a Saxon who, when in peril in the North Sea, vowed that if saved he would build a temple to Christ wherever he might be cast ashore. He was cast upon the wild coast of Gauslan, and built the temple on the spot where he offered up prayer for his deliverance. In recent years the tenant of the farm removed the stones of the temple to build a fold for his cattle.

'Crothadh,' enclosing; 'crothadh uan,' enclosing lambs; 'crothadh arbhair,' enclosing corn, ingathering crop.

Crodh-mara, sea-cows. 'Cra-chluasach,' crimson-eared, and 'corc-chluasach,' purple-eared, are terms applied to a species of cattle with red ears which are alleged to be descended from sea-cows. Some of these cattle have one or both ears sealloped, and are hence called 'torc-chluasach,' notch-eared. Probably these red-eared cattle are descended from the old Caledonian cattle, whose ears were red. The Caledonian cattle are also called 'carc iucna,' notched cattle.

Several sea-cows came ashore at Struth, Obbe, Harris. The sea-maiden was tending the sea-cows, and singing the following song as she sent them back to the sea and away through the sound of Harris:—

'Chualas nuall an cuan Canach,
Bo a Tiriodh, bo a Barraidh,
Bo a Ile, 's bo a Arrain,
'S a Cinntire mhin a bharraich.

A low is heard in the sea of Canna,
A cow from Tiree, a cow from Barra,
A cow from Islay, a cow from Arran,
And from green Kintyre of birches.

Caillear, caillear, caillear Cuachag,
Caillear Gumag, caillear Guamag,
Caillear Guileag, caillear Guaillionn,
'S caillear Cruinneag dhonn na buaile.

Lost, lost, lost will be 'Cuachag,'
Lost will be 'Gumag,' lost will be 'Guamag,'
Lost will be 'Guileag,' lost will be 'Guaillionn,'
And brown 'Cruinneag' of the cattle-fold.

Theid mi, theid mi, theid mi Mhuile,
Theid mi dh' Eire nam fear fuileach,
Theid mi Mhannain bheag nan culaidh,
'S theid mi ceum dh'an Fhraing 's cha chunnart.

I will go, I will go, I will go to Mull,
I will go to Eirin of the bloody men,
I will go to little Man of the wherries,
And I will go to France and no mishap.

Caillear, caillear, caillear Gorag,
Caillear Dubhag, caillear Dothag,
Caillear Muileag, caillear Moileag,
'S caillear Muirneag dhonn an or-fhuilt.'

Lost, lost, lost will be 'Gorag,'
Lost will be 'Dubhag,' lost will be 'Dothag,'
Lost will be 'Muileag,' lost will be 'Moileag,'
And brown 'Muirneag' of the golden hair.

Crūb, crūba, pl. *crubanan, crubachan*, bed recess. The 'crub' is a recess in the thickness of the wall. The entrance to it is a small opening a little above the floor; from 'crub,' crouch.

The 'crub' is not now seen except in the old dwelling-houses of St. Kilda or in the old sheiling bothies of Lews.

Cruit, harp. Gaelic, 'croit,' 'cruit'; Irish, 'crot,' 'croit'; Welsh, 'crwth.' Probably the name is from 'crot,' curve. 'Cruit' and 'clar,' or 'clarsach,' are now used synonymously, but the names meant two different instruments. Probably 'cruit' was applied to the small harp used by ladies, and 'clar,' or 'clarsach,' to the large pedal harp used by men.

'Cuir do cheann a nall na mo dhail,
'S gu'n seinninn dhut clar us cruit.'

Place thine head near me hither,
That I may play thee pedal harp and small harp.

In the island of Luing there is an old fort called 'Dun-cruit,' fort of the harp, and a glen near Oban called 'Gleann-cruitein,' which may mean the glen of the

harper, or the glen of the kingfisher. ('Cruitein,' crouched one; 'biora cruitein,' water crouched one; and 'bior an iasgair,' fisher point, are the Gaelic names of the beautiful kingfisher.) In Colonsey there is a place called 'Lag a chruitear,' hollow of the harper; and in Loch Roag, Lews, a place called 'An Cruitear,' the harper.

Cruth, form, feature, symmetry. The old Highlanders placed much value upon form, not only in woman but in man. They said that the father gave form, the mother mind, to the child. There are many proverbs among the people bearing upon these physiological matters.

'Tus ratha rogha dealbh,
Uirighill mhaith us deagh labhraidh.'

The beginning of prosperity choice form,
Good speech and good delivery.

Cruthach, placenta of mare.

Cuanal, flocks, cattle, horses, sheep, and goats; generally the younger generations.

Cuart, circuit; 'cuart claidh,' circuiting the burying-ground; 'cuart Mhicheil,' Michael circuiting, the circuit made round the burying-ground on St. Michael's day; 'cuart cladaich,' shore circuit; 'cuart time,' time circuit; 'cuart duine,' man's time. (Vol. i. p. 200 *ff.*)

Cuartachadh, circuiting, encompassing, surrounding, making a sanctuary. 'Cuartachadh a chlaidh,' circuiting the burying-ground; 'cuartachadh cladh nan athraichean,' circuiting the burying-ground of the fathers. This is done on St. Michael's day, and is probably a remnant of ancestor-worship, while 'dol deiseil a chlaidh,' going sunwise round the burial-ground, represents sun-worship. 'Cuartachadh teaghlaich,' encompassing the family. This is the term used for family worship in the counties of Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness. 'Cuartachadh baile,' circuiting the townland. Being tenants at will, and liable to eviction, the crofters erected no fences round their fields; consequently when the crops were in the ground they had to guard them by night and by day from their own and their neighbours' herds. During the day the townland herdsman tends the animals and keeps them from the crops, but by night the townland is patrolled by a man from each of two families taken in rotation. These men are called 'cuartaiche,' circuiters. If the townland be a large one this duty coming at long intervals is not much felt, but in a small townland the night watching becomes oppressive. In crofting townlands adjoining deer forests, geese, duck, or other game resorts, the men patrol their crops all night to safeguard them, and kindle fires where incursions are most feared. Should damage result through the remissness of these two men, the two families represented are responsible and make reparation. The damage done is appraised by men set apart and sworn for the purpose.

The security of land tenure given by the recent Crofters Act is putting an end to the necessity for circuiting the townland crops, as already fences, houses, drains, and other land improvements are rapidly progressing.

Cuat, a lover, a sweetheart, a bosom friend. The word is common in the Western Isles.

Cu-fasach, cu-fasaich, wolf, lit. wilderness dog.

Cugallach, precarious, unstable, uncertain.

'Is cugallach an t-sealg,	Precarious is the hunting,
Is cearbadach an t-iasg, [amalach	Unreliable the fishing,
Cuir do mhuinighin anns an talamh,	Place thy trustance in the land,
Cha d' fhag e fear falamh riamh.'	It never left man empty.

This sentiment is characteristic of the Celt, who is a man of the land primarily and a man of the sea secondarily—a landsman of choice and a seaman of necessity. Nevertheless, when the Celt does take to the sea, probably he is unexcelled as a boatman, as a mariner, or as a navigator. It is computed that two-thirds of the seafaring men of the Clyde are Celts and of Celtic descent, and probably these will compare favourably with their class elsewhere. An impression prevails in many places that the islesmen of the West are not boatmen equal to the coastmen of the East. That is not my experience, extending over a long period of close observation of both. Of the two the islander is the more daring, more active, and more expert boatman. This was many times acknowledged to me by East Coast men fishing on the West Coast.

The East Coast man is a fisherman by choice inherited through many generations and many centuries; the West Coast man is a fisher from compulsion, and recently when driven from the land. The sea of the West Coast is more tidal, more stormy, and more dangerous than that of the East Coast, and the natives do not take to it from choice. They have many sayings against it:—'Is corrach gob an dubhan'—Unstable the point of the fish-hook.

'Is math an cobhair an t-iasg,	Good is the help of the fishing,
Ach is don an sobhal an t-iasg.'	But a bad barn is the fishing.

Cugan, food, choice food, dainty.

'Cha tig cugan air cuid cait.'	No cream comes on the cat's portion.
'Cugan a chait chaothaich.'	The choice food of the wild cat.

Cugar, cugarbhad, male cat, male wild-cat, hero, gallant, champion. 'Cugarbhad Mor righ nan cat,'—Great Cugarvad, king of the cats, is the title of a weird story full of graphic scenes and elliptical runes, interesting to the mythologist and the grammarian.

Cu-gearr, short dog, wolf; from 'cu,' dog, and 'gearr,' short. Several names are applied to the wolf, as 'cu-faol,' 'faol-chu,' 'madadh-alla,' 'alla-mhadadh,' wild-dog; 'cu-coille,' 'coille-chu,' wood dog; 'madadh-mor,' 'mor-mhadadh,' big dog; 'blad,' mouth; 'bladair,' mouther.

In 1427, Parliament passed an Act calling upon all barons to exterminate the wolf. It was not, however, till 1743 that the wolf became extinct in

Scotland. This was effected near Fi-ghiuthais by a farmer of the name of Macqueen of Poll a chrocain. Macqueen died in 1797.

Cuid, property, share. The clothes of the deceased became the perquisite of the clergy. Those of the rich went to the higher clergy, and those of the poor to the lower clergy. Angry disputations sometimes occurred over the clothes of the dead, even over those of the dying, leading to unbecoming scenes and to many satirical sayings.

'An sagart 's an cleireach	The priest and the clerk
A sadadh a cheile 's a mhod.'	Dusting each other in court.
'Cha ghreann ri mo re	This cloth is not, in my time,
Do shagart no chleir,	For priest nor for cleric,
Ach 's greann gu brath	But cloth it is for evermore
Dha m' Dhomhallan gradhach fein.'	For mine own little Donald beloved.

Cuileagan, feast, feast in secret; from 'cuil,' a corner.

Cuilidh, treasury, secret place, retreat, sanctuary; from 'cuil,' a magazine, repository. 'Cuilidh rath,' treasury of prosperity; 'cuilidh Mhoire,' treasury of Mary, applied in the Barra Isles to the sea, from which the people derive most of their livelihood. 'Cuilidh mhic Ciaran,' the treasury of the son of Ciaran in 'Eileacha Naomh,' Holy Isles.

Cuisil, caisil, caisiol, a fort, a stronghold, a case, a bier, a coffin.

The bier on which the dead and dying were removed from the battlefield was called 'caisil-chro,' 'cuisil-chra,' blood bier.

The want of wood in the Isles necessitated the people burying their dead either without coffins or in stone cists. It was only when the American timber trade began and wood was cast on their wild shores, or could be got from the South, that the use of coffins became general. Before then there was a 'cro-leapa,' dead-bed, in every townland to convey the body to the grave. Old men in Lews speak of the last 'cro-leapa' being buried with the last body carried in it.

Cuithe, fold, cattlefold, enclosure, cattle enclosure, a stronghold.

'Cha teid mi dh'an Chuithe Chreagach,	I will not go to 'Cuithe Creagach,'
Is beag mo cheist air Anndra,	But little is my love for Andrew,
B'annsa liom am fleasgach fearail,	Rather would I the manly youth,
Na fear breac le seann-chrodh.'	Than a pock-marked man with old cows.

I do not know where 'Cuithe Creagach,' rocky fold, is. A cognate name, 'Cuithe Clachach,' stony fold, is in Middlequarter, North Uist. 'Cuithe Fhraing,' Quiranig, enclosure of Francis, in Skye, is well known.

Culag, a person behind another person on horse-back, generally a woman sitting sideways behind a man.

Culait, culaist, back place, back wing to a dwelling. The 'culaist' and the 'cultaigh' are synonymous terms in Lews, where this adjunct to the dwelling is

frequent. It is used for keeping farm produce, farm gear, fishing gear, or for sleeping, and often for all these purposes.

Curach, corach, curachan, coracle, little coracle. The coracle is a boat whose framework, called 'cranna-dhail,' is made of wicker, lath, or cane, and covered with skin, canvas, or rubber.

Columba is supposed to have come to Scotland in a boat of this description. On landing in Iona, Columba, it is said, buried his boat above the beach, to remove the temptation of returning to Ireland. The place where the boat was buried is called 'Port a Churaich,' Port of the Coracle. There is a raised ridge, the shape of an up-turned boat, covered, like the surrounding machar, with short green grass. This ridge is called 'An Curach,' the coracle.

The coracle is often mentioned in old songs:—

'Cha 'n fhaic mi bata no curach — I see neither boat nor coracle
A Tir a mhurain a seoladh.' — From the Land of the bent-grass sailing.

(The people of neighbouring islands call Uist 'Tir a mhurain,' the land of the bent-grass, and the people 'Muranaich,' bent-grass people. Even the people on the east side, where there is no bent, apply the name to those on the west, where this grass grows.)

A small grassless island on the east side of Barra is called 'An Curachan,' the little coracle. The shell of the beautiful blue valilla is poetically called 'curachan na-mna sith,' little coracle of the fairy woman.

'The fairy woman of the green kirtle, and of the lovely locks of gold, could steer her little fair blue coracle adroitly and wisely on the crest of the black-blue green-white waves, though the wind of the hill should be tearing the goat from the rock, the beard from the buck, and the heath from the hill.'

Currachd sagairt, possibly monkshood, usually called 'currachd manaich.'

Curran cruaidh, hemlock, lit. hard carrot. In Uist the hemlock is called 'curran cruaidh'; in Lochaber, 'mungach mear'; in Harris, 'de-theodha'; and in Lismore, 'ith-teodha.'

In his *Gaelic Names of Plants,* Cameron suggests that 'iteodha' means feather-foliaged. Probably 'ith-teodha' means hot-eating, from 'ith,' eat, and 'teodha,' hot, the plant causing a burning sensation in the throat.

The old Highlanders used a plaster of hemlock for the extraction of cancer. The plaster was applied to the part affected. It is said to have been effective in the earlier stages of the disease, extracting the cancer with its innumerable roots and rootlets, and leaving a hollow where it had been. The process of extraction is said to have been extremely painful, the sound of the tearing out of the roots of the cancer being like the snapping of linen thread.

Cu-sith, fairy dog, dog of the spirit-world. This indicates the belief of the ancient Celts in animals as well as men of the spirit-world.

When Clanranald resided at Nunton, in Benbecula, two men were tending

calves one night in a building known as 'an tigh fada,' the long house. They sat talking of many things before the brightly burning fire, when suddenly two strange dogs rushed into and right round the house, to the consternation of the men and the terror of the calves. The dogs were leashed together on a leash of silver bespangled with gold and brilliant stones that sparkled in the bright moonbeams and the light of the fire. A voice was heard in the air without calling:—

'Sitheach-seang, sitheach-seang !	Slender-fay, slender-fay !
Siubhal-bheann, siubhal-bheann !	Mountain-traveller, mountain-traveller !
Dubh-sith, dubh-sith !	Black-fairy, black-fairy !
Cuile-rath, cuile-rath !	Lucky-treasure, lucky-treasure !
Cu-gorm, cu-gorm !	Grey-hound, grey-hound !
Sireadh-thall, sireadh-thall !'	Seek-beyond, seek-beyond !

When the dogs were thus recalled they rushed out, the men following as soon as they had recovered their scattered wits. And there in the bright blue sky they beheld a multitudinous host of spirits, with hounds on leash and hawks on hand. The air was filled with music like the tinkling of innumerable silver bells, mingled with the voices of the 'sluagh,' hosts, calling to their hounds. The men were so astonished that they could only remember a few of the names they heard.

These were the spirits of the departed on a hunting expedition, travelling westwards beyond the 'Isle of the nuns,' beyond the 'Isle of the monks,' beyond the Isle of 'Hirt,' beyond the Isle of 'Rockal,' and away and away towards 'Tir fo thuinn,' the Land under waves; 'Tir na h-oige,' the Land of youth; and 'Tir na h-aoise,' the Land of age, beneath the great western sea.

'Turas math dhaibh agus deagh shealg—'s O Righ na gile 's na greine 's nan corracha reula cubhra! is iad fein a chuir an gniomh 's an giamh, 's barrachd 's ni 's leoir, air fir 's air laoigh Chlannraghail.'—Fortune follow them and luck of game—and oh, King of the sun, and of the moon, and of the bright effulgent stars! it was they who put fear and fright, and more than enough, on the men and the calves of Clanranald.

D

Dailginn, dailgionn, prophecy, foretelling; 'dailgneachd,' auspices, prophetic vision, occurs in my version of the 'Children of Uisne.'

Dais, a musical instrument.

Daol, daolag, beetle, black beetle, gravedigger. This beetle is remorselessly killed in the Highlands. In some places this is done to prevent it from molesting the grave of the person's grandmother, but in Uist it is killed because of its officiousness in helping to betray Christ. (Vol. ii. p. 188 *ff.*)

Deabhadh (*dea'adh*), dry, dried up.

'Tha'n lir a deabhadh.' The water is drying.

Dealan-De, butterfly, golden butterfly ; lit. fire of God—'dealan,' fire, flame, lightning ; and 'De,' God.

The golden butterfly is held sacred. It is said to be the angel of God come to bear the souls of the dead to heaven. If it be seen in or near the house where a person is dead or dying, the omen is good, and the friends rejoice. If it be not seen, a substitute is made by rapidly twirling a fire-pointed stick, moving the while from the dead or dying person towards the door or window. This is called 'dearban De,' 'dealan De.'

The ancient Egyptians represented the soul leaving the body as a butterfly emerging from the chrysalis, sometimes from the mouth of the dead.

Dearb, dairb, an insect of the beetle tribe. 'Dairbeart,' water beetle ; 'dairbeag, tadpole ; 'dearbean,' glowworm.

Dearg, an impression ; hence, a wound ; 'deargadh,' ploughing. 'Cha d'fhuair mi dearg—deargadh eisg,' I did not get an impression—an impression of fish ; 'Cha toir mi deargadh air,' I cannot make an impression on it.

Dearras, dearrais, obdurate, venomous, the serpent.

'Thig an dearrais as an toll.' The serpent will come from the hole.

Dearshul, Darthula, the wife of Naoise, and the type of affection. Many places in the Highlands are called after this beautiful lady. (Vol. i. p. 8.)

Deis-de, girth, sanctuary, Godward, a place of safety, a point in 'tig' where the boy within is secure and cannot be touched, from 'deas,' sunward, and 'de,' god.

Deor, deoir, diuir, tear, tears.

Deor, pilgrim, traveller, wayfarer, a poor person. 'Is tu an deora truagh'—Thou art the miserable poor. 'Deor,' 'diuir,' an almoner, hence Dewer, a personal name. Probably Deer and the famous Book of Deer got their names from 'deor,' almoner. The Barons Livingstone of Bachuill, Lismore, were almoners to the church of St. Moluag in Lismore, the cathedral church of the see of Argyll and the Isles, founded in 1200. They were known as 'deora,' almoners, while the site of the old residence of the family is still called 'Larach taigh nan deora,' the site of the house of the almoners, and the brae below the house as 'Bruthach taigh nan deora,' the declivity of the house of the almoners. These almoners were also keepers of the staff of St. Moluag, and assessors and collectors of the tithes of the diocese. Whenever the custodian of the staff appeared with the staff as the emblem of his office, due obedience was given to him within his own special jurisdiction. Some interesting traditions are still current concerning some of the barons and their travels and the staff of the saint which they carried about, and to which miraculous powers were attributed. The custodian of the staff of St. Moluag possessed a freehold estate for his varied services.

The estate was of considerable extent, but is now reduced to a small piece of land through the fraud of 'Domhull Dubh nan Ard,' Black Donald of Airds. Sir Donald Campbell of Airds, Appin, was a natural son of Campbell of Calder. He was an ecclesiastic when ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland changed complexion with the facility of the kaleidoscope, and Donald Campbell changed with them. When Catholicism was in the ascendant he was a Catholic, when Episcopacy superseded he was an Episcopalian, and when Presbyterianism was promising he was all for Presbyterian parity. He was nominated, possibly appointed, but not consecrated, bishop of Argyll. Donald Campbell of Airds was a man of great ability, but utterly unscrupulous as to the means whereby to attain his ends. His conduct towards Baron Livingstone of Bachuill, Baron Carmichael of Sguran, and other small proprietors in his neighbourhood, shows him to have been a man of extraordinary stratagem, duplicity, and rapacity.

Dr. David Livingstone was descended from these Barons Livingstone of Lismore. The great traveller resembled his kinsmen and clansmen in Lismore in a remarkable manner, physically, mentally, and morally. The present venerable Baron Alexander Livingstone of Bachuill has been taken for his famous namesake. The Baron however is taller, being nearly six feet in height.

The 'Clann an Leigh,' 'Clann an Leighean,' children of the physicians, Livingstones of Bachuill, are said to be descended, like the famous Beaton physicians of Mull, Islay, Skye, and Reay, from Beatan, the Columban medical missionary of Iona. (Vol. ii. p. 78 *ff.*) 'Sgoiltidh an dualchas a chreag'—Heredity will cleave the rock. David Livingstone cleaved his way through rocks harder than any that his kindred had ever faced.

The Campbells of Bail-an-deor, in Lorn, were almoners to the Priory of Airdchattan. They were big powerful men. One of them is still spoken of as 'An Deora mor,' the big almoner, and 'Deora mor Bhail-an-deor,' the big almoner of the townland of the almoner.

Robert Burns was a Campbell descended from Walter Campbell, Bogjoram, Kincardine. It is almost if not wholly certain that this Walter Campbell was the son of the 'Deora Mor,' and had to flee from home on account of the storm he raised against himself, under extreme provocation, in his treatment of the 'cliar sheannachain,' strolling satirists.

Here again heredity asserts itself, several of these Campbells of Bail-an-deor having been poets in olden and in modern times.

Near Bail-an-deor is the home of the 'Rusgain,' Ruskins. The Ruskins were in Glenlonain from time immemorial. Many pieces of sculpture have been found lying scattered about in various places in this beautiful glen. Some of these are still seen. 'Rusgan' means peeler, bark-peeler, hewer. A tradition still exists among the old people of the place that the Ruskins were 'luchd ceaird,' artisans; 'draoinich,' sculptors. There were schools of sculpture in the Highlands. One of these was in 'Innis-draoinich,' Lochawe, a few miles from Glenlonain, the home of the Ruskins. 'Innis draoinich' means

isle of the artisans, isle of the sculptors—from 'innis,' isle, and 'draoineach,' sculptor. Within a few hundred yards of Innis-draoineach is 'Innis-ail,' beautiful isle. There had been a house of Cistercian nun-sisters here, and an ancient burying-ground. There are ancient sculptured stones here, probably unexcelled for beauty of design and of execution. Jewellery in gold and silver from designs on these ancient Celtic sculpturings is used by royalty.

'Ciorsdan Dhughuill fhigheadair,' Christina, daughter of Dugald the weaver, was the last of the Ruskins of Glenlonain. Her father was Dugald Maccalman, and her mother was a Ruskin—the last of the name.

The tradition of the Clerks of Duntannachain, Glenlonain, was that John Ruskin was descended from the Ruskins of Glenlonain. The Clerks were descended from educated parents and were an educated and intellectual family, one of them being the late Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., the accomplished Celtic scholar. The father was the learned farmer spoken of by Dr. Macleod in his *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, and the mother was Margaret Carmichael, Lismore, sister of Captain Dugald Carmichael, of the 72nd Highlanders, 'the father of marine botany' and the friend of Sir William Hooker.

The members of this family were unanimous in saying that John Ruskin was descended from a Ruskin who went south in one of the expeditions from Argyll, and who remained south. They said that the last of the Ruskins of Glenlonain who lived near them strongly resembled the distinguished writer mentally and physically.

Di, day. There is much lore connected with the days of the week. 'Di-luain,' 'Luan,' Monday, Moon; 'Luan mall,' tardy Monday; 'paighear Di-luain mall e,' it will be paid on tardy Monday—never. The people will not begin important work on Monday lest it should be tedious:—

'An rud ri 'n toisichear Di-luain,	That which is begun on Monday,
Bithidh e luath, no bithidh e mall.'	It will be quick or it will be slow.

They also avoid finishing the shearing on Monday, saying—

'Is mi-shealbhach moch Di-luain	Unlucky it is on early Monday
A dhol a bhuain na maighdinn.'	To go to the shearing of the maiden.

(The 'maiden' is the last sheaf of corn cut for the season, and is dressed and decorated with flowers and placed in the best room in the house till spring, when it is given to the horses in their first fiaring for luck of work and luck of corn, and to safeguard them against mishap.) The people therefore begin and finish any important work on Saturday. On the other hand, Monday is a good day to travel:—

'Imirich Sathurna mu thuath,	The expedition of Saturday to the north,
Imirich Luan mu dheas,	The expedition of Monday to the south,
Ge nach bitheadh agam ach an t-uan,	Though I should only have the lamb,
'S ann Di-luain a dh' fhalbhainn leis.'	It is on Monday I would go with it.

North and south represent respectively unlucky and lucky.

'Di-mairt,' Tuesday, Mar's day, is a lucky day to begin cutting corn, or doing any work requiring a sharp instrument. 'Mart gu gearradh,' Tuesday for cutting. In Uist marriages always take place on Tuesday or Thursday.

'Di-ciadaoin,' Wednesday, the day of the first fast, from 'ciad,' first, and 'aoin,' fast—Friday being the second and principal fast. Wednesday was considered a lucky day.

'Cha robh Ciadaoin riamh gun ghrian,	Never was Wednesday without sun,
Cha robh geamhradh riamh gun smal,	Never was winter without gloom,
Cha robh Nollaig Mhor gun fheoil,	Never was New Year without flesh,
Cha robh bean da deoin gun mhac.'	Never was wife willingly without son.

'Di-ardaoin,' Thursday; 'di-eadar-aoin,' the day between the fasts; 'di-eadar-da-aoin,' day between the two fasts. Being dedicated to the beloved Columba, Thursday was propitious for all good work, especially for work connected with sheep, cattle, and wool-working. It is a good day to be born, to die, and to go forth to battle:—

'La gu breith, la gu bas,	Day to bear, day to die,
La chur gais chon a meirgh.'	Day to place the staff to the banner.

Witches and all evil things are powerless on Thursday.

'Di-aoin,' 'Di h-aoine,' Friday, day of the fast, from 'di,' day, and 'aoin,' fast. The people were averse to the counting of men, or of flocks, or of anything, on a Friday. Monday or Sunday, especially the first Monday or the first Sunday of the quarter, was the auspicious day for counting flocks.

'Thuirt a Mhuime ri mo Shlan'ear,	His Foster-mother said to my Redeemer,
Nach e'n Aona bha ga'n aireamh,	That it was not the Friday they were counted,
Ach an Luan an tus an raithe,	But the Monday at the beginning of the quarter,
No an Domhnach, La na Sabaid.'	Or the Lord's Day, the Day of the Sabbath.

Next to these, and sometimes preferred to them, was Thursday, the day of Columba.

Friday is unlucky and banned because Christ was put to death on that day. It is not permissible to begin ploughing, reaping, cutting peats, clipping sheep, nor even to cut hair on Friday. If peat-cutting is begun on Friday, some one will remark, 'Tha cuid-eigin an seo an diugh nach faic a mhoine seo loisgte'—There is some one here to-day who will not see these peats burnt. All feel more than they say.

No burial occurs on a Friday, nor any other work necessitating the use of iron. Even the fairies were not allowed to appear on Friday:—

'Luchd nan trusganan naine,	The tribe of the green mantles,
'S nan tulachan cluanach reidh,	And of the hillocks reposeful and smooth,
Beannachd nan sion 's nan siubhal dhaibh—	The blessing of the spell (?) and of the travelling be theirs—
An diugh an Aona 's cha chluinn iad sinn.'	To-day is Friday and they cannot hear us.

There are many sayings about Friday :—

'An Aona an aghaidh na seachdain.'	The Friday against the week.
'Aona bagarrach, Sathurna deurach.'	Friday threatening, Saturday tearful.
'An Aona an aghaidh na glaic.'	The Friday against the grasp (palm).
'Ma gheobh an Aona na bhial e.'	If the Friday gets it in its mouth, *i.e.* it will rain.

Till recently no iron was used in the harrow for harrowing the corn, nor in the dibble with which the potatoes were planted. It is permissible, therefore, and even commendable, to sow and plant on Friday :—

'Aona gu fas, Mart gu gearradh.'	Friday for growing, Tuesday for cutting.

On the other hand, the 'reiteach,' formal betrothal, always takes place in Uist on Friday.

'Di-sathnirn,' Saturday, Saturn's day, is never praised except by implication :—

'Sathurna gun athadh, gun iasad, gun fhiachan, Deireadh seachdain gasda, geal, grianach.'	Saturday without reproach, without borrowing, without debts, End of a week gladsome, bright, sunshiny.
'Gealach Sathurna foghar Gabhaidh an caothach seachd uairean.'	An autumn Saturday moon Will take (give?) madness seven times, *i.e.* madness will be seven times worse.
'Is leoir gealach ur Shathurn Truth 's na seachd bliadhna.'	Enough is the new moon on Saturday Once in the seven years.
'Ma thoisicheas a bhuain Di-sathurna Bithidh e seachd Sathurna gun bhuain.'	If the reaping begin on Saturday It will be seven Saturdays before it is reaped.
'Deireadh nan seachd Sathurn ort!'	The end of the seven Saturdays upon thee!
'Sonas nan seachd Sathurn ort!'	The joy of the seven Saturdays upon thee! —used derisively.

These are maledictions much resented, though their meaning is not now quite clear.

'Di-domhnaich,' Sunday, day of the Lord. Sunday was a lucky day to be born :—

'Leanabh an Domhnach Comhnartach ceum.'	The child of the Lord's Day Even of step.

The child born 'between watches' sees the unseen. The child born on the stroke of midnight has second-sight. 9 P.M. is the most unlucky time to be born.

A mother closed all days of the week to her son who wished to go away :—

'Na falbh 's an Luan, Na gluais 's a Mhart, An Ciadaona daobha, An Daorn dalach,	Go not on the Monday, Move not on the Tuesday, The Wednesday is false, The Thursday dilatory,

An Aona mi-bhuadha,
An Sathurna mi-ghradhach,
Leig dhiot sgriob na truaighe ;
Cha dual dut falbh am maireach—
An Domhnach gu fois tamha.'

Friday is unlucky,
Saturday is unloving,
Give up thy journey of misery ;
Unseemly for thee to go to-morrow—
The Lord's Day is for peaceful rest.

Another version says :—

'Domhnach eirig dh' an Re,
Diluan na eirich moch,
Dimairt ar agus eug,
Diciadain creuchd us croch,
Diardaoin daoch agus lochd,
Diaoin ire na di-bhuaidh,
Cha dual dut falbh a nochd.'

Sunday tribute to the King,
Monday arise not early,
Tuesday is war and death,
Wednesday is wounds and blood,
Thursday is hateful and evil,
Friday of dire ill-deed,
Ill-timed to leave to-night.

Much more folklore on the days of the week might be added.

Di-baigh, dim-baigh, loveless, merciless ; from 'di,' want of, and 'bagh,' love, mercy.

Di-bith, dim-bith, lifeless, luckless ; from 'di,' want of, and 'bith,' life.

Dōchaidh, comparative of 'dōgh,' 'dōigh,' trust ; hence more trustful, more hopeful, more likely.

Doilisg, vexation, annoyance, grief, state of death.

Domhnach Ceusda, Easter Sunday, Crucifying Sunday ; from 'Domhnach,' Lord's day, and 'ceus,' crucify.

The people say that the sun dances on this day in joy for a risen Saviour.

Old Barbara Macphie at Dreimsdale saw this once, but only once, during her long life. And the good woman, of high natural intelligence, described in poetic language and with religious fervour what she saw or believed she saw from the summit of Benmore :—'Bha-ghrian or-ghil an deigh eirigh air sgeith nam beann mora agus i a caochladh dath—naine, purpaidh, dearg, cra-dhearg, geal, gile-gheal, agus oir-gheal, mar ghloir Dhe nan dul do chlanna dhaona. Bha i a dannsadh a sios agus a suas ann an gairdeachas ri ais-eirigh aigh Slanuighear gradhach nam buadh.'—The glorious gold-bright sun was after rising on the crests of the great hills, and it was changing colour—green, purple, red, blood-red, white, intense-white, and gold-white, like the glory of the God of the elements to the children of men. It was dancing up and down in exultation at the joyous resurrection of the beloved Saviour of victory.

'To be thus privileged, a person must ascend to the top of the highest hill before sunrise, and believe that the God who makes the small blade of grass to grow is the same God who makes the large, massive sun to move.'

Dōrnan, a handful, a glove without separate fingers. 'Dornag,' 'doirneag,' a round pebble, a handful of a pebble. 'Dornan,' 'beum,' 'slathag,' 'dlo,' 'sineag,' 'glac,' are some of the names applied to a handful of corn cut with one stroke of the reaping-hook. Three stalks of corn are used to bind a handful, and there are twenty-four handfuls in the 'raoid,' sheaf.

Dorn-gheal, Dor-gheal, Whitehand.

This was the name of the man who clothed 'Murachadh Mac Brian'—Murdoch the son of Brian, in his war vestments, and equipped him with his war weapons. The description of this equipment is an extraordinary piece of word-painting—probably unsurpassed.

Drābhachd, debauchery, indelicacy of speech; from 'drābh,' dark, black, smut.

Dris, druis, bramble. The bramble was much valued by the old Highlanders, and where not indigenous was cultivated. The fruit was used for food, the root for dyeing, and an infusion of the leaves was used for medical purposes. Alone, and in combination with the ivy and the rowan, the bramble was placed above the lintel of the byre door to ward away witches and evil spirits.

It is spoken of as 'an druise beannaichte'—the blessed bramble. It is said that a branch of the bramble was the wand with which Christ hastened the ass when going into Jerusalem, and the rod with which He drove the money-changers from the Temple.

The bramble is mentioned in several proverbs:—

'Is fearr an druise na 'n draighionn, Is fearr an draighionn na 'n donas.'	Better the bramble than the black-thorn, Better the black-thorn than the devil.
'Am fear a readhadh 's an druise domh, Readhainn 's an draighionn da.'	He who would go in the bramble for me, I would go in the thorn for him.

Duailisg, fraud, deceit, stubbornness.

Duine, 'the mortal one,' man, husband, man of children, and the counterpart of 'bean,' woman of children.

E

Eala, eal, ai, swan. 'Eala bhan,' fair swan; 'eala-gheal,' white swan; 'eala ghlas,' grey swan; 'eala-dhonn,' brown swan, cygnet.

There is no bird of passage so welcome in the Western Isles as the swan. Its size, its beauty, its mysterious, plaintive melody, give it a semi-sacred character in the eyes of the people. It is interesting to see swans feeding, and varieties of small ducks, chiefly teal, jerking in and out among them, busily picking up the animalculæ and fragments brought up by the swans. The swans take no notice of the ducks, but treat them with dignified indifference, even when the ducks pass under their bills and necks.

In severe winters swans come in large flocks to the Western Isles. When the freezing of the water seems imminent the swans will flap the water with their wings to keep an open space, taking the work in turn. When they are frozen out of the lake they betake themselves to the estuaries of the sea. Swans, like geese, fly in wedge-shaped flocks, often at a high altitude. But even when the flock is only an indistinct haze their striking melody fills the air. To

see several hundreds of these beautiful birds together, as they sail rather than fly overhead, is a sight one would not willingly forget, while their liquid voice is like the music of the long-ago echoing through the cloistered cells of memory.

But the swan sings its most beautiful melody as its own death dirge. The following imitations of the swan's song were taken down from old people in Uist who lived beside lakes on which swans remained for half the year, and to whom swans and their ways were familiar :—

'Guile, guile ! guile, guile !	
Mo chasa dubha,	My feet so black,
Guile gi, guile gi !	
'S mi fein gle gheal,	And myself so white,
Guile go, guile go !	
Turas mo dhunaidh,	Journey of ruin,
Guile, guile ! guile, guile !	
Thug mi a dh' Eirinn,	That took me to Erin,
Guile go, guile go !	
Spuileadh mo chulaidh,	Robbed was my robe,
Guile gi, guile gi !	
Struilleadh mo leine,	Spoiled was my shirt,
Guile, guile, guile go !	
Ruisgeadh mo bhothan,	Bared was my bower,
Guile gi, guile gi !	
Lotadh mo cheile, [cheud ghaol	Torn was my spouse, [first love
Guile go, guile go !	
Leonadh mo phiuthar,	Wounded my sister,
Guile, guile, guile gi !	
Muirneig na feile,	Maiden of joy,
Guile gi, guile gi !	
Leonadh 's mo bhrathair,	Yea, and wounded my brother,
Guile, guile, guile, guile !	
'S mo mhathair cha 'n eirich,	And my mother may not rise,
Guile go, guile go !	
Sgeula mo mhulaid,	Tale of my sorrow,
Guile gi, guile gi !	
Thug mi a dh' Eirinn.	That took me to Eire.
Guile, guile ! guile, guile !	
Guile gi ! guile gi !	
Guile, guile ! guile, guile !	
Guile go ! guile go !'	

Another version is :—

'Gu bhi gi,	Gu vi gi,
Gu bhi go,	Gu vi go,
Mo thuras dubh,	My black journey,
Mo thuras dubh,	My black journey,
Mo thuras dubh,	My black journey,
Mar dhealaich sinn !	How we parted !

Mo thuras dubh	My black journey
A thug mi dh' Eire,	I took to Erin,
Mo chruaidh leir,	My hard pain,
Mar dhealaich sinn !	How we parted !
Gu bhi gi, gu bhi go !	Gu vi gi, gu vi go !
Guth na h-eala, guth an coin,	Voice of the swan, voice of the bird,
Gu bhi gi, gu bhi go !	Gu vi gi, gu vi go !
Gu na h-eala air an loin.'	Voice of the swan on the lake.

Probably the mention of Ireland is in reference to the story of 'The Children of Lir,' one of the three great 'Sorrows of Story-telling.'

Although the singing of the swan is not generally acknowledged by ornithologists, it is a widespread and an old belief. Several of the Latin poets speak of it, and mention of it is also to be found in German and Russian authors. *Cf.* Müllenhoff's *Altertumskunde,* where an interesting account is given of the song of the swan.

There are many references in Gaelic poetry to the song of the swan :—

'Bithidh mi tuillidh gu tursach deurach,	I shall henceforth be sorrowful, tearful,
Mar eala bhan an deigh a reubadh,	Like to the white swan after she is wounded,
Guileag bhais aic air lochan feurach,	Singing her death dirge on a reedy lake,
'S cach uile an deigh a treigsinn.'	When all the others have forsaken her.

This is true to nature.

'Is binn na h-eoin an coir na mara,	Sweet are the birds beside the sea,
Is binn na h-eala tha air an lon,	Sweet are the swans upon the lake,
Is binne leam-sa guth mo leannain	Sweeter to me the voice of my love
D uair a theanneas i ri ceol.'	When she sings a melody.

Vows were made upon the swan. In Uist the vow took a negative form. Vows of constancy were made on 'righinn na h-ealt,' the queen of the bird-kingdom :—

'Feumaidh mi mo ghruag a ghearradh,	I must needs tonsure my hair,
Us m'aithreachas a dhubladh,	And double my repentance,
Mo bhoid gu gramail thoir dh' an eala,	My vow give firmly to the swan,
Feuch am mair mo chliu mi.'	To see if my fame will cleave to me.

Dunbar, court poet to James IV., speaks of vowing upon the swan :—

> 'I wad gif all that ever I have,
> To that condition, so God me save,
> That ye had vowit on the swan
> Ane year to be Johan Tamson's man.'

The swan was vowed upon in England also :—'Edward vowed on the swan.'—Green's *History.*

The word 'eala' is also applied to a pillared stone, a sanctuary, but probably in this case it is a corruption of 'al,' 'ala,' a stone. There are stones so called in Lismore, Iona, Crinan, Fortrose, and elsewhere. That in Lismore is near the

church, formerly the choir of the cathedral. A criminal who reached the 'eala' was safe for a year and a day, or until he paid the ransom. If the ransom was not paid by the expiry of that time, the criminal was tried at 'Druim na Bithe,' ridge of judgment, a few hundred yards west of the 'eala.' After the trial the accused was led back to the stone. If acquitted he was led sunwise round the sanctuary and liberated. If condemned, he was led three times withershins round the stone and then taken to 'Druim na croiche,' ridge of the gallows, a few hundred yards to the south. In Iona, at 'Port nam marbh,' port of the dead, where the dead were landed for burial in the holy isle, there is a raised platform called 'eala.' The platform is in the form of an altar, and the dead were carried three times sunwise round it and placed upon it before burial. All the stones known to me called 'eala' were places of sanctuary. Possibly 'Eileacha Naomh,' Holy Isles, may be 'Ealacha Naomh,' Holy Sanctuaries.

Ear, east. The old people paid much attention to the orientation of their dwellings and temples.

'An ear 's an iar	Eastward and westward
An dachaidh is fearr.'	The best homestead.
'Mo bhruthain bheag fein	Mine own little bower
'S a shuil 's a ghrein,	With its eye in the sun,
Us teampull De	And the temple of God
'S a cheann 's an ear.'	With its head in the east.

Eararadh, seeking, searching. 'Air eiriridh,' on the search; 'eiriridh maidne,' morning search; 'eiriridh chloimh,' wool-seeking; 'eiriridh dhaoine,' seeking people.

Eararach, ciririch, parched grain. When corn, especially bere or barley, is dried it is beaten to take off the awn. This used to be done with the naked feet, generally by women, so as not to bruise or break the grain. Hence the reference in the dance song:—

'Ta chuile te cho togarrach	Each damsel is so blithely
'S i bogadh ris na beiririch	Bowing to the 'beiririch,'
'S gu'n dannsadh i cho sodanach	And she would dance as lightly,
'S ge d' bhiodh i pronnadh ciririch.	As if tramping parched corn.
''S e Domhnull, 's e Domhnull,	'Twas Donald, 'twas Donald,
'S e Domhnull a rinn a bhanais!	'Twas Donald made the wedding!
'S e Domhnull, 's e Domhnull,	'Twas Donald, 'twas Donald
A rinn a bhanais ainmeil!'	That made the famous wedding!

In Shetland the parched grain and the meal from it are called 'burstin,' probably from the tendency of the grain to burst in the process of drying.

Earasaid, a wide mantle that used to be worn by women in the Highlands. Occasionally it was made of tartan, but generally of 'iomairt.' The 'earasaid' is mentioned in a song sung by Boswell at Rararsay. The subject of the song is Prince Charlie, over whom Highlanders lost their heads and their hearts.

'Is ioma maighdean sparasach,
Dha math dh' an tig an earasaid,
Eadar Baile-mhanaich's Caolas Bharr
An deigh ort;

Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham eirigh.

Tha cuid 's an Fhraing 's an Eadailt dhiubh,
Tha cuid an Eilean Bheagram dhiubh,
'S cha'n eil la teagais nach bi
An Cille-pheadair treud dhiubh.'

There is many a haughty maiden,
To whom becomes the 'earasaid,'
From Monkstown to Barra Sound
In love of thee,

I must arise, arise, arise,
I must arise, arise, arise,
I must arise, arise, arise,
I must arise and wield the claymore.

There are some in France and Italy,
There are some in Isle of Beagram,
Nor is there a preaching day
But is in Killpheadair a band of them.

Earc, a heifer, cow, beast of the cow kind; 'earc inc,' notched cow, from 'earc,' a cow, and 'inc,' a notch, possibly applied to the Caledonian cattle.

Earnach, arnach, red-water in cattle, red pleura, bloody flux.

Earrlait, rich soil, ground manured one year and productive the next, productive animals, prosperous undertaking.

Eidhion, iadhain, eidh-shlat, iadh-shlat, and *cidhion mu chrann*, ivy. 'Iadh-shlat' is more often and more correctly applied to the honeysuckle.

Ivy is one of the many sacred shrubs of the Celts. It is used as a protective for milk, milk products, flocks, and by lovers as an emblem of fidelity. An old man in Uist said that he used to swim to an islet in a lake in his neighbourhood for ivy, woodbine, and mountain ash. These, sometimes separately and sometimes combined, he twined into a three-plied 'cnach,' ring, which he placed over the lintel of his cow-house and under the vessels in his milk-house, to safeguard his cows and his milk from witchcraft, evil eye, and murrain.

The term 'iadh-shlat' is used by old people, and occurs in old poetry.

'Thug an dithis dh'an ainnir gaol,
Ach air Goll bha a gorm-shuil chaon,
B'e fath a h-aislig e 's an oidhche,
'S fath a broin an cos nan coilltean.

A Dhuarain c'uim a sheas!
A Ghoill c'uim a thuit!
A Dhuarain c'uim an cualas riamh
Luaidh air do shliochd!

Fhuaradh an ailleag, 's i bronach,
Us beo cha bhuainte bho a gaol i,
A beul r'a bheul, a h-uchd r'a uchd,
A ruighe geal 'g a iadhadh
Mar iadh-shlat mu stoc aosda.'

The two to the damsel gave love,
But on Goll was her lovely blue eye,
He was the subject of her dreams by night,
And the cause of her sighs in the depths of the woods.

Duaran, why didst thou stand.
Goll, why didst thou fall!
Duaran, why was ever heard
Mention of thy race!

The lovely damsel was found, and she in grief,
And living would not be torn from her lover,
Her lips to his lips, her breast to his breast,
And her white arm twining round him
As the twining-wand around the aged tree.

This fragment was taken down in 1860 from Kenneth Morrison, Trithion, Minginis, Skye. Kenneth Morrison was then blind and old, but he remem-

bered many beautiful and rare old poems with more or less completeness. These he heard when a boy at the 'ceilidh,' of which he gave many graphic descriptions.

Eigir, Aegir, a god, a deity, a king. In Norse mythology Aigir is king of the sea, god of the ocean. In Celtic mythology he is king of the dwarfs, god of the misers.

In Arran, 'iasg eigir' is a small fish, a dwarf fish, and 'iasgach eigir' is a poor fishing, whether for the night or for the season. In Barra, 'ubh eigir' is a small egg, a dwarf egg, while 'uibhean eigir,' dwarf eggs, is a term applied to the eggs of the smallest sea and land birds.

'Eigir,' wrongly 'seigir,' is applied to the little gull, an occasional visitor, and more commonly to the kittiwake, the smallest permanent British gull.

'Eigire giullain' is a puny boy; 'eigire bodaich,' a miserly carle; 'eigire truagh duine,' a mean, miserable man. 'Teom eigir' is a small dole; 'deire eigir,' miserable alms; 'tiodhlac eigir,' a miserly donation. 'Tiodhlac eigir' is applied to an illiberal religious oblation. 'D uair bha an duine ann an gabhadh bais agus ann an anradh cruaidh thug e boid agus briathar gu'n toireadh e tiodhlac toighe agus nasga deirce. Fhuair an duine as a ghabhadh bais agus as an anradh chruaidh agus thug e tiodhlac agus deire ach b'e sin deire a bhroin agus tiodhlac Eigir!'—'When the man was in death straits, and in hard plight, he vowed and asseverated that he would give oblation and free alms. The man got out of the death straits, and out of the hard plight, and he gave oblation and alms, but that was the alms of sorrow and the oblation of Aigir!'

Besides 'Lioc a Eigir' in South Uist, there is 'Laimrig Eigir,' landing-place of Aigir in North Uist, and there are in Benbecula 'Loch Eigir,' lake of Aigir, 'Eilean Eigir,' island of Aigir, 'Sgeir Eigir,' the reef of Aigir, and 'Iol Eigir,' the fishing-place of Aigir.

The lake is small and full of small brown trout. The island is merely a rock on which some grass grows. It is the resort of the black-headed gull and of the Arctic tern in their season.

An old 'clachan,' path of stepping-stones, connects the rock with the shore, and indicates that the fishing-place was known to people in olden times.

'Leac Eigir' is mentioned in a secular poem taken down in 1870 from Fearachar Beaton, shepherd, Corradale, South Uist. The poem is old and of geological interest. It describes scenes and changes which have occurred in the relative position of sea and land, and in the climatic and economic conditions of Uist. The poet had either a prophetic eye for the future or an observant eye for the past. The poem professes to have been composed by a woman of whose age even tradition failed to account. The woman was known during the centuries as 'Cailleach bheag an fhasaich,' little carlin of the wild. The oldest 'seanachie,' historian, in Uist remarked to the woman that she had been an old woman when his great-great-grandfather was a boy. The woman did not take offence at her implied great age, and she said:—

'When I was a 'mareag mullaich,' little summit-rider, Heisgeir was the

peninsula of Ei, in Benbecula, and joined to South Uist and to North Uist. South Uist was joined to Barra, and North Uist was joined to Harris, and this Long Island was called 'Innis Cat,' Island of the Cat or Caty. I would leave my little brown bower beneath the shelter of 'Creag nam brath,' in Heisgeir, when the little brown brindled lark of Mary bounded to the ear of heaven to herald the dawn, and I would ride my white sturdy garron and reach my green grey bothy in Corradale as the swift russet stag rose from his lair to shake the dew-drops from his horns.'

This and much more had been in verse, but the fragment that follows is all that the narrator could remember in the original form :—

'D'nair bha an fhairge mhor	What time the great sea
Na coille choinnich ghlais,	Was a grey mossy wood, [foggy
Bha mis am mhuirneig oig,	I was a joyous little maiden,
Bu bhiadh miamh maidne dhomh	My wholesome morning meal
Duileasg Lioc a Eigir,	The dulse of the Rock of Agir
Agus creamh an Sgōth,	And the wild garlic of 'Sgōth,'
Uisge Loch-a-Cheann-dubhain,	The water of 'Loch-a-Cheann-dubhain,'
Us iasg an Iounaire-mhoir,	And the fish of 'Iounaire-mor,'
B' iad sind mo ragha beath-sa	Those would be my choice sustenance
Am fad 's a bhithinn beo.	As long as I would live.
Chuirinn mo naoi imrean lurach lin	I would sow my nine lovely rigs of lint
An gleanuan grinn Chorradail,	In the little trim glen of Corradale,
Us thogainn mo chrioslachan chno	And I would lift my skirtful of nuts
Eadar dha Thorarnis.'	Between the two Torarnises.

All the places mentioned are in South Uist. Corradale is a deep green glen between Hecla and Benmore facing the Minch. There are several underground dwellings and rock caves of much interest in the neighbourhood of Corradale. One of these caves is 'Uamh nan Tighearnan,' the cave of the gentlemen, where the gentlemen of South Uist met once a year for sport and enjoyment. Lower down is 'Uamh a Phrionnsa,' the cave of the prince, where Prince Charlie and some of his followers lived for several weeks after the disasters of Culloden. It is a small cave, being only a few feet in depth and breadth. The floor is a steep slope. There are no crofters in Corradale now nor within many miles, but during the time of the Prince the whole of this region was full of crofter families. I have the names of eighty-two crofter families who were evicted from the district of Corradale some years afterwards. The Prince and his followers lived there on such homely fare as these hospitable people could give, and moved about among their houses. Occasional supplies of linen and other luxuries were brought to them by the gentlemen of Barra, South Uist, Benbecula, North Uist, and Skye. While the Prince was in Corradale all the people not only of South Uist but of all the neighbouring islands knew that he was there. The writer saw and spoke with men and women whose fathers and mothers had seen and succoured the Prince. The whole of these faithful people of Corradale, and hundreds more, were evicted and driven to

all ends of the earth—many of them to die moral and physical deaths in the slums of Glasgow and other cities—in order to add their land to the already extensive lands of tacksmen, one of these being the parish minister.

Torarnis, Torrarnis, Torrannis, is the point of Thor, the point of the thunderer. There are two places of this name in South Uist, and in the neighbourhood of one another, both famed for bere.

There are no nuts there now, nor anywhere in Uist, nor bushes nor trees of any kind—nothing but long reaches of sessile sand here and there overlying long stretches of compacted peat. Hazel-nuts in great quantities have been found in Uist lying on the glacial rock. In many places round the west side of the Outer Hebrides the remains of trees of various sizes have been found at low water embedded in the hard peat moss underlying pure sand.

Torrarnis is mentioned in a poem taken down in 1869 from a woman at Lianacuith, South Uist. The poem purports to foretell the overflowing of the Atlantic and the submerging of certain places, including

'Torrarnis an eorna,	Torrarnis of the bere,
'S am muir mor m'a meadhon.'	With the great sea round its middle.

'The walls of the churches shall be the fishing-rocks of the people, while the resting-place of the dead shall be a forest of tangles, among whose mazes the pale-faced mermaid, the marled seal, and the brown otter shall race and run and leap and gambol—

'"Like the children of men at play."'

This prophecy is to some extent verified, for vast tracts of lands and woods, and in some places the remains of dykes, houses, and churches, can be seen along the coast at low-water.

Carlyle speaks in *Heroes and Hero-Worship* of the boatmen on the Yorkshire Ouse calling out when the river is in flood—'Eager is coming! Eager is coming!' 'Eager' is also known on the Severn. In this case the idea is that of the Norse giant. A deity of this name is also god of the muses in Celtic mythology.

Eimir, the wife of Cuchulainn. She is the type of beauty in Gaelic story. (Vol. i. p. 8.)

Eoir, spell, charm, incantation. 'Eoir' in Lews, 'eolas' in Uist.

Eolas, eoilse, eoisle, a spell, charm, incantation, magic, exorcism, knowledge.

Eorlain, earlain, arlain, floor, bottom, lower part, a glen that slopes to a narrow compass, from 'earr,' limit. The three planks on each side of the keel of a boat are called 'eorlain,'—'eorlain na h-eithir'—bottom of the boat, in this case from 'earrlain,' keel.

Eunarag, snipe, little goat-bird, from 'eun,' bird, 'gobharag,' little goat. As many as thirteen Gaelic names are applied to the snipe, some of them in reference to the kid-like cry of the bird. The snipe is one of the seven dormant birds of the people. It is 'sained,' and more feared than liked by nightfarers. (See *Meannanaich*, p. 306.)

F

Fabhradh, swirl, whirl, eddy. 'Fabhradh nimheil na gaoithe 'n ear'—the venomous swirl of the east wind.

Fad-buinn, door-step, lit. sole-sod. The name originated when a grassy turf was, as it still is occasionally, the door-step. 'Fad-buinn' is also applied to a wooden, but not to a stone step, which is called 'starsach.'

Fadhdach, black, blackness, confusion; cf. 'fadhbhag,' 'fadhtag,' cuttle-fish.

Fad-seilbh, possession sod, infeftment; the sod or handful of earth given by the seller to the buyer of land.

Faileagan, meadows, little lawns; from 'fal,' sod, turf. 'Fal' enters into many combinations, as 'foid-fail,' the sod laid on the top of the wall of a thatched house; 'garradh-fail,' turf-dyke, fail-dyke; 'fal,' divots, in some places 'sgrath.'

Fairig, dead bird, dead fish, dead seal or dead whale, any creature found dead on the sea or shore.

Fairir, far-thir, probably 'oirthir,' border, coast.

Falach fuinn, land hiding; from 'falach,' hiding, and 'fuinn,' oblique of 'fonn,' land. 'Thainig ceo draogh air na fearaibh, agus rinn iad falach fuinn'—Magic mist came upon the men, and they made land hiding.

Falc, flood, flooding, bathe, dip.

'Tobar Tiobartain nam buadh
A chasgas gach falc us fual.
An eilean iomartach a chuain
Am fior iomal an domhain mhoir.'

The well of Tiobartain of efficacy
To quell flood and gravel,
In remotest isle of the ocean,
On the very verge of the great domain.

'Tiobartan' is on the west side and in the south end of South Uist. According to tradition, the well of Tiobartan was famous in olden times, pilgrims resorting to it from afar. Then a man brought his sick horse to it, and the spirit of the well fled shrieking, and never returned. The well is in the machair, near the sea, and is now filled up with drift sand. The term 'Tobar Tiobartain' or 'Tobar Tibirt' is curious as showing a duplication of words. 'Tibir' means a well, and is a form of 'tobar.' 'Tobar Tiobartain' might mean 'well of wells.' There is 'Aber Tibirt' at the head of Loch Tiacais in Morven.

'Tobar nan naoi beo,'—the well of the nine lives. This well is said to have kept nine children alive during a famine.

Healing and holy wells are very numerous in the Highlands, as elsewhere in Britain, scarcely a district being without one or more. Much interesting lore is connected with these wells, and with their curative powers and the rites observed at them.

Falluinn, falluing, garment, mantle, robe.

'Faodaidh luchd nam falluinne dearga,
Gun au calg a bhi fuilteach.'

The tribe of the red robes [deer]
Need not have their hair bloody.

The robe was asseverated upon—

'Air m' fhalluinn fhein tha.'	Upon mine own robe it is.
'A nighean donn nam meal-shuilean,	Brown maiden of the liquid eyes,
Air m' fhalluinn thug mi speis dhut.'	By my robe I gave thee love.

Famh-bhual, famh-fhual, lamh-fhual, water-mole, from 'famh,' mole, and 'bual,' water. Several names are applied to the water-shrew, as 'famh-bhual,' water-mole; 'lamh-fhual,' 'labh-alan,' water-vole, and 'bad-alan,' water-vole. Probably 'labh' and 'lamh,' arise from the influence of the *n* of the article on aspirated 'famh,' mole. The names of the water-mole have their counterparts in the names of the land-mole. 'Famh,' 'fomh,' mole; 'famh-uir,' earth-mole; 'famh-thalamhan,' ground-mole, 'dith-reodha' in Perthshire. The 'famh-bhual,' the mole of the water, is the counterpart of the 'famh-uir,' the mole of the earth. The two moles resemble one another in appearance and habits, but not in habitats. The land-mole abides under the earth, living upon earth-plants, earth-roots, and earth-insects, and moving about under the earth with surprising speed. The water-mole abides under the water, living upon water-plants, water-roots, and water-insects, and moving about under the water with marvellous rapidity.

The mysterious water-mole was much dreaded by the people. Its touch was supposed to cause paralysis, mortification, and death.

In the inimitable burlesque of *Brigis Mhic Ruaraidh,* the poet warns his friends against allowing the trouserless man to the moorland lest the water-shrew should come and strike him.

'Na leigibh bho bhail e,	Do not allow him from townland,
Do mhoinich no choille,	To moorland nor woodland,
Mu'n tig an labh-alan	Lest the water-mole should come
'S gu'n suath i ris.'	And rub on him.

The giants who live in caves and underground structures go under the names of 'famh,' mole, 'famhair' and 'fuamhaire,' giant. A man much addicted to burrowing underground is called 'famh,' mole; 'famhair' and 'fuamhaire,' giant. Perhaps the 'famhair,' 'fuamhaire,' was the Titan of the Celt, the Cyclop of his underground structures, and the Fomorian of his history.

Faochaire, a knave, a betrayer, a perjurer, Judas; from 'faoch,' a curve, from which also 'faochag,' periwinkle.

'Co cama ri cruim na faochaig.'	As crooked as the worm of the whelk.
'Co cama ri faochag dhubh a chladaich.'	As crooked as the black whelk of the strand.

—morally oblique.

'Falt faochaidh fionn,	Hair curving fair,
Cama lubaidh donn.'	Curly winding brown.

Faoigh, faigh, foigh, thig, thigging, genteel begging.

'Cha'n fhaoigh e.'	It is not a thigging.

The wool for the web had not been obtained by 'thigging,' which was a common

practice in Britain in the Middle Ages, nor is it yet wholly extinct. In 1414 the Scottish Parliament passed an Act against 'thiggers' and 'sorners,' these being the social pests of the period. The thing begged was indicated as 'faoigh eorna,' barley thigging; 'faoigh chruidh,' cattle thigging. An old proverb says :—

'Cha 'n i mhuc is fearr	It is not the best pig
A ghcobh fear na faoighe.'	That the man of the thigging gets.

When the sons and daughters of the higher classes married, they went 'air faoighe,' a-thigging, to help them to set up in the world. Others followed their example down to the lowest grade. The writer conversed with an old man of ninety-nine years of age who went round thigging with the daughter of his chief after her marriage. The lady, who was very lovely, rode a beautiful black pony, and my informant was her 'coiseachan,' footman. She and her husband were well received and hospitably entertained everywhere, and after an absence of some weeks they returned home with a miscellaneous herd, enough to stock a large farm.

Faoilleach, Faoilteach, Faoiltheachd, possibly 'the Carnival Season,' but folk-etymology, leaning upon 'faol,' wolf, makes it 'wolf-month.' During this proverbially hard period the wolf, driven from wood and mountain, approached dwellings. There are many sayings about this pressing period of the year :—

'Mi Faoillich,	Month of 'Faoilleach,'	[sharp, ravenous, tearing wind.
Naoi la Gearrain,	Nine days of 'Gearran,'	[galloping wind, like a garron.
Seachdain Feadaig,	A week of 'Feadag,'	[sharp, piping wind.
Seachdain Caillich,	A week of 'Cailleach,'	[a few semi-calm days.
Tri la Sguabaig,	Three days of 'Sguabag,'	[the soughing blast which ushers in the spring.
Suas an t-earrach !'	Up with the Spring !	

These lines personify the weather under the names of animals and other figures. Here we see myths in the making.

'Tri la Iuchar 's an Fhaoilleach,	Three days of Dog-days in Wolf-month,
Tri la Faoilleach 's an Iuchar.'	Three days of Wolf-month in Dog-days.
'Thubhairt an Gearran ris an Fhaoilleach,	The 'Gearran' said to the 'Faoilleach,'
"C'ait, a ghaoil, an gamhuinn bochd ?"	'Where, love, the lean stirk ?'
"Fhir a chuir mi chon an t-saoghail,	'Thou who didst send me into the world,
Chuir mi mhaodal air an stochd."	I placed his paunch upon the stake.'
"Och mo leireadh," ors an Ceitein.	'O ! my grief,' said the 'Ceitein,'
"'S truagh an eirig a thig ort,	'Great the ransom upon thee,
Na 'n d' fhuair mise bogadh chluas dheth,	Had I at all got hold of his ears,
Chuir mi suas e ris a chnoc."'	I would have sent him up the hill.'

The people disliked heat in the 'Faoilleach,' deeming it unnatural.

'Faoilleach, Faoilleach, crodh air teas,	'Faoilleach,' 'Faoilleach,' cattle fleeing from heat,
Caoidh us caoineadh dheanadh mis,	Weeping and wailing I would make to it,
Faoilleach, Faoilleach, crodh am preas,	'Faoilleach,' 'Faoilleach,' cattle fleeing to bushes,
Gaire caomha dheanainn ris.'	Laughter and hail I would make to it.

The 'Gobag,' voracious one, began the day before the 'Faoilleach,' and is on this account called the mother of the 'Faoilleach':—

'Gobag, Gobag, mathair Faoillich fuair,
A mharbh a chaor agus a chaol-uan,
A mharbh a ghobhar ghlas ri dha,
Agus an gamhuinn breac ri aon trath.'

'Gobag'! 'Gobag'! mother of the Wolf-month cold,
That didst kill the sheep and the lean lamb,
That didst kill the grey goat in two watches,
And the speckled stirk in one.

The old people wished to have the furrows filled three times during the Wolf-month—'lan uisge, lan sneachda, lan tugha nan taighean'—full of water, full of snow, full of the thatch of the houses.

Far, the preposition 'on' used in compounds, *e.g.* 'farasg,' false fish, fish found dead on the sea or shore; spent fish, as 'fara-bhreac,' spent trout; 'fara-bhradan,' spent salmon; 'fara-laogh,' false calf, monstrosity; 'fara-ghaol,' false love; 'far-thir,' an out-of-the-way place; 'far-thagh,' 'foireagh,' a certain amount of farm produce allowed to farm servants in olden times.

Farch, farch-chiuil, fairchil, a musical instrument, possibly the lute, probably the lyre. The 'farch' is mentioned in the 'Lay of Fraoch,' taken down in 1861 from Kenneth Morrison, Trithion, Skye:—

'B' fhaide do shleagh na slat shiuil,
Bu bhinne na farch-chiuil do ghuth,
Snamhaiche cho fāth ri Fraoch
Cha do shin a thaobh ri sruth.'

Longer thy spear than the yard of the sail,
Sweeter than the lyre of melody thy voice,
A swimmer as swift as Fraoch
Never stretched his side to flood.

Probably 'farch,' the musical instrument, is from the same root as 'farchin,' 'farch-chrann,' 'fara-chrann,' bread-toaster. Both being sharply curved, the one may have borrowed the name from the other, or both may have borrowed from a common source.

Fā, fāth, vista, perspective, a long, narrow glen. 'Fath fad air falbh,' a view far away. 'Chi mi fath air na feidh'—I see a distant view of the deer. 'Ni 'm faic mi fath dhiubh'—Nor see I a view of them. Probably cognate with 'faire,' 'faireadh,' horizon.

'Chi mi, chi mi fad air faireadh,
Air bharr na roide ruaidhe
Am mac a tighinn o'n mhathair
Am mathair a tighinn uaithe.

I see, I see in the far vista
On the top of the red bog-myrtle,
The son coming from the mother,
The mother coming from him.

This is a riddle the answer to which is 'night and day.'

Fcaman-chir, fcamain-chirein, fcamain chircincach, the channelled fucus, the crested seaweed. This seaweed lies highest on the strand—the last submerged by the flood, and first exposed by the ebb. It is said to contain more potash than any other seaweed, and on this account is much used by the people for poulticing and medicinal purposes. Boiled and mixed with meal it is given to cows and calves, pigs and poultry, principally in spring.

Fearan, fearain, dove, stock-dove, wood-pigeon.

Fēun, the arm, the hand, the hollow of the palm.

Fideag, flute, whistle, whistling.

'Co shinneas an fhideag airgid—	Who will play the silver flute—
Mac mo righ air tir an Albain!'	The son of my king ashore in Alban!

Fiodhag, fiodhagach, bird-cherry. The bird-cherry takes the place of the wild fig-tree in popular lore. The people say that the wild fig-tree is banned because of the incident of the barren fig-tree. They do not use it for any structural purpose, but in some districts a decoction of the wood is made for certain diseases in cattle.

When 'Macmhuirich Mor' seized 'isean na beist,' the young of the beast, the mother besought him to give her back her young, and that she would perform for him whatever service he demanded. Never thinking that she could accomplish such a thing, 'Macmhuirich Mor' asked the 'beast' to build him a house of nine couples, and to thatch it with the down and feathers of birds, no two feathers to be alike.

The 'beast' was dismayed at the ransom demanded of her, but she set to work resolutely and completed her task before the old cock crowed. She could be heard in the midnight air cheerily singing as she flew about to and fro, the burden of her song being—

'Sgrith! sgrath! sgolban!	Turf! divot! and splint!
Taobh taigh a chealgair!'	To the side of the house of the rogue!

The 'beast' would then change the measure of her song, and sing—

'Gach fiodh 's a choill ach fiodhagach,	Any tree in the forest save the wild fig-tree,
Gach fiodh 's a choill ach fiodhagach,	Any tree in the forest save the wild fig-tree,
Gach fiodh 's a choill ach crithionn crainn,	Any tree in the forest save the aspen tree,
Druidhinn dreang, iudhar cam us fiodhagach.'	The thorn of pain, the crooked yew, and the wild fig-tree.

Fiolan, fiollan, feallan, a fly, a worm, an insect, an animal, a parasite, the bot fly.

It is difficult to determine the precise meaning attached to 'fiolan' in these incantations. Probably 'fiolan fionn' is the gadfly; 'fiolan donn,' the earwig; 'fiolan fada,' long insect, the centipede; 'fiolan feoir,' the shrew; 'fiolan luachair,' the lizard, ordinarily 'dearc luachrach.'

'Fiolag,' a fly, a flighty person. From the frequent mention of the 'fiolan fionn,' gadfly, it must have been a common pest among the people. Probably sleeping much in the open air was conducive to this—the insect depositing its eggs in the necks and faces of the people, as it deposits its eggs in the backs and rumps of cattle.

The 'fiolan' moves about 'eadar bian us sithionn,' between skin and flesh, causing intense pain and suffering. The people applied poultices of water-cress and other plants to the part affected, and rubbed it with honey, hog's lard, and other specifics.

Similar insect pests are common in South America, Africa, and India, causing much trouble, sometimes resulting in permanent injuries to natives and Europeans.

Fion, wine. Wine is frequently mentioned in old Gaelic lore, whisky never. The following lines occur in a song taken down in Miunghlaidh, one of the islands of Barra, in the summer of 1865:—

'Is e mac Aoidh an duine treubhach,	The son of Aodh is the brave man,
Ni e sioda dh'an chloimh Cheitein,	He could make silk of the May wool,
'S fion air bharr an fhraoich,	And wine from the heather-top,
Na 'm b' fheudar.'	If it were necessary.

Fionn-faoilidh, a plant, the English name of which I do not know.

Fitheach, biadhtach, raven. Ravens are seldom gregarious, generally going in ones, twos, or threes. Occasionally they congregate in flocks of many hundreds when a dead animal is on the moor or on the shore, when they gorge themselves by day and sleep in the rocks by night. At such times they become a nuisance to the people of the place, who try to capture one of them. When secured, the bird is tarred, painted, plucked or clipped, and placed on the carcase. The rest of the ravens hold a court over the unfortunate bird, standing round it and talking loudly and simultaneously. After a time one goes forward and gives a peck at the hapless bird, then another and another, till the whole of them crowd round the victim and end him. Sometimes the ravens simply look at the injured one, and then sail away as silently and as variously as they came, till in a minute or two not a raven is to be seen.

Of a man who has arrived accidentally and opportunely it is said:—

'Tha fios fithich aige.'	He has raven's knowledge.
'Fios fithich gu roic.'	Raven's knowledge to a feast.

When a raven is killed during nidification, the bereaved mate goes away, and after a short absence returns with another raven. When one of these is in turn killed, the other raven goes away and brings a new mate. This process is repeated till the third time, but if one be killed after that the remaining bird leaves the place and never returns. The term 'biadhtach,' feeder, is applied to the raven, and sometimes to a gluttonous man or boy.

One of the Lords of the Isles was going along Bac, in Barra—some say Greinetobht, North Uist,—when he saw a black-haired, unkempt boy sitting at the edge of a cornfield husking ears of corn while basking in the sun and tending the cattle. Being a ready-witted poet, like many of the old Highland chiefs, the Lord of the Isles said:—

'A bhiadhtaich sin, s' a bhiadhtaich,	Thou raven there, and thou raven,
Is math a chrimeas tu na diasan,	Right well thou nibblest ears of corn,
Is e mo ghuidhe air Righ na cruinne	It is my prayer to the King of the sphere
Thu bhi gun ionga, gun fhiacail.'	That thou be without nail, without tooth.

The boy promptly replied :—

'Ma 's a tusa Mag-omhnuill,	If thou be the Macdonald,
Gu 'n dean an Domhnach a dhiol dhut,	May the Lord make thee recompense,
Ca 'n cualas riamh fear dha d' chinneadh	Where was ever heard a man of thy name
Ag aoireadh gille ma dhiasan?'	Satirising a boy for ears of corn?

(When the Lord of the Isles is meant, and then only, the name 'Macdhomhnuill' is pronounced 'Mag-omhnuill.')

The ready wit and the implied compliment in the rebuke pleased the Lord of the Isles, and under his care the boy rose to position and founded a family.

A raven dance is curious. My wife and I once had the privilege of seeing this; and as I have never met with an account of a similar occurrence, I quote the description written at the time :—

'Mrs. Carmichael and I were driving from Scolpaig to Newton, North Uist. Immediately on coming to the top of Cnoc 'ic Eoghain looking across the "ob" —bay within a bay—of Geireann, we saw near the strand a number of ravens going through some shuttle-cock movements that puzzled us much. Intervening hillocks, windings of the road, and rapid driving prevented us for a time from having a continuous view of what was going on; but having come to a place where we had a near and full view of the birds, we stopped our little phaeton, and watched their singular proceedings in breathless silence.

'There were ten or twelve ravens in all, I forget which, on the smooth green grass adjoining the dry strand, and about a hundred yards below where we stood. On a small elevation hard by stood a large, noble-looking raven, probably the Maccrimmon of his race, and piped a "port-a-bial," mouth-tune, loud, fast, and furious. To this all the other ravens responded by running, and hopping, and jumping rapidly and regularly from certain given points in two opposite directions. "They reeled, they crossed," but I cannot say they "cleekit," like the witches in old Alloway Kirk. But they certainly went through certain movements and evolutions, now singularly resembling the "Reel of Tulloch," and now absurdly like the "Lancers' Quadrille." While these strange movements were gone through by the ravens on the ground, another raven flew to and fro overhead, now making a wide circuit, now a narrow one, and now an angle, and evidently guarding against surprise. Ultimately this strange dance—as I think I am justified in calling it—ceased, having lasted, from the time we noticed the birds first, some eight or ten minutes. Immediately thereafter all the ravens flew away, not in a body, and in one direction, as their congeners the crows would have done, but like a gang of thieves taken by surprise, all in different directions, and in various ways, no two of them going together. I have been familiar with ravens all my life, and at various times and in various places have seen numbers of them together; but I never before saw a ravens' quadrille, and probably shall never see the same thing again.'

Farlos, farlus, fairleus, the smoke-hole in the ridge of a house for the egress of smoke and the ingress of light, from 'fair,' horizon, and 'leus,' light.

Flathas, heaven, an abbreviated form of 'flathanas,' 'flaitheamhnas.' Sometimes taken to be 'flaithiunis,' isle of the noble; from 'flath,' noble, and 'innis,' isle. This mysterious isle lay far away under the western main and beneath the setting sun. There men and women retained perpetual youth, perpetual life, and perpetual love, amidst the chase, the song, and the story.

Fō, brink; 'fō a bhais,' brink of death.

Foirich, foiriche, lump, mallet, pestle, the stone used in crushing the corn in the 'pollag,' corn mortar.

Foirinn, border land, debatable land, land held in dispute and therefore watched.

Foiriridh, foirireadh, keen observation, anxious waiting, wake, watching the corpse.

Forach, forch, foirch, foiriche, a projection, a swelling, a rock, a reef in the sea, ordinarily called 'bogha.' These invisible reefs are sources of extreme danger along the Atlantic side of the Outer Isles, and in arms of the sea opening on the Atlantic. On a calm day, when the water is smooth, the sea may suddenly and noiselessly rise from five to fifteen feet, and then rush along roaring for a distance of fifty or a hundred yards, falling down in a grand cascade.

This sudden rising of the sea in the neighbourhood of sunken reefs has been fatal to many boats, among others to that of the chief of Ulva's isle in 'Lochnan-Ceall,' Mull. The fatal reef is well known, and lies half-way between Gribonn and Ulva; for the ballad of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' is founded upon fact, as are all Campbell's ballads.

Fosg, lark, 'fosgag,' little lark, from 'fosg,' open, bird of the open, bird of the open sky. 'Fosgag Moire,' 'fosgag Mhoire,' the little lark of Mary, endearingly applied to the skylark.

'Tha fosgag bheag a cheileir ghrinn
Os cionn mo chinn ri orau;
Cha dhuisg i dhomh-sa solas binn
'S mo chridhe tinn an dolas.'

The little lark of melodious trill
Is over my head singing;
But she will not awaken in me joy of music,
And that my heart is sick in sorrow.

Fosglan, a porch; 'fosglan air an fhosglan,' an opening on the opening—porch: 'am fosg,' the space above us; 'anns an fhosg,' in space.

Freigh, fraigh, fragh, wall, partition, division, shelf. 'Crog fraigh,' hand shadow, shadow pictures thrown on the wall.

'Is duilich banas taighe
Dheanamh air fraighibh falamh.'

Difficult it is housewifery
To make upon empty walls.

Frīd, frīde, gnome, pigmy, elf, rock-elfin. The people apply the term 'fride' and its derivatives 'fridean,' 'frideag,' 'fridich,' to creatures which they allege dwell in the internal rocks and in the innermost parts of the earth. They say that these gnomes eat and drink like men, and that it is not right to deprive them of the crumbs that fall to the ground. When crumbs of food or drops of milk fall on the floor the old people deprecate removing them, saying, 'Gabh ealla ris, is ioma bial feumach tha feitheamh air'—Let it be, many are the needy

mouths awaiting it. 'Macmhuirich Mor' of Staoligearry was losing his cattle through 'dosgaidh,' mischance. As he sat on a rock musing over his losses he heard a gnome mother singing to her child—

'Uist a luraiu, uist a luaidh,
Uist a chuilean nan cas luath,
D uair a shuidhichear clar Mhicmhuirich,
Gheobh mo luran iodh us uachd.'

Hush, thou dearie, hush, thou pet,
Hush, thou darling of the rapid feet,
When Macvuirich's board is set,
My darling will get corn and cream.

'Macmhuirich Mor' went home; and though he never went into his kitchen before, he went in that day. His baking-woman was making bread, and bits of dough and grains of meal were falling from her in the process. She took no notice of these till a piece fell from the bannock on her palm, and then she stooped down and lifted it. Macvuirich noticed her, and he went over and gave her a tap on the back of the hand with the switch he had, saying, 'Gabh ealla ris, a mhuirneag, is ioma bial feumach tha feitheamh air'—'Leave it alone, maiden, many a needful mouth is waiting for it. And as long as thou shalt stand in my house, never again remove the fragments of food from the floor; they are the rightful dues of "fridich nan creag," the gnomes of the rocks.' And as long as Macvuirich lived he went daily to the knoll with an offering of crumbs of bread and drops of milk to the gnomes. Never again did 'Macmhuirich Mor' lose his kine or his sheep or his horses. 'We must remember the smallest of God's creatures if we are to thrive in this world below and to live in the world beyond,' and the aged narrator had acted on her belief throughout her long life, though she had never once seen nor heard the recipients of her bounty.

Frith, augury, divination. (Vol. ii. pp. 158, 159.)

Frith, small, diminutive, infinitesimal—generally a prefix. 'Frith-ghaol,' small love, 'frith-ghaoth,' weak wind, 'frith-cheol,' low music, 'frith-cheol min nan sitheach seang,' the soft music of the slender fairies. 'Frith-iasg,' small fish—generally applied to garvies, matties, and to immature fish; 'traigh frith-eisg,' strand of small fish, implying sand-eels; 'frith-thraigh,' small ebb; 'frith-rathad,' foot-path, in contradistinction to 'rathad mor,' high-road; 'frith-ainm,' by-name, tee-name; 'frith-bhuille,' small blow, 'frith-bhuille bhreabadair,' the small stroke of the weaver. The weaver who contents himself with a weak stroke of the sleay makes flimsy cloth.

Fruan, acclivity, steepness, a steep hill; akin to 'fraon.'

Fuarag, a mixture of meal and cream, or of meal and milk, or of meal and water. In some districts the 'fuarag' is called 'stapag.'

Immediately before the battle of Killiecrankie Sir Donald Macdonald mixed some meal and water in the heel of his shoe. Of this he afterwards said—

'Is math an cocair an t-acras;
Is meinig a dhean tarcuis air biadh.
Fuarag eorn a sail mo bhroige
Biadh a b' fhearr a fhuair mi riamh.'

A good cook is hunger;
Woe to him who would despise food.
A mixture of barley-meal in the heel of my shoe
Was the best food that I ever got.

Sir Donald Macdonald was a man of noble presence and character. He is one of the few Jacobite Highlanders to whom Lord Macaulay allows a virtue.

Fuath, a spectre, a kelpie, a demon, a water-fiend frequenting glens, rivers, and waterfalls.

Fuidheag, thrum, the warp-thread, ten or twelve inches long, remaining unwoven at the end of the web.

Fuidir, fool, lout, clown; akin to 'fuidse,' coward, also to 'buidir,' a witling.

Fuil, blood. The blood of a friend was drunk as a mark of affection. When Campbell of Breadalbane and his son Colin slew Grigor Macgregor, the husband of Breadalbane's daughter, the lady said:—

'Chuir iad do cheann air stoc daraich,
Us dhoirt iad t-fhuil gu lar;
Na'n robh agam-s' an sin copan
Dh' olainn dhith mo shath.'

They placed thy head on a block of oak,
And they poured thy blood to the ground;
Had I there a cup in my hand,
I would have drunk of it my fill.

Ann Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, the entertainer of Prince Charlie at Scalpay, Harris, was exceptionally handsome. She was about to be married to Captain Allan Morrison, Crossbost, Lews. He was drowned on the way to his marriage. Ann Campbell composed a beautiful lament for her lover, in which she says:—

'Is truagh, a Righ! nach mi bha lamh riut,
Ge b'e eilb na ob an traigh thu,
Dh'olainn deoch ge b'oil le cach e,
Cha b'ann a dh'fhion dearg na Spainne
Fuil do chuim a ghraidh a b'fhearr liom,
An fhuil tha nuas o lag do bhraghaid.'

Would, O King! that I were near thee,
On whatever bank or creek thou art stranded,
I would drink a drink, gainsay it who would,
Not of the rich red wine of Spain,
The blood of thy body, love, would I prefer,
The blood that comes down from the hollow of thy throat.

The following occurs in a song composed by 'Nic Coiseam' to her foster-son, 'Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais,' the famous warrior-poet of the Macdonalds, after the battle of Carnish in 1601:—

'Bha fuil do chuirp chubhraidh
A drudhadh thromh t-anart,
Bha mi fein ga sughadh
Go'n do thuch air m'anail.'

The blood of thy fragrant body
Was soaking through thy linen,
I myself was sucking it
Till my breath became hoarse.

Another song says:—

'Chasg mi do chreuchd,
'S iad gu leir ro lionmhor,
'S dh'ol mi d' fhuil chra,
'S i na b'fhearr na'm fion liom.'

I stanched thy wounds,
And they all too numerous,
And I drank of thy red blood,
More sweet to me than wine.

Shakespeare speaks of drinking the blood of a friend.

Spenser tells of a case at Limerick where he saw a woman drink the blood of her foster-son on his being executed.

Furadh, furaradh, fuirireadh, parching corn, a mode of drying grain to make the cakes for Christmas and other festivals. 'Min fhuiriridh,' parched-corn meal.

G

Gāis, gāes, wisdom.

Gāis, spear, lance, spear-haft, flag-staff; 'gaise na brataich,' staff of the banner.

Gāis, plenty, abundance, food; probably 'geis,' milk, milk produce, gestation.

Gainisg—diminutives, 'gainisgeag,' 'gaineseag'—a small divinity dwelling among reeds and marshes on the borders of lakes and banks of rivers, moaning and wailing before storms for the deaths that are to follow.

'Gainisgeag bheag a bhroin — Little 'gainisgeag' of the sorrow
A sileadh deoir a sula.' — Shedding the tears of her eyes.

'Gainisg,' sedge, is the long coarse grass among which the naiad weeps and moans.

Galar-bonn, bruised soles, a disease in the hoof of cattle caused by walking over hard, rough, stony ground. It is troublesome to cows and difficult to cure.

Galar-lom, a disease of cattle whereby the skin becomes corrupt and the hair falls off, akin to 'faileadh.'

Garbhag an t-sleibh, club-moss. The club-moss was used for fixing dyes, for strengthening the eyes, as an emetic and a cathartic, and was worn on the person as a talisman to ensure lawful love and peaceful journeying, and also for luck of lambs.

Garman, garman-uchd, weaver's beam, breast-beam.

Angus Morrison, minister of Contin, Ross, was a man much given to wit and humour, which were generally expressed in rhyme. When dying he said to his wife:—

'Ochadan mar tha thu 'n diugh — Alas! alas! thy state to-day,
Us Aonghas dubh a dol gu bas, — And black Angus going to death,
Cha dean e posadh no baisteadh, — He will perform no marriage nor baptism,
'S cha mho gheobh thu dad bho chach.' — Nor shalt thou get aught from others.

(This was during Episcopacy in Scotland, there being no marriage, baptismal, nor funeral fees in the Presbyterian Church.) A deacon present said:—'Mr. Angus! Mr. Angus! is it not time for you to discontinue these things?' The ruling passion being strong in death, the dying man moved on his elbow and said:—

'Dealaichidh sinne ris an t-saoghal, — We shall part from the world,
Us dealaichidh an saoghal ruinn, — And the world shall part from us,
Ach leanaidh am breabadair ris a gharman, — But the weaver shall cleave to his beam,
Us leanaidh an t-armadh ris an t-slinn.' — And the dressing shall cleave to the sleay.

Gas, stalk, stem, column, a sapling, a stripling, a youth.

'Na gasain ura, siol nam fiuran — The fresh youths, offspring of the dauntless,
Bha n'an diulnaich anns an sganart.' — Who were heroes in the combat.

Gearr, short, thick-set, squat, strong. 'Gearr' often occurs in descriptive names as 'gearr-loch,' short, broad loch. There is a loch of this name in Ross, and another

in Argyll. 'Gearr-chu,' squat dog, the wolf; 'gearr,' 'gearr-fhiadh,' squat deer, the hare; 'gearra-breac,' short speckled one, the lesser black-backed guillemot; 'gearr,' 'gearr a chuain,' squat one of the ocean, the grilse:—

'D uair is e'n ron is cu 's an ruaig
Cha teid gearr a chuain as.'

When the seal is the hound in the chase
The hare of the ocean [grilse] shall not escape.

'Thig a chuthaig, thig an t-snag,
Thig a chuile h-ian g'a nead,
Thig a ghearr as a chuan,
Ach cha tig, mo nuar! mo bhean.'

The cuckoo will come, the night-jar will come,
Every bird will come to its nest,
The hare [grilse] will come from the ocean,
But, woe is me! mine own wife never.

'Gearr-bhall,' 'gearra-bhall,' the squat spotted one, is the extinct gair-fowl, the great auk. It was a low-set bird, with a patch of white on each side of the head, and the name is descriptive. 'Gearra-chot' and 'cota-gearr' was a short coat or doublet like an Eton jacket, but with a short cut-away tail. It was made of tartan or of scarlet cloth, which was called 'cath-dath,' war-colour; 'cath-dath rioghail,' regal war-colour. The 'cota-gearr' is mentioned in a song taken down from an old woman in Uist in 1866. She said that the song had been composed to one of the gallant Clanranalds by a lady, after the battle of Auldearn.

'Luchd nan calpana fearail
Dha math dh' an tig feile,

Men of the manly limbs,
To whom kilt is becoming,

Luchd nan cotaiche gearra,
Liom a b'aithghearr bhur ceilidh,

Men of the short coats,
To me short you stay,

Luchd nan cotaiche gearra,
Chit an dearrsa la greine,

Men of the short coats,
Gleaming in the sunny day,

Thug sibh mionnan a Bhiobuill,
Dol a sios gu Allt-eire,

Ye gave your Bible oath,
Going down to Auldearn,

Nach de'adh claidhe a dhubladh
Gu 'n an cruinte Righ Searlach.'

That no sword should be sheathed
Till crowned was King Charles.

The battle of Auldearn was fought, in May 1645, between the troops of the Commonwealth under General Hurry and the Loyalist Highlanders under Montrose. The veterans of Hurry were cut to pieces by the untrained Highlanders of Montrose—Hurry's slain being equal to the whole number opposed to him.

'Gearr,' Anglicised 'Gair,' is a surname derived from personal appearance. There were many men in the Highlands to whom the epithet was applied. One of these was 'Iain Dubh Gearr' Macgregor, who composed the 'Reel of Tulloch.' Perhaps the most memorable was one of the Macleans of Mull, and he is chiefly remembered through his son, who was a noted reiver and pirate. He is still spoken of in Gaelic song and story as 'Mac Iain Ghiorr.' A widow in Uist was milking her cow and singing a song, the burden of which was—

'Cha 'n fhaigh Mac Iain Ghiorr a Muil thu,
Ogha Ciaraig, iar-ogha Cruinneig.'

The son of John Gearr from Mull shall not get thee,
Granddaughter of Ciarag, great-granddaughter of Cruinneag.

Just then the reiver sprang from a cleft in the rock behind the woman, and, seizing the cow by the horn, hurried her off to his galley ere the astonished owner could recover herself or summon her friends. The people say that the luck of Mac Iain Ghiorr began to decline after he took the widow's only cow, till at last he met the fate he had long merited.

Geas, gis, geis, spell, enchantment, exorcism, sorcery; dim. 'giseag,' 'geiseag,' 'gisrean gisreagan,' spells; 'gisreag,' a female exorcist, 'gisrean,' a male exorcist. 'Geob nan geise,' lawn of the spells, is one of several names applied to certain places where the people were wont to lustrate their cattle with fire, ammonia, water, and salt, and with prayers and incantations to safeguard them from evil influences. These lustrations were performed on the first day of the quarter, but especially on the first day of summer, 'an Ceitein Samhraidh,' and the first day of winter, 'an Ceitein Geamhraidh.'

Geigean, Righ Geigean, Geigean, King Geigean. This was the term applied to the man who presided over the death revels. These were held in winter. Lots were cast, and the man upon whom the lot fell was elected king of the revels, over which he reigned from midnight till the old cock crew. A tub of cold water was poured over his head and down his throat, after which his face and neck were smeared with soot. When the man had been made as formidable and hideous as possible, a sword, scythe, or sickle was placed in his hand as an emblem of office.

This ceremony was described to me by Mr. Donald Mackay, minister of Cross, Lews. He said he had seen it in the first decade of the century in his native parish of Creich, Sutherland. I have failed to find any trace of the ceremony further south.

A rhyme common among boys at play says:—

'Thaine mi o chri-chas,	I came from small peril,
Thaine mi o chruai-chas,	I came from great peril,
Thaine mi o Ghigean,	I came from Geigean,
Thaine mi o Ghuaigean,	I came from Guaigean,
'S thig mi uat-s' ma dh'fhaodas mi.	And I will come from thee if I can.

'Gigean' and 'Guaigean' are probably forms of 'Geigean.'

Geil, a form of 'goil,' boil, bubble, a well, a spring, a fountain.

'Geil,' a fountain, is obsolete in Scottish, but current in Manx Gaelic. Overlapping and forming a breakwater to the beautiful bay of Oban is the green, hummocky island of Kerara. In the junction of a steep rocky declivity and a smooth green plain in Kerara is an old keep of the ancient Macdougalls, lords of Lorn. The keep is picturesquely situated and beautifully built, indicative of the artistic eye and the skilful hand of the builders.

The old ruin is called 'Caisteal nan Geimhlean,' Anglicised Geylan Castle. The meaning deduced from the name is 'castle of gyves.' The evident spelling and meaning are 'Caisteal nan Geilean,' castle of the fountains. Close to the

base of the old keep is a phenomenal number of clear crystal springs, boiling and bubbling and sparkling in the summer sun, like stars twinkling in the winter sky.

'Geilean,' bubbles, is applied to wells in Bracadale and in Waternish, Skye. Mary is beautifully and poetically called—

'Geil ar slainte, fath ar solais.' Fount of our health, source of our joy.

Geis, geisnean, gestation, gestators, gestating animals; milk, milk products.

The term occurs in a lullaby sung to a child in the island of Lismore. The singer said that a human mother tending her flocks and nursing her child heard a fairy mother singing the song to her changeling in the fairy bower beneath the knoll:—

'Cas a mhog-a luirean, Lilting on the light foot,
A luirean, a luirean, The light foot, the light foot,
Cas a mhog-a luirean, Lilting on the light foot,
Air ular aig m' eudail. My dearie trips the floor.

Chuirinn ann an creadhail thu, I would place thee in the cradle,
Bhithinn fhin a feitheamh ort, And I myself would tend thee,
Is ioma te bhiodh aighearach Many a woman would be joyful
Na'm bu leatha fhein thu. An thou wert her own.
Cas a mhog-a luirean, etc. Lilting on the light foot, etc.

Thogainn air mo ghualain thu I would lift thee on my shoulder,
Shiubhlainn eutrom uallach leat, And light and hearty go with thee,
'S mis an te bhiodh uaibhireach, 'Tis I that would be prideful
A cuallach leat na spreidhe. Beside the flocks with thee.
Cas a mhog-a luirean, etc. Lilting on the light foot, etc.

Bheirinn bin us brailis dhut, I would give thee mead and nectar,
Bheirinn fin na cailis dhut, I would give thee wine of the chalice,
Bheirinn mire meala dhut, I would give thee combs of honey,
Us bainne geal nan geisnean. And the white milk of the gestators.
Cas a mhog-a luirean, etc.' Lilting on the light foot, etc.

'Geis' occurs in another lullaby recovered in Uist—

'Gur truagh nach mi 's mo leanu a bha, Would that I and my baby were,
Gur truagh nach mi 's mo leanu a bha, Would that I and my baby were,
Gur truagh nach mi 's mo leanu a bha, Would that I and my baby were,
A muigh fo sgath nan geug O! Under the shade of the trees O!

Am buaile an tulaich, am buaile an tulaich, In the fold of the hill, in the fold of the hill,
Am buaile an tulaich, am buaile an tulaich, In the fold of the hill, in the fold of the hill,
Am buaile an tulaich, am buaile an tulaich, In the fold of the hill, in the fold of the hill,
Am bi gruain, us gruithim, us geis O!' Of 'gruain,' and crowdie, and of milk O!

Gil, an intensive form of 'geal,' white, used in the Outer Hebrides; a water-course on a mountain-side, a rift, the moon—

'Co fad 's a mhaireas gil us grian — As long as moon and sun shall last
Cha bhi fear na fialachd falamh.' — The generous man shall ne'er be empty.

Gith, pain in the wrist, common among seamen, fishermen, reapers, navvies, and others whose wrists are strained.

Glac, hollow of the hand, handful, as much of anything as can be caught between the thumb and the middle finger, the span between these.

Glaistic, glaistig, glaisnig, glaislig, a water-imp, from 'glas,' water, 'stic,' imp. The 'glaistic' is a vicious creature, half woman, half goat, frequenting lonely lakes and rivers. She is much dreaded, and many stories are told of her evil deeds. 'Macualrig Mor,' Big Kennedy of Lianachan, Lochaber, was coming home at night when he saw the 'glaistic.' He seized her and put her on the saddle before him with his sword-belt round her waist, and when he got home he locked her in the 'cul-taigh,' back-house. In the morning Big Kennedy heated the coulter of his plough and requested the 'glaistic' to swear on the iron that she would never again molest man or woman in the place, and never more be seen in Lochaber while the sun shone by day or the moon by night. When the 'glaistic' stretched out her lovely little hand and placed it on the coulter to give the required assurance, her hand was burnt to the bone. With a shriek of agony she flew out at the window and through the mist of the morning to the hillside beyond, and there she put out three bursts of the blood of her heart, which are still visible in the discoloured russet vegetation of the spot, and with each burst of blood the 'glaistig' uttered a curse on Big Kennedy and on his seed for ever:—

'Fas mar an roinneach daibh, — Growth like the fern to them,
Crion mar an luachair daibh, — Wasting like the rushes to them,
'S diombuan mar cheo nam beann.' — And unlasting as the mist of the hill.

The descendants of Big Kennedy of Lianachan say that the curse is still upon them.

Glas, water. The word is now rare in the simple form, but is common in compounds, as—Douglas, Duglas, from 'dubh,' black, and 'glas,' water; Conglas, 'con,' fierce, and 'glas'; Glasdrum, 'glas,' and 'druim,' ridge; 'an t-uisge glaiseach,' the river Glas, in Strathglass.

Glugalaich, gluglaich, gulping, gurgling, full of gulping; from 'glug,' gulp. The term is applied to a person who stammers, who makes a liquid noise in the throat, who moves unsteadily, and to an animal suffering from throat disease.

'Glugalaich nan gamhna glugach, — The gulping of the gulping stirks,
Glugalaich nan gruaigean, — The gulping of the hairy ones,
Glugalaich nan gamhna glugach, — The gulping of the gulping stirks,
Muigh ri mullach Ruai-bhall.' — Out the face of Ruaival.

Glun, knee—

'Chaidh Muire mhin gheal air a glun.' The fair white Mary went upon her knee.

In the Islands the parturient woman goes upon her knee, preferably the right knee, during delivery. Hence in figurative language the number of times a woman goes upon her knee is equivalent to the number of her confinements.

Glupad, dropsy in the throat affecting cattle and sheep, due to decay in the liver and kidneys.

Gobhar, gabhar, goat. This active and sagacious animal was once common in the Highlands, but it is now rare. The eye of the goat is as beautiful as that of the kindred gazelle. This fact did not escape the notice of the old people, who had many sayings about the goat—

'Suil ghobhar ghean	The eye of the sportive goat
An aodann bhan	In the faces of women
Gu mealladh fhear.'	To wile the men.

Sometimes the women reverse this.

'Co cinnteach speir	As sure of foot
Ri gobhar nan creag.'	As the goat of the rocks.
'Miann ba, braon,	The desire of the cow, dew,
Miann caora, teas,	The desire of the sheep, heat,
Miann gobhar, gaoth	The desire of the goat, wind
Ann an aodann creag.'	On the face of the rock.

Goileam, fire, fire kindling. 'Righ goileam,' fire king, king of the fire revels.

Goiri, Goiridh, Godfrey. 'Goiridh,' Godfrey, and 'Ruaraidh,' Roderick, are facetiously applied to the fox.

Goisear, plural *goisearan*, guisers, waits, young men who go about singing carols at Christmas, New Year, and other great festivals.

The guisers are dressed in very long white linen shirts, and in very tall white paper hats with flaps in front covering the face, holes being made for the eyes. These guisers represent crowned kings and queens, popes, cardinals, mitred archbishops and bishops, cowled abbots and monks, priests and veiled nuns.

In some places the guisers go about in small groups of twos, threes, or fours, in other places in large groups of tens, fifteens, or twenties. The 'ceann-snaodh,' leader, trails behind him or carries over him a dried bull-hide which his followers strike with clubs, singing and shouting, and making all the noise and din possible. They call at every door, especially at every door where anything good is likely to be got, singing chants, and announcing that they—the good guisers—have come, that they have never been here before, and that they are come now, not to beg nor to borrow, not to buy nor to steal, but to bless the house, the houseman, the housewoman, the household, and the farm and plenishing.

In the Outer Isles the walls of the houses are very thick, varying from four to eight feet. A facing of stone is to the inside and another to the outside, the space between being filled with stones, gravel, or earth. The corners of the building are rounded, and there are no gables, the low walls being level right round. The roof is raised from the inner facing of the wall, the rest being laid over with turf and green grass, where pet sheep or lambs often graze, and occasionally—when the building abuts on a bank, as is sometimes the case—a courageous cow and calf or even a mare and foal. Two or three stone steps project from the wall near the door, to enable the family to ascend and descend when occasion requires. In suitable summer weather the women of the family take possession of these grassy wall tops, and sew, spin, or knit, and look about them, while the household dogs sleep beside them in the sun. The principal object of these stone steps, however, is to enable the men to get up to thatch and rope the house, ladders being short, rare, or non-existent.

When the carollers arrive at a house they generally mount on the walls and go round on them singing, shouting, stamping, and striking the bull-hide. After this they get meat, meal, butter, cheese, crowdie, eggs, and any other good thing there may be in the house. They place and carry these in a tanned leather bag of lamb-skin or sheep-skin, called 'uilim,' and retire to some roomy dwelling, barn, or other building previously arranged. Here they hold a feast and a dance, to which they invite their girl friends.

Greann, cloth, rough-piled clothing. 'Greanndag,' a piece of cloth, a rag, a tatter. When the senile woman in the quern song asked her three sons what clothing the husband with whom they were providing her had on, they replied :—

'Luireag, us barlag, us greanndag,
Us seann chraicinn brathain,
Agus claidhe air a leis,
Claidhe air a leis !'

A rag, and a tatter, and a tunic,
And an ancient quern skin,
And a glave upon his hip,
A glave upon his hip !

Grios, griosadh, profane swearing, swearing by God, by Christ, or by any of the host of heaven.

Gruagach, a supernatural female who presided over cattle and took a kindly interest in all that pertained to them. In return a libation of milk was made to her when the women milked the cows in the evening. If the oblation were neglected, the cattle, notwithstanding all precautions, were found broken loose and in the corn; and if still omitted, the best cow in the fold was found dead in the morning. The offering was poured on 'clach na gruagaich,' the 'gruagach' stone. There is hardly a district in the Highlands which does not possess a 'leac gruagaich'—a 'gruagach,' flag-stone—whereon the milk libation was poured. I have seen such stones in Arran, Kintyre, Gigha, Islay, Mull, Lismore, Kerara, Lorn, Iona, Tiree, Coll, Barra, South Uist, Benbecula, North Uist, Heisgeir, St. Kilda, Harris, Lews, Sutherland, Ross, at Culloden, Cawdor, Lochaber, and in various other places. All these oblation stones

are erratic ice-blocks. Some of them have a slight cavity into which the milk was poured; others have none, the libation being simply poured on the stone. In making the oblation the woman intoned a rune—

'A ghruagach, a ghruagach,	Brownie, brownie,
Cum suas mo spreidhe,	Uphold my herds,
Cum sios an Guaigean,	Keep down the 'Guaigean,'
Cum uap an Geige.'	Keep from them the 'Geige.'

There is probably no district in the Highlands where the 'gruagach' could not be fully described. A woman living in the remote island of Heisgeir described her so graphically and picturesquely that her interested listener could almost see moving about in the silvery light of the kindly moon the 'gruagach' with her tall conical hat, her rich golden hair falling about her like a mantle of shimmering gold, while with a slight swish of her wand she gracefully turned on her heel to admonish an unseen cow. At intervals he seemed to hear her mellow voice in snatches of eerie song as she moved about among the grassy ruins of the old nunnery—all silent now of the holy orisons of gentle sisters.

Each district gives its own local colouring to the 'gruagach.' The following account was given to me by a woman at West Bennan in Arran in August 1895:—

The 'gruagach' lived at East Bennan in a cave which is still called 'uamh na gruagaich'—cave of the 'gruagach,' and 'uamh na beiste'—cave of the monster. She herded the cattle of the townland of Bennan, and no spring-loss, no death-loss, no mishap, no murrain, ever befell them, while they throve and fattened and multiplied right well.

The 'gruagach' would come forth with the radiant sun, her golden hair streaming on the morning breeze, and her rich voice filling the air with melody. She would wait on a grassy hillock afar off till the people would bring out their 'creatairean,' creatures, crooning a lullaby the while, and striding to and fro. The following is a fragment of one of her songs:—

'Ho, hi, ho! mach na boidhean,	Ho, hi, ho! out the kine,
Boidhean boidheach brogach beannach,	Pretty cattle hoofed and horned,
Ho, hi, ho! mach na boidhean.	Ho, hi, ho! out the kine.
Crodh Mhicugain, crodh Mhiceannain,	Cows of Macugan, cows of Mackinnon, [Cook
Crodh Mhicfhearachair mhoir a Bheannain,	Cows of big Macfarquhar of the Bennan,
Ho, hi, ho! mach na boidhean.	Ho, hi, ho! out the kine.
Corp us carn air graisg na Beurla,	Corpse and cairn to the rabble English,
Mharbh iad orm mo cheile falaich,	They have killed my hidden lover,
Ho, hi, ho! mach na boidhean.	Ho, hi, ho! out the kine.
Ruisg iad mi gu ruig mo leine,	They have stripped me to my shift,
Struill agus streuill mo leannan,	They have clubbed and torn my lover,
Ho, hi, ho! mach na boidhean.	Ho, hi, ho! out the kine.
Oidhch an Arrain, oidhch an Ile,	A night in Arran, a night in Islay,
'S an Cinntire ghuirm a bharraich,	And in green Kintyre of birches,
Ho, hi, ho! mach na boidhean.'	Ho, hi, ho! out the kine.

The people of Bennan were so pleased with the tender care the 'gruagach' took of their corn and cattle that they resolved to give her a linen garment to clothe her body and down sandals to cover her feet. They placed these on a knoll near the 'gruagach' and watched from afar. But instead of being grateful she was offended, and resented their intrusion so much that she determined to leave the district. She placed her left foot on Benbnidhe in Arran and her right foot on 'Allasan,' Ailsa Craig, making this her stepping-stone to cross to the mainland of Scotland or to Ireland. While the 'gruagach' was in the act of moving her left foot, a three-masted ship passed beneath, the mainmast of which struck her in the thigh and overturned her into the sea. The people of Bennan mourned the 'gruagach' long and loudly, and bewailed their own officiousness.

'Gruagach' is now applied to a maiden, and occasionally, in derision, to a man with long hair. But that it was not always so is evidenced by these lines from an old ballad :—

'Inghean oighre Bhaile-cliath,	Daughter am I of the heir of Dublin,
Cha cheilinn, a thriath nan Iann,	I will not conceal, thou chief of spears,
Do ghruagach Eilean nan eun	To the 'gruagach' of the Isle of birds
Is ann a rug mi fein mo chlann.'	I myself bore my children.

'Gruagach' is also the name of a famous swordsman and athlete in the old tales.

Gruaigean, a seaweed, lit. little hairy one (*alaria esculenta*). This seaweed contains saccharine and iodine, and is eaten raw. 'Miorcan' in Lews.

Gruithim, crowdie, granulated curds and butter mixed; 'gruth,' curds, and 'im,' butter. In some districts of the South crowdie is a mixture of meal and milk, or of meal and water, as in the song—'Ye 'll crowdie a' my meal away.'

Gual, grief, consumed by grief as by fire :—

'Mo chridh ga ghualadh 's ga losgadh.'	My heart consuming and burning. —*Barra Song.*
'Mi ga m' ghualadh 's mi ga m' losgadh	I consuming and burning
Bhi g' a faicinn air a thoisgeal.'	To be seeing her on thy right hand.

Gual, guala, gualain, shoulder; 'crois air gach gnala dheis,' a cross on every right shoulder; 'crois gheal air gach guala dheis,' a white cross on every right shoulder; 'crois dhearg air gach guala dheis,' a red cross on every right shoulder. These are variants. I do not know which is the correct one. The red cross was the emblem of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, founded in the eighth century by Baldwin, king of Jerusalem. (Vol. i. p. 228.)

It was customary to paint a cross on the door of the house during a sacred festival.

Guailisg, false, falsity, distorted, displaced, out of order morally, mentally, or physically. It has 'go,' a lie, at base. For formation, *cf.* 'tuilisg,' 'tuailisg'; perhaps the *g* in such case is epithetic. May be for 'duailisg,' fraud, deceit.

Guim, cuim, conspiracy, revolt, rebellion. 'Tha iad a deanamh guim an aghaidh a mhaoir'—They are making a conspiracy against the ground-officer.

Gul, lament, weep. Mourning for the dead was a profession among the Celts, as in the East, and was generally done by women. 'Bean tuiream,' mourning woman, is the term applied to a professional weeper. 'Tuiream' is specially applied to mourning for the dead; 'tuiream bhais,' death-mourning. Similar terms are 'seis,' dirge, and 'seis bhais,' 'seisig bhais,' death-dirge, death-wail. In Ireland this is called 'caoineadh,' weeping, Anglicised 'keening.' (Vol. i. p. 220.)

In 1870 the writer prevailed upon a woman in Barra to do the 'tuiream' as she had heard it when young. The funeral was that of a crofter at Castlebay who had died leaving a young widow and several children. As the funeral procession left the house the woman set up a plaintive cadence. At first her voice was low and tremulous, but gradually rose to a great height. The scene was striking. Below, on a tidal rock, was the castle of Ciosmal, now a roofless ruin, once the picturesque home of the Macneills of Barra, while the Atlantic waves dashed against the rocks, mingling their wailing with that of the 'bean tuiream,' weeping woman.

An amusing story is told in the neighbourhood of Glen Dessary at Ceann Locharkaig, of weeping women who were paid ten shillings each for professional services at the funeral of two of General Wade's soldiers. To a sad and mournful air they sang :—

'Ho, ro, hi, ho!
Dh' fhalbh na Sasunnaich,
Hi, hu, ho, hi!
'S dar a tig an t-aon la thilleas iad.'

Ho, ro, hi, ho!
The Saxon men are gone,
Hi, hu, ho, hi!
And may the day never come when they shall return.

A Lochaber woman in Glasgow was taken to see *Richard III.* In the course of the play she exclaimed—'Ach a Mhoire Mhathair! co iad na mnathan tuiream?'—But, Mary Mother! who are they the weeping women?

I

Ichd, īchd, īc, a frame put under a bee-hive.

Iodh, corn, food. 'Iodh' is obsolete as a simple term, but current in compounds, as 'iodhlann,' corn enclosure, stackyard, from 'iodh,' corn, and 'lann,' an enclosure; 'iodhlan,' a small strip of land under corn. The words 'iodhlach' and 'iodhlachadh' are applied in Skye to all handling of corn, from cutting to stacking. 'Tireadh,' 'tiriodh,' drying corn on a kiln.

Tiree, 'Tir-iodh,' cornland, was the grange of the religious community of Iona, as Trotarnis was the grange of the Macdonalds of the Isles, and as Lismore was the grange of the kings of 'Barra-gobhan,' Latinised 'Beregonium.' The name 'Tir-iodh,' land of corn, is singularly applicable to this low-lying,

fertile island, which is spoken of as 'Tir iosal an eorna'—low land of barley. Other popular sayings about Tiree are:—

'Tir na mine mine,	The land of the fine meal,
Chuireadh sith air geocair.'	That would bring peace to a glutton.
'Tir na mine matha,	Land of the good meal,
Chuireadh gean air cocair.'	That would give joy to a cook.
'Bheireadh Tir-iodh an da bharr	Tiree would give the two crops
Mur bhi eagal an da mhail.'	Were it not the fear of the two rents.

The word occurs in place-names in some other districts of the Highlands, and in several places in the county of Sutherland. All of these are good corn lands. Rob Donn, the Reay bard, being asked his name, said:—

'D uair bhitheas mi 'n Tiriodh is Gordanach mi,	When I am in Tiriodh I am a Gordon,
D uair bhitheas mi 'n Asaint is Leodach mi,	When I am in Assynt I am a Macleod,
D uair bhitheas mi'n Cataibh is Sutharlach mi,	When I am in Cataibh I am a Sutherland,
D uair theid mi dhachaidh is Caoidheach mi.'	When I go home I am a Mackay.'

The different places represent the districts of the clans named, and are all in the county of Sutherland.

Iol, iola, a fishing-rock on shore, a fishing-bank at sea; in Uist, fishing with rod or line in a boat 'air chruaidh,' at anchor, in contradistinction to 'maghar,' moving about. In Shetland, 'iola,' 'eila,' means fishing with a feather, whether moving or stationary.

'Iola' is a frequent place-name in the Western Isles. A fishing-bank near Barra is called 'Iola-nam-bodach,' fishing-bank of the cods; a townland in North Uist is called 'Iol-airidh,' fishing-bank of the sheiling. Near Polltil, in Skye, is a place called 'Iola-Phadruig,' the fishing-bank of Patrick, and 'Iola-geo-ghamhna,' the fishing-place of the creek of the stirk; while in the near neighbourhood is a precipice called 'Iolagag.' This rock is mentioned in an old dance song:—

'A Phara bhig a mhic Iain Bhruis,	Little Patrick, son of John Bruce,
Nach robh thu ann an Iolagaig!'	Would thou wert in Iolagag!

The island of Rockal, perhaps the mythic submerged 'Rocabarraidh' of the Barra people, is called 'Iola nam miola mora,' the fishing-bank of the great creatures; 'Iola nam muca mara,' the fishing-bank of the sea-pigs, whales.

Inid, Shrove, Shrove Tuesday.

'A chiad Di-mairt dh'an t-solus ur	The first Tuesday of the new moon,
Di-mairt Inid,	Tuesday of Shrove,
Seachd seachdainean o breith gu bas	Seven weeks from birth to death,
Eadar Casg us Inid.'	Between Easter and Shrove.

Isean. In some places 'isean' is applied to the young of birds only, and in some to the young of all creatures, as in Uist, 'isean roin,' the young of the seal, and in Lews, 'isean eich,' the young of the horse.

Iūchd, iūc, nook, angle, recess, slit, scallop, fissure. 'Earc inchd,' slit-eared cows, ordinarily called 'torc chluasach,' notch-eared, or 'crodh mara,' sea-cows. A

cliff in Benderloch is called 'Creag-niuchd,' evidently a corruption of 'creag an iuchd,'rock of the angle or recess, a descriptive name.

Iūchd, Iūc, was the name of one of the four children of Tuirinn. The name is mentioned in the touching lament of their father, who died waiting and watching for them when the ill stepmother had put them under druidism in the form of swans.

'A chleirich a chladhaich an uaigh,
Cuir Iachaidh us Conn cruaidh ri mo thaobh
Cuir Iuchd mo ghraidh eadar mo dha lamh,
'S a chleirich aigh cairich rium Aodh.'

Thou cleric who didst dig the grave,
Put Iachaidh and Conn hard by my side,
Place Iuchd of my love between my two arms,
And gracious cleric lay close to me Aodh.

L

Lach, duck. The duck meant is the long-tailed duck, which is known by a variety of descriptive names:—'beul-binn,' sweet mouth; 'caothail,' wailer; 'ian-binn,' bird of melody; 'lacha-liath,' blanched grey duck; 'lacha-stiurach,' rudder-duck; 'ian buchuinn'—preferably 'buch-fhuinn'—song-bird of the sea, from 'ian,' bird, 'buch,' 'boch,' swollen (referring to the sea), and 'fhuinn,' gen. of 'fonn,' melody, refrain. From cognate causes May is called 'Mi Buchuinn,' month of swelling, month of bursting forth, 'Buchuinn Moire,' swelling of Mary, and 'Buchuinn buidhe Moire nam buadh,' the yellow swelling month of the Mary of grace; 'Buchuinn Bealltain,' swelling of Beltane; 'Buchuinn buidhe Bealltain,' yellow swelling of Beltane; *cf.,* however, 'boch,' hey-day, 'bochail,' proud, nimble.

'Lacha-stiurach,' rudder-duck, is applied to the bird because its long tail resembles a long oar steering a boat. Yet the bird manages its tail amid the wild waves of the sea with the same easy grace that the pheasant manages its tail among the rough branches of the trees, and the lady her train amid the mazes of the dance. The long-tailed duck is singularly graceful and melodious. In colour it is the water-wagtail, in form the pheasant, and in song the nightingale, of the sea.

On arriving, from its summer sheiling in the north, at its winter homestead in the south, the long-tailed duck utters a few short syllables, sharp and impatient at the beginning, prolonged and modulated towards the end. The bird frequents the islands of Tiree and Coll, but is rarely seen elsewhere in the seas or sounds of the Inner Hebrides. It keeps to the open sounds of the Outer Hebrides, while its congener, the pin-tailed duck, keeps still further out and exclusively to the open Atlantic, being rarely seen within the Outer Sounds. The two places most familiar to me as the habitat of the long-tailed duck are the Sound of Barra and the Sound of Harris, forty-four miles apart. In crossing these stormy straits of the Atlantic, I often observed the evident enjoyment of these beautiful birds in the tumult of waters. The more the stately mountainous waves, snow-white, foaming, roaring, broke over them, the more evident their

delight in the battle of the billows, like a band of maidens amidst a battle of flowers.

In Tiree the people set small lines along the strand when the tide is out, to catch flounders and other flat fish. When the tide is in, the long-tailed ducks dive for fry and sand-eels, and are caught on the hooks and drowned. During a visit to my friend and fellow-collector of folk-lore, the late Rev. Mr. Campbell of Tiree, I saw at Hianaish, on the 23rd September 1887, seven of these graceful birds which had been drowned on one set of lines in one day.

In the island of Bearnarey (Bernera), in the Sound of Harris, there is a sept of people called Clann 'Ic Anndaidh—Clan Macandy. The sept consists now of only a few families—most of them having left, being dissatisfied with the hard rocky and sterile sandy nature of the place. Local legend says that one half of the Macandys were keen lovers of the land, with its plants and animals, and declared by the golden sun that rules the day; while the other half were keen lovers of the sea, with its plants and living creatures, and declared by the silvery moon and twinkling stars that rule the night. The sea-loving section laughed at the land-loving section, and in her resentment at their scoffing the witch of the land-lovers struck the sea-lovers with her 'slacan druidheachd,' druidic wand, and placed them 'fo gheasaibh,' under enchantment, and ever since then one sept of the Macandys are swimming on the sea, diving in the deep, and flying in the air, like gleams of light, while their kinsmen and clansmen are grubbing in the ground like earth-worms, their fellow-mortals.

The people of Bearnarey allege that the long-tailed ducks are the enchanted section of the Macandy tribe, and that the birds hail their kinsmen in the loud long laughter of their hearts with greetings which have been converted into human language. The following is attributed by his people to Macleod of Bearnarey, knighted on the field of Worcester:—

Clann Ic Anndaidh !	Clan Mac Andy !
Clann Ic Anndaidh !	Clan Mac Andy !
Finidh fanntaidh !	Weakly clansmen !
Finidh fanntaidh !	Weakly clansmen !
Bhioch ! bhoch ! bhuch !	Vioch ! voch ! vuch !
Ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh !	Uv-uv ! uv-uv ! uv-uv !
O ! U ! O ! U !	O ! U ! O ! U !
U ! O ! U ! O !	U ! O ! U ! O !
Ur ! ur ! ah !	Ur ! ur ! ah !
Clann Ic Anndaidh !	Clan Mac Andy !
Clann Ic Anndaidh !	Clan Mac Andy !
Daoine sanndaidh !	Greedy clansmen !
Daoine sanndaidh !	Greedy clansmen !
Bhioch ! bhoch ! bhuch !	Vioch ! voch ! vuch !
Ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh !	Uv-uv ! uv-uv ! uv-uv !
U ! O ! U ! O !	U ! O ! U ! O !
O ! U ! O ! U !	O ! U ! O ! U
Our O ! Our a !	Our O ! our a !

Clann Ic Anndaidh !
Clann Ic Anndaidh !
Gabh cabhraich ?
Gabh cabhraich ?
Bhioch ! bhoch ! bhuch !
Ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh !
O ! U ! O ! U !
U ! O ! U ! O !

Gabh ! gabh ! gabh !
Bhioch ! bhoch ! bhuch !
Ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh ! ubh-ubh !
Ubh-ubh ! O ! U !
O ! U ! O ! U !
U ! O ! U ! O !

Na h' Eoin Bhuchfhuinn,
Thig bho'n bhochfhuinn,
Dh' eubhas gu binn,
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !

De chuir thu'n traigh an diugh ?
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhiochfhuinn ! bhochfhuinn ! bhachfhuinn bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !

Gaol us gradh us cairdeas dut,
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhiochfhuinn ! bhochfhuinn ! bhachfhuinn bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !

Gaoth air fiar, fiath air muir,
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhiochfhuinn ! bhochfhuinn ! bhachfhuinn bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !

Na h' Eoin Bhuchfhuinn,
Thig bho'n bhochfhuinn,
Dh' eubhas gu binn,
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !
Bhochfhuinn a bhuth !

Clan Mac Andy
Clan Mac Andy !
Take sowens ?
Take sowens ?
Vioch ! voch ! vuch !
Uv ! uv ! uv !
O ! U ! O ! U !
U ! O ! U ! O !

Take ! take ! take !
Vioch ! voch ! vuch !
Uv-uv ! uv-uv ! uv-uv !
Uv-uv ! O ! U !
O ! U ! O ! U !
U ! O ! U ! O !

Ye Birds of 'Buchuinn,'
That come from 'bochuinn,'
Calling sweetly,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !

What sent ye to the strand to-day ?
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !
Biochuinn ! bochuinn ! bachuinn vu,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !

Love and affection and friendship for thee,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !
Biochuinn ! bochuinn ! bachuinn vu,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !

Wind on lea, calm on sea,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !
Biochuinn ! bochuinn ! bachuinn vu,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !

The Birds of 'Buchuinn,'
That come from 'bochuinn,'
Calling sweetly,
Bochuinn a vu !
Bochuinn a vu !

Lacha Mhoire, Mary's duck. The mallard goes by various names, as 'lacha-ghlas,' grey duck; 'lacha-riabhach,' brindled duck; 'lacha-ruadh,' russet duck; 'lach a chinn-uaine,' duck of the green head.

The common grey duck is among the first and the last birds to breed. It has young as early as the first week of April and as late as the last week of September. The subterfuges, tactics, and stratagems of the grey duck to save its young are amusing and instructive. No human mother in presence of a Solomon could show more tender solicitude. The people speak lovingly of Mary's duck, and would not willingly hurt it in the breeding season.

When the mallard rises on the wing, it goes round and round, enlarging the circle as it ascends, and then stretches away as straight as an arrow with matchless speed. The people maintain that Mary's duck is the swiftest bird in the 'ealtain,' 'ealt nan ian,' bird-world, world of the birds.

Lacha shith, teal, elf-duck; from 'lach,' duck, and 'sith,' elf; also 'crion-lach,' tit-duck; 'crann-lach,' dwarf-duck; and 'lach eigir,' Aigir's duck.

The teal is the smallest British duck. It is numerous in the Isles in winter, but rare in summer. The arrival of the teal is supposed to indicate the coming of a storm, and when the bird is seen approaching the shore the people hasten to secure their crops and houses.

The teal might be called the page of the swan, and more justly the pest of the swan. When swans are feeding, teals attend them, gliding about in and out, out and in, among them, picking up the animalculæ brought up by the swans. Occasionally an audacious teal may be seen seizing a morsel from the mouth of a swan and swimming away a few feet. The noble bird rarely heeds this audacity; but when it does give a 'wheeze,' the intruder scurries away—this time several yards. It coolly returns immediately, however, probably feeling that the swan is too dignified to cherish resentment.

Lannair, lainnir, lanner, falcon, peregrine falcon; founded on 'lann,' a blade, a spear, a lance.

Men singed their beards, and failing beards, their hair, to sain them from birds of prey. Possibly this was in imitation of the three young men who went through the fiery furnace. When a boy is well behaved he is told:—'Cha tog an t-seobhag thu'—The hawk will not lift thee. The following fragment mentions other birds:—

'Cha tog an lainnire ruadh thu,
Cha tog an t-seobhag dhuairc thu,
Cha tog an clamhan riabhach thu,
No iolaire liath nam beanu.'

The ruddy lanner will not lift thee,
The angry hawk will not lift thee,
The brindled buzzard will not lift thee,
Nor the grey-headed eagle of the hill.

The following scene was described to me by Donald Macmurdoch, crofter, Bailemeadhonach, Islay, a most observant naturalist:—

'I was going along the road at Easter Eilister, and observed a flock of blue pigeons alight on a field of newly sown turnips. They had hardly alighted when

they hurriedly rose. But instead of making for the sea-cliffs below, they ascended in a confused mass, shooting up in leaps and bounds, after the manner of the lark.

'I knew by the trepidation of the pigeons that an enemy was near, and looking round I saw the lanner coming from Tairteval and making straight for the pigeons. I stood in breathless suspense to await the result. With a loud scream the peregrine shot over the hapless birds, and in the twinkling of an eye one of them came tumbling down like a stone close to where I stood, followed by the hawk. With a swoop and a scream the hawk rose again without alighting, and I took up the dead pigeon. The birds above in the air were higher than before, but without deviating much to any side.

'Again the hawk came down on the pigeons, and again one of them came down dead, followed closely by the hawk, screaming the while, and swooping off as before on nearing me. I took up the second pigeon, and the disappointed hawk swept by me with an unearthly scream.

'The pigeons moved higher, but not laterally, and struggled in a confused, helpless mass, as if paralysed.

'The peregrine made another swoop and went straight at the pigeons, and again one came tumbling down. Just as I was going to move toward the dead bird a rasping scream right overhead startled me back as if shot, and the hawk brushed past my face like a flash of lightning, and dashed itself dead on the road, splashing my feet with blood and displacing embedded pebbles in the hard road with its sharp beak.

'The dead pigeons had no marks upon them except a slight pin-like puncture on the same spot behind the head where the lanner had struck the spinal cord. Had the powerful hawk struck me on the neck, as it so very nearly did, I believe it would have killed me as it did the pigeons.

'I brought home the hawk and the three pigeons, and kept the former for some time.'

A warrior of the Macdonalds, known as 'Domhull Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais' —Donald, son of John, son of James—had a sword called 'an Lannaire Riabhach,' the brindled peregrine, sometimes 'an Ranaire Riabhach,' the brindled roarer.

'*Laogh na ba air braigh na beinge*' (vol. i. p. 268). When a calf dies, the mother will not give her milk, Highland cows being greatly attached to their calves. When this occurs the skin of the dead calf is placed on a shaped frame, generally of wicker-work, made and kept for the purpose. The improvised calf is placed beneath the cow and rocked to and fro in imitation of the fretting motion of the live calf, the milkmaid being busy the while relieving the pleased cow of her milk, and singing a 'taladh bleoghain,' milking lullaby. The cow every now and then sniffs at the 'calf' to satisfy herself that it is her own, for woe betide the milkmaid who placed the skin of another calf before a Highland cow!

The imitation calf is differently named in different districts, as 'laoicion,' 'loircean,' 'lulagan,' 'tulagan,' 'tulachan.'

The term 'tulachan' was applied to certain men appointed bishops in the

Scottish Church after the Reformation. These men were bishops in name only, not in power, and their revenues were drawn by their patrons. Hence 'tulchan bishops,' a term of much contempt.

Leann, ordinarily beer, here a pool, from the same root as 'linne,' a linn, a pool; a river name.

Li, lia, liu, lu, water, liquid, lye, lustre. There are several forms of this root and of its derivatives—'lir,' 'linne,' 'lu,' 'lua,' 'lighe.' The word enters into many place-names—as, 'Lite,' Leith; 'Uisge Lite,' Water of Leith; the rivers Lee in England and in Ireland; 'Traigh Li,' in Benderloch, Scotland; and 'Traigh Li,' Tralee, Ireland. The root in these has reference not to the sea, but to the fresh waters behind. In connection with hills, there are 'Beinn Li,' Ben Lee, in Skye; 'Li fo Dheas' and 'Li fo Thuath,' Lee to the south and Lee to the north, in North Uist; and 'Beinn Li,' in Barra. On the top of Lee in Barra is a pool containing small shell-fish like embryo cockles. Ben Lee, in Skye, is full of fountains; while on the summit of South Lee, in North Uist, there is a deep tarn, evidently the mouth of an extinct volcano. An old rhyme in Uist says:—

'Loch-Foghail sin, 's Loch-Foghail,
Loch is doimhne fo 'n domhain,
Ach tha seachd doimhne Loch Foghail
An lochan dubh domhain Li.'

Loch Foyle there, and Loch Foyle,
Loch the deepest in the world,
But there are seven depths of Loch Foyle
In the black, deep little loch of Lee.

'Li' is now confined to fresh water, but formerly it included salt water, as when in the old tales the sea is personified under the name of 'Lir,' 'Lear.'

Liath chearc, greyhen. It is ominous to hear the greyhen after dusk. Apart from the evil it bodes, the sound is extremely eerie. The greyhen goes to a distance to make her nest, in order to conceal her eggs from the blackcock. The blackcock, like the peacock, is a source of danger to the eggs, but is careful of the young birds hatched by its mate.

Linn, an age, a generation, a century, a family, a brood-hen, a brood of twelve. Twelve is a complete brood; any number above this is 'linn mhor,' big brood; any number below it is 'linn bheag,' small brood.

Liobh, love, attachment.

'Gu robh Iain Mac Gilliosa
Uair us uairigin a liobh rium,
Ach o 'n thain an t-Iarl a Ile
Sguiridh e dha bhriodal beoil.'

John the son of Gillies
Was time and times endearing me,
But since the Earl has come from Islay
He will cease beguiling me.

This beautiful song and air were composed by Marion Gillies, a St. Kilda maiden. The people of the Isles say that she was the most beautiful woman they ever saw.

Lion, lint. There are several kinds of lint, and it is uncertain which is meant. Probably, however, the *linum*, flax of commerce, was the lint used by the old people for occult purposes.

A hoop from three to four inches diameter was made of milkwort, butterwort, dandelion, and marigold. This was bound with a triple cord of lint in name of Father, and of Son, and of Spirit, and placed under the milk-vessels, to prevent witches spiriting away the substance of the milk.

When cream is rich, most of it goes into butter in the process of churning, and there is but little buttermilk left. When, however, cream is poor in quality, there is but little butter, while much buttermilk remains. When this occurred, probably not infrequently as the result of poor feeding, the 'toradh,' substance, was said to be taken out of the milk by occult agency. It was to safeguard against this that the hoop bound with lint was made and placed under the milk-vessel.

Lint was deemed specially appropriate to bind the 'cnach,' coil, made of the different plants. The people say that the hands and feet of Christ were bound with lint when He was taken down from the Cross, and before He was carried to the grave. In consequence of this the people speak of the lint with much reverence, and call it 'lion beannaichte,' blessed lint; 'lion naomh,' sacred lint; 'lion Chriosda chaoimh,' the lint of Christ the kindly. They say that the person who would steal lint or lint-seed would be guilty of as heinous an offence as he who would sin against the Holy Ghost:—

'Meirle lin agus meirle frois,
Da mheirle bho nach faighear sith na fois,
Gu'n tig an saoghal gearr gu crich
Cha'n fhaigh meirleach an lin clos.'

Theft of lint and theft of seed,
Two thefts from which no peace nor relief can be,
Till the broad world comes to an end
The thief of lint shall get no respite.

Some say that the thefts so condemned are the theft of salt and the theft of fish from a net:—

'Meirle salainn agus meirle lin,
Meirle bho nach faighear sith,
Go 'n tig an saoghal ciar gu crich
Bith meirleach an t-salainn shios.'

Theft of salt and theft of net,
Thefts from which there is no peace,
Till the grey world shall come to an end
The thief of the salt shall be down.

'Lion na mna sith,' lint of the fairy woman, fairy flax. This flax is still used for medicinal purposes, and with good effect.

Litheadh, ligheadh, flow, overflow, flood, flooded; from 'li,' water:—

'Tha mo chasan a call an coiseachd,
Tha mo cheuman a fas fann,
Tha mo shuilean tric a sileadh
Ceart co mirean ri ligheadh allt.'

My limbs have lost their walking,
My steps have become weak,
My eyes are often weeping
Just as fast as the flooded stream.

Liuil, liuthail, bathe, bathing, washing, lustrating, purification; from 'li,' 'liu,' water.

'*Liu nan lasa,*' water of the flame, lustral fire. Probably some rite is indicated (vol. i. p. 6).

Loireag, a water-nymph, a water-sprite, a water-fairy. The 'loireag' presided over the warping, weaving, waulking, and washing of the web, and if the women omitted any of the traditional usages and ceremonies of these occasions she resented their neglect in various ways. If a song were sung twice at the

waulking, the 'loireag' would come and render the web as thin as before, and all the work of the women of no avail. They had to begin anew and waulk the web over again, taking special care not to repeat the offence. If a woman with 'guth cruaidh, reasgach, sgreagach,' hard metallic voice, sang out of tune and overwhelmed the others, the 'loireag' was especially wrathful at her.

A libation of milk had to be given to the 'loireag.' If this were omitted she sucked the goats, sheep, and cows of the townland, placing a spell upon them so that they could not move.

I had the following from Mary Macinnes, Haeeleit, Benbecula :—'Benmore was always eerie because of the 'loireag' dwelling there. The 'loireag' is a small mite of womanhood that does not belong to this world, but to the world thither. She was wont to drive the people out of their heart-shrine with fear with my first recollection. But since the people were driven from Benmore, there is no person there whom she can frighten or dismay unless the big sheep. The 'loireag' is a plaintive little thing, stubborn and cunning. She is fond of milk and of milk produce, and she would suck the goat, the sheep, and the cow when she could get the opportunity, and she would place a spell upon the creatures that they could not move from her. There was once a little cross carle in Benmore, and the 'loireag' was sucking his cow. His daughter made an attempt to drive her away, but failed. She went in and told her father that neither the 'loireag' nor the cow heeded her. The little carle leapt out at the door in sparks of red fire, swearing at the impudent 'loireag,' and at the cow. He threw a boulder at the 'loireag,' wishing to kill her, but struck the cow instead and nearly killed her! He then seized the point of the cow's horn in the name of Columba the kindly, and immediately the cow leaped away from the 'loireag,' and she leaped away from the cow. (Columba was the best leech of man and beast in Alban in his day.) The 'loireag' betook herself up the corrie of Coradale, her tune in her mouth and her tongue in her cheek, mocking the little cross-grained carle and singing as she went :—

'Laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn,
Laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn,
Laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn,
Doinnion anns an damhuir!

Bhodaich bhig a bhun a Choire,
Bhodaich bhig a bhun a Choire,
Bhodaich bhig a bhun a Choire,
Coradal us Craigeo!
Laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn.

Bhodaich bhig a chota ghioire,
Bhodaich bhig a chota ghioire,
Bhodaich bhig a chota ghioire,
Circedal us Cragabhig.
Laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn.

Calves flecked female,
Calves flecked female,
Calves flecked female,
Storm in rutting time!

Little carle of Corrie foot,
Little carle of Corrie foot,
Little carle of Corrie foot,
Coradale and Crageo!
Calves flecked female.

Little carle of tartan coat,
Little carle of tartan coat,
Little carle of tartan coat,
Circidale and Cragavig!
Calves flecked female.

Bhodaich bhig a bhun a Bhealaich,	Little carle of the foot of the Pass,
Bhodaich bhig a bhun a Bhealaich,	Little carle of the foot of the Pass,
Bhodaich bhig a bhun a Bhealaich,	Little carle of the foot of the Pass,
Treise dha do lamhaich !	Streugth I wish thine hand !
Mealam dhut do shlainte !	Health I pray be thine !
Laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn.'	Calves flecked female.

'Loireag' occurs in the following lampoon. The places mentioned are four farms in North Uist adjoining one another. All the four farms and several others are now in one farm under the inexpressive name of Newton.

'Fithich dhubh a Chaolais,	The black ravens of the Sound,
Faoileagan Phort nan long,	The seagulls of the Port of ships,
Famhlagan Bhaile mhic Conain,	The stormy petrels of the town of Conan's son,
Loireagan Bhaile mhic Phail.'	The little dragglers of the townland of Paul's son.

Lon, rope. The word is applied in St. Kilda to the rope of raw hide with which the people descend the precipices after birds.

'A lon laidir na feuma.'	Thou strong rope of purpose.
	St. Kilda Lament.

'Lonachan,' rope in uprights of loom.

Lon-craois, May-fly, water-spider, water-beetle, water-demon, water-glutton, from 'lon,' water, and 'craos,' lust, demon, gluttony, voracity. It is said that a may-fly taken into the stomach causes intense thirst and burning sensation. Hence of a man given to drink it is said :—

'Shluig e lon chraois.'	He swallowed a may-fly.
'Tart na lon-chraois ort a dhuine dhona.'	The thirst of the water-demon on thee, evil man.
'Co gionnaich ri lon-chraois.'	As gluttonous as a water-demon.

A woman in Strathglass is said to have swallowed a may-fly, causing her insatiable thirst. She ate a salt herring and leant over a pool of water near a water-fall, which induced the fly to come up !

Lorc, loirc, leg, shank, foot, foot-mark.

'Loircean,' footling, active male child ; 'loirceag,' footling, active female child ; akin to 'lorg,' shank, shank-bone, foot, foot-print.

Lorg, a straight staff with the bark on and no iron on it, the staff of a flail, the haft of a spear. When the bark peels off, the 'lorg' is thrown aside. The 'bata' is a crook with the bark off, and an iron ring on it to keep away evil spirits.

Luch-fheoir, grass mouse, common shrew, also called 'fiolan,' little beast, 'fiolan feoir,' 'fiolag fheoir,' little beast of the grass, 'dallag fheoir,' little blind one of the grass. When a shrew is caught it is carefully rolled up in woollen cloth and preserved, in order to counteract the paralysis in sheep, cattle, and horses, said to be caused by the fairy mouse. The shrew, preferably a live one, is carried sunwise across the loin of the animal affected, in name of Father, Son, and Spirit. But, like its

congener, the water-vole, the common shrew was dreaded if seen near dwellings, as its appearance presaged death in the house or ruin in the fold. An aged woman and the writer observed a shrew mouse making its way in the direction of some houses up the glen. Pressing her hand on mine, the woman whispered in anxious tones, 'Iosa Mac Moire bhi leinn, a ghraidh, tha i seo air toir cuideigin' —Jesus the Son of Mary be about us, thou love, this one is seeking somebody. The death of her husband some days thereafter confirmed her belief.

Lucha shith, fairy mouse, lesser shrew. It is also called 'beothachan feoir,' little life of the grass; 'fionnag feoir,' little beast of the grass; and 'feoirneachan,' little one of the grass.

The lesser shrew is much disliked, from a belief that it causes paralysis of the spine in sheep, cows, and horses, by running across the animal when lying down. This is called 'marcachd shith'—fairy riding. To counteract its effects, a live common shrew if available, otherwise a dead one, is carried across the loin and spine of the animal affected, in name of Father, of Son, and of Spirit.

In some districts 'a mharcachd shith,' 'na marcaich shith,' is applied to the perspiration, due to weakness, which comes out on cattle.

The lesser shrew is the smallest British mammal and one of the prettiest. It is not rare, but it is seldom seen, because of its habit of travelling under the grass—its slender pliant body, its long tapering head, and its sharp pointed nose, being marvellously adapted to this mode of progression. The observer may not see the animal, but if he notices a rapid progressive but hardly perceptible movement in the grass, he may conclude that a fairy mouse is underneath.

M

Machair, level land; from 'magh,' a plain, and 'tir,' land. Long reaches of sandy plains fringe the Atlantic side of the Outer Isles. These are called 'machairs.' Even the more elevated parts of these long reaches are only a few feet above sea-level, while the more depressed parts are now and again submerged under the sea. This low-lying fringe is simply the fragment of the limitless tribute already exacted by the remorseless Atlantic. Even this fragment is being claimed year after year and century after century by the sea eating deeper and deadlier into the flesh, sinews, and bones of the ancient 'Innis Cat,' Isle of the Catey.

The fringe of machair which borders the Atlantic side of the Long Island is in striking contrast to the mountain chain running along its Minch side. The machairs are closely covered with short green grass, thickly studded with herbs of fragrant odours and plants of lovely hues. Corn grown in this sandy soil is stunted if the season be dry, and is pulled up by the roots instead of being cut in the usual way. Such corn is called 'coirce coilchinn,' dwarf oats, 'eorna coilchinn,' meagre bere, 'seagal coilchinn,' stunted rye.

Mac-lir, Mac-an-lir, son of sea, son of the sea; from 'mac,' son, and 'lir,' genitive of 'lear,' sea.

In Gaelic the Isle of Man is called 'Mannain,' Man, and 'Eilean Mhannain,' Isle of Man, 'Mannan mac Lir,' 'Mannan,' son of 'Lear,' the sea.

The stories of 'The Children of Lir,' 'The Children of Uisne,' and 'The Children of Tuirinn' are called 'Tri Broin nan Sgeulachd,' the three sorrows of story-telling. A highly dramatic and beautiful version of 'The Children of Lir' was told in October 1871 by Hector Macleod, shoemaker, Iochdar, South Uist, to Iain Campbell of Islay and the writer.

On the west side of the island of Vallay, North Uist, there is a sunken rock called 'Bogha Lir,' reef of Lear. It is said that the ship of Lear, son of the king of Lochlann, struck on this reef, when Lear himself and all on board were lost.

Probably 'Lir,' 'Lear,' is the Lear of Shakespeare.

Mac-tir, wolf. In the time of Athelstan an hospital was put up at Flaxton in Yorkshire to protect and nurse travellers who might have suffered from the ravages of wolves and other wild animals.

Maighdean na tuinne, muirghin na tuinne, maid of the wave, conception of the sea, ordinarily called 'maighdean mhara,' maid of the sea. The belief in the mermaid is common.

There are many mermaid stories throughout the Isles. I took down several of these, some of which may be mentioned. Colin Campbell, crofter, Ceanntangbhal, Barra, saw, as he thought, an otter on a reef in 'Caolas Cumhan,' Barra. The otter was holding and eating a fish, with his eyes closed, after his manner. The man raised his gun to fire, when to his surprise the creature before him looked like a woman holding a child. He had a telescope that had been given him by a ship captain for brave service rendered at sea, and looking through the glass he saw that the object before him had the head, the hair, the neck, the shoulders, and the breast of a woman, and was holding a child. The man was greatly astonished, and concluded that this must be the mermaid of whom he had often heard.

Inwardly thanking the loving Virgin for having withheld his hand, Campbell put up his glass. The click of the glass startled the mermaid, and in the twinkling of an eye she and her child went into the sea with a splash. Colin Campbell, an honest, intelligent, middle-aged man, firmly believed that he had seen the mermaid.

Neill Maceachain, crofter, Hough-beag, South Uist, was returning from the Clyde, where he and others had been with farm produce, before the days of steamers in the West. They were becalmed emerging from the Sound of Mull. The sun was scorching, the air was breathless, and the surface of the sea was smooth as polished glass, when all were astonished to see a creature about two yards from the side of the motionless skiff. Its head, neck, breast, and shoulders resembled those of a woman, though its hair was more coarse, and its eyes more

glassy. All below the breast was in the water. The creature gazed at them for a minute or more with its large wondering eyes, and then disappeared into the sea as silently as it had come. The narrator offered no explanation of the strange phenomenon, never having seen anything like it before, though all his life accustomed to the sea. One of his companions, however, said that it was the mermaid, and declared that he had seen a creature exactly like it some years previously, while making kelp at Airdmaoilean, South Uist.

Neill Maceachain was an entirely truthful man and incapable of inventing. He was one of nature's nobles, being richly endowed mentally and physically, and with a phenomenal memory. He was a relation of Neill Maceachain, or MacDonald, father of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, and was remarkably like the duke in form and features as well as in temperament. He had seen and conversed with the duke when he visited his relatives in South Uist.

Some seventy years ago, people were cutting seaweed at Sgeir na duchadh, Grimnis, Benbecula. Before putting on her stockings, one of the women went to the lower end of the reef to wash her feet. While doing so she heard a splash in the calm sea, and looking up she saw a creature in the form of a woman in miniature, some few feet away. Alarmed, the woman called to her friends, and all the people present rushed to the place.

The creature made somersaults and turned about in various directions. Some men waded into the water to seize her, but she moved beyond their reach. Some boys threw stones at her, one of which struck her in the back. A few days afterwards, this strange creature was found dead at Cuile, Nunton, nearly two miles away.

The upper portion of the creature was about the size of a well-fed child of three or four years of age, with an abnormally developed breast. The hair was long, dark, and glossy, while the skin was white, soft, and tender. The lower part of the body was like a salmon, but without scales. Crowds of people, some from long distances, came to see this strange animal, and all were unanimous in the opinion that they had gazed on the mermaid at last.

Mr. Duncan Shaw, factor for Clanranald, baron-bailie and sheriff of the district, ordered a coffin and shroud to be made for the mermaid. This was done, and the body was buried in the presence of many people, a short distance above the shore where it was found. There are persons still living who saw and touched this curious creature, and who give graphic descriptions of its appearance.

Marrum, marruin, milk, cream, and their products; 'mart math marruineach,' a good productive cow.

Martain, La Fheill Martain, Martin, Day of the Feast of Martin. There are two Martins. One is known as 'Martain a bhuilg,' Martin of the bag. His feast is the 15th July. The other is 'Martain an Tuir,' Martin of Tours, to whom

St. Ninian's church at Whithorn was dedicated. His feast is on the 11th November, a term-day in Scotland.

Mathan, maghan, bear; 'mag-ghamhainn,' handed stirk; from 'mag,' hand, and 'gamhainn,' stirk.

The bear was common in Scotland down to 1545, probably later. It is mentioned in the following lines addressed by one bard to another:—

'Is tu am maghan, 's tu am mastic,
'S madadh-alla an reubain,
Is tu sionnach sion nan cuireid,
'S taghan dubh na deisdin.'

Thou art the bear, thou art the mastiff,
And thou the wild wolf of rapine,
Thou art the fox of foxine wiles,
And the martin black detestable.

Meabh, Mève, queen of Connacht and wife of Ailill. She lived at 'Rath Cruachan,' the fort of Cruachan, and was the cause of the 'Tain Bo Cuailgne,' 'Cattle-spoil of Cooley.' She is the type of bravery. (Vol. i. p. 8.)

Meang, whey. 'Fionna-mhiong,' the thicker whey pressed out of the curds, literally white whey, from 'fionn,' fair, and 'meang,' 'miog,' whey.

Meannanaich, bleating like a kid; from 'meann,' kid; applied to the sound made by the snipe. The flight of the snipe is peculiar. In flying horizontally the bird moves zig-zag; in ascending, obliquely; and in descending, perpendicularly. In the descent the inner flexor of the wing seems to remain rigid, the outer alone moving, and that with singular rapidity. The vibration of the wing makes a sound like the cry of a kid. The sound is heard at night in early summer, and is probably made to scare the owl, which is destructive to the young of the snipe. The snipe is one of the eerie birds of the people. Many descriptive Gaelic names are applied to it—twelve or thirteen are known to me. (Vol. ii. p. 180.)

Meirbh, to disintegrate, to digest; in root akin to 'marbh,' to kill; a place-name in Benbecula, Barra, Iona, and elsewhere.

A small lake in Benbecula is called 'Loch nam meirbh.' There are two islets about fifty yards apart on the lake, called respectively 'A Mheirbh Bheag,' Little Meirbh, and 'A Mheirbh Mhor,' Large Meirbh. In the centre of the Little Meirbh is a circular hole in the rock, partly natural and partly artificial, like an inverted cone. In this cavity criminals were tied and left to die, the water of the lake covering their lower limbs. From this the remains were removed and buried in the larger Meirbh. This small mossy isle, the surface of which is only a few feet above water, is covered with 'bogha-mucag,' 'butha-mucag,' blue hyacinth, of great luxuriance and richness of colouring.

There is a small lake in Barra called 'Loch Tangastal,' and in it a small square keep called 'Tur Leoid,' the tower of Leod, the scene of Miss Porter's novel, *St. Clair of the Isles.* Jutting into the lake in the direction of the old tower is a flat sandy peninsula called 'A Mheirbh.' Human bones, in whole skeletons and disarticulated, with bronze and brass brooches, fragments of

swords, dirks, and daggers, have been turned up here from time to time, corroborating the traditions of the people and the story of the novelist.

'Meirbh,' in Iona, was surrounded by a wall, traces of which are visible.

Meoir, finger. The middle finger and thumb were used to lift the eggs, especially the last two. (Vol. i. p. 290.)

Miamh, substance, fat. Generally an adjective.

'Is miaun leis a chleireach a mhias mhiamh a bhitheas air bord an t-sagairt.' — Desired by the clerk is the rich dish on the priest's table.

On the west and on the east side of Harris are deeply indented arms of the sea called 'Miamhuig'; from 'miamh,' fat, and 'uig,' bay. The one on the west is called 'Miamhuig nam beann,' the fat bay of the mountains, and that on the east 'Miamhuig a chuain,' the fat bay of the ocean. Both bays contain much alluvial mud and sediment brought down from the mountains.

(In the Outer Hebrides the 'ocean' is the 'Cuan Sgī,' the haze ocean, known as the Little Minch, while the open Atlantic is known by the Norse name of 'haaf.'

'Ri fuaim na haaf, Is uaigneach mo ghean.' — To the sound of the 'haaf,' Lonesome is my mood.)

Milc, meirc, sweet, sweetness; from 'mil,' honey.

Milcein, meilcein, solid warm white whey; from 'mil,' honey, sweetness.

Mileur, milereach (*alva marina*), sea-grass, sweet grass; from 'mil,' sweet, and 'feur,' grass. This grass is known by different names in different districts as 'mileurach,' 'milseanach,' 'misleanach,' 'mineurach,' and other forms.

The root of this grass is sweetish, and much relished by the barnacles, grey-lags, and other geese. Dried and cured, the grass is used in the Isles for bedding, and in the South for upholstery.

Mīs, miseach, misleach, maoisleach, maoilseach, goat, doe. Primarily the doe in the first year.

Mnatha Greuig, Greek woman, Penelope, the type of tactfulness. (Vol. i. p. 8.)

'Minealas na mnatha sith Finealas na mnatha Greuig.' — The softness of the fairy woman, The fineness of the Greek woman.

Mnatha-sithe, fairy woman. This is Fann, queen of the elfin world, queen of the Celtic other-world. The reference (vol. i. p. 8) is to her connection with Cuchulainn in the old Gaelic saga, 'Serglige Cuchulainn.' She typifies skill.

Mogais, mogan, foot cylinder, from 'mog,' a cylinder, and 'cas,' a foot, foot-gear reaching the knee, and resembling in form as in name the mocassin of the Indians.

Mogan; in Uist, spirits distilled from oats.

Moilean, moillean, a small, thick round cake, a dumpling; such as that made for

St. Mary's Day. 'Moilean' is applied to a stout little boy, colt, or other sturdy young male animal, and 'moileag' to a stout little girl, filly, or young female animal.

Moineis, shy, delicate, backward, the female of the grey seal. The female seal is much more shy and retiring than the male seal. But though ordinarily retiring, the 'moineis' is courageous in defence of her young. The unshrinking manner in which this timid creature will throw herself between danger and her cub is touching and instructive.

The 'cuilean,' whelp of the grey seal, is cream-coloured and very beautiful. The fur is soft and satiny, and continues thus for two months. After that the fur gradually gives place to hair, and the cub of the 'moineis' becomes like that of the 'maolag,' 'maoileag,' the female of the common seal, which is grey at birth. The 'maolag' brings forth in June, the 'moineis' in November.

Mothan. I cannot be certain what plant this is, but it seems to be either the thyme-leaved sandwort (*arenaria serpyllifolia*) or the bog-violet. It was one of the many sacred plants of the old people. It secured parturition and acted as a love-charm, as indicated in the following lines:—

'A thilleadh aigne nam ban baoth — To repel the fancies of the foolish women,
A ghleidheadh gaol nam fear fior.' — To retain the love of the wise men.

The 'mothan' also ensures the safety of a person carrying it or drinking the milk of a cow which has eaten it.

Donald Maccuithean, cottar, Fearann-an-lethe, Skye, said:—'Dun Gharsain was a famous fairy bower, from which the fairy people sallied forth on Hallow-Eve, like starlings swarming from their cave on St. Patrick's morning. They trigged and danced, they reeled and set, on their lawn under the light of the silvery moon and the twinkling stars, no one interfering with them. They were very cunning, however, and sometimes waylaid the sons of men into their bowers, and carried away children to increase their colonies, and women to nurse their unbegotten nurslings. But 'buamasdair gun toinisg,' a clown without sense, destroyed the bower of the fairies of Dun Gharsain when the fairies were all away helping the queen of Blath-bheinn to make a tartan kilt, a tartan coat, and a tartan plaid for her tall son on his marriage with the fair daughter of the king of Cuilionn. No one remained at home except one fairy woman who was ill, and the man took away the stones to build folds for his cattle and pens for his sheep, leaving nothing but the site of their beautiful bower.

'When the fairies returned and saw the destruction of their home, they were very angry and vowed vengeance. A light not of earth was seen where their hall had been, and a voice not of man was heard in the air saying:—

'"Tilg an dearg air Tarmaid dubh, — Throw the dart at black Norman,
Tilg an dearg air Tarmaid, — Throw the dart at Norman,
Tilg an dearg air Tarmaid dubh, — Throw the dart at black Norman,
A bhrist mo theud, a reub mo chrut, — Who broke my chord, tore my harp,
'S a chuir am bruth a dh'aona-cheann." — And put the bower in ruins.

To this another voice replied :—

'"Cha'n urra mi fhi g'a chur a dhi,	I cannot myself put him to death,
Cha'n urra mi fhi g'a chearbadh,	I cannot myself undo him,
Cha'n urra mi foil a dhol n' a choir,	I cannot go stealthily near him,
Us bainne na bo a dh'ith am mothan	And the milk of the cow that ate the 'mothan'
Ann an coil a shealghain."	In the folds of his throat.

After this the fairies left Dun Gharsain and never returned, except it might be now and again, a stray fairy from some far-away land, who would come to look at the site of the home where his people had lived and danced and passed their happy lives.'

Dun 'Gharsain' or Ghaisin is at Tobht Ardair in Bracadale, Skye, and is the site of a concentric fort destroyed by the stranger. Near it are 'Dun Beag,' the Little Fort, and 'Dun Mor,' the Big Fort, the latter of which is described by Johnson in his *Tour*.

A passage in W. G. Stewart's *Highland Superstitions and Amusements* (p. 90) shows that the 'mothan' was used as a charm in Glenurquhart and Strathspey :—'Go to the summit of some stupendous cliff or mountain where any species of quadruped never fed nor trod, and gather of that herb in the Gaelic language called *mothan*, which can be pointed out by any "wise" person. The herb you will give to a cow, and of the milk of that cow you are to make a cheese, and whoever eats of that cheese is for ever after, as well as his gear, perfectly secure from every species of fairy agency.'

Muire, Moire, Mary. These forms are confined to the Virgin, while 'Mairi' is rarely applied to her. Feminine and masculine derivatives of 'Moire' occur in the Isles. A knoll near Clachan-a-ghluip, North Uist, is called 'Crois Moireig,' cross of the female devotee of Mary, and an islet at Staonabrig in South Uist is called 'Eilean Mhoirean,' isle of the male devotee of Mary.

It is said that three brothers came to Christianise South Uist. The brothers were called 'Maoilean,' the tonsured, 'Micheil,' the devotee of Michael, and 'Moirean,' the devotee of Mary. The brothers built three prayer-houses on three low-lying peninsulas jutting into the Atlantic. These peninsulas became known as 'Aird Mhaoilean,' the point of Maoilean ; 'Aird Mhicheil,' the point of Michael ; and 'Aird Mhoirean,' the point of Moirean. Aird Mhoirean is now represented by 'Eilean Mhoirean,' the isle of Moirean, an islet a few square yards in extent and a few feet high, often washed over by the Atlantic waves.

All these places contain ruins evidently very old, and of ecclesiastical origin. Those on Aird Mhaoilean adjoin the remains of a circular fort. It is not uncommon to find a church in the near neighbourhood of a fort. The church, cell, and burying-ground of St. Brendan, Barra, abut on a strong stone circular fortress.

Munn, Munna, Muinig, Munnigean, Mungan, St. Munn, St. Mungo. Probably the 'mungan,' fairy flax (*linum catharticum*) is called after St. Mungo. This plant

was largely used for medicinal purposes. The common name for it in Gaelic is 'lion na mnatha sithe,' flax of the fairy woman.

Mur, luibhre, leprosy; also called 'losg.' Leprosy was common throughout Europe during the Middle Ages, and in some places down to modern times. Probably the toad is called 'losgan' from 'losg,' irruption, leprosy.

Murn, darling, maiden, damsel, girl, hence 'muirneag,' a little girl, a pretty girl, 'muirneach,' precious, endearing, prepossessing. 'Muirneag' is the name of a hill in Lews. It is mentioned in the 'Imirich Cuain,' Ocean Flitting, an emigrant song by John Macrae, a minister of Lews.

'Murn,' maiden, occurs in Irish 'mo mhuirnin,' my little darling, Anglicised 'mavourneen.'

Muthairn, little mother, dear little mother. Other Uist forms are 'mathairne,' 'mathairneag,' 'mathaireag.' *Cf.* O. Ir. 'mathairnet.'

N

Naoi, naodh, nine. The number nine often occurs in these and other Celtic compositions,—three, seven, nine, and occasionally five, being the mystic numbers. The following are some examples of the use of nine :—

'An ainm Airil 's nan aingheal naodh.'	In name of Ariel and the angels nine.
'Naodh conair, us naodh conachair, Us naodha ban seanga sith.'	Nine paths and nine shouts, And nine slender fairy women.
'Bi-sa taingeil leis an aon te Ge do robh an naodh air an t-snamh.'	Be thou thankful with the one (duck) Though there should be nine on the swim.
'Chaidh Moire thar na naodh maranan A bhuain an torranain.'	Mary went over the nine waves To pluck the figwort.
'Naoi tobraiche Mhic an Lir.'	The nine wells of the Son of Lear.

In North Uist there is a sandy plain called 'Sail Dharaich,' Oak-log. A beam of oak lay there, from which the people produced the 'tein-eigin,' neid-fire. This was done by 'naoi naoinear ciad ginealach mac,' nine nines of first-begotten sons, these being in the estimation of the people the most sacred and enduring.

In the Glenlonain cross, which is evidently pre-Christian, there are nine radii from a central ring or boss.

The girdle the fairy girl gave the man was to bring his wife back from death to life, 'ge do bhiodh na naoi bais na beul,' though the nine deaths were in her mouth.

The sword of Connal 'could cut nine nines hither and nine nines thither.'

Luas-lurgan, the sister of Cumhal, taught Fionn the son of Cumhal to swim so well that he could 'swim over the nine waves and be ashore before herself.'

Oscar threatened to send the 'spear of the nine enchantments' through Cairbre.

In a story of great dramatic power dealing with an old belief that seals were metamorphosed human beings, the number nine occurs.

A boat from Uist was 'doraghadh,' 'dorathach,' hand-line fishing, at Cousmal when a sudden storm arose and drove it, according to one version, to Lews, according to others, to Mull, Tiree, or Scandinavia. The Uist crofters were hospitably entertained and their boat repaired. Their host was a big grizzly-bearded man, whose face, hands, and feet were full of scars and mended bones, as if he had fought his way through some desperate battle. According to Celtic custom the names of the guests were neither given nor asked till they were leaving. When the host heard the name and residence of his leading guest, he pointed to his scars and mended bones and addressed the man :—

'Iogain ! Iogain ! Iogain !	Iogain ! Iogain ! Iogain !
Iogain a thainig a nall	Iogain who came hither
Air bharr nan naodh caogada tonn,	On the crest of the nine fifty waves,
Fhir a bhrist fiacla mo chinn	Thou man who didst break the teeth of my head,
Is fiata liom t'fhaicinn ma-rium,	Roused am I to see thee with me,
Iogain ! Iogain ! Iogain !	Iogain ! Iogain ! Iogain !
Ged a thug mi bithidh dhuit	Though I gave thee food,
Im, us cais, us feoil,	Butter and cheese and flesh,
Air a dha laimh, Iogain,	By thy two hands, Iogain,
'S tu chuir an gath am spoig.'	'Twas thou drove the dart through my paw.

'Iogan' (probably a diminutive of 'Iain'—John, possibly an old native name), was struck with terror and remorse, for this was a big seal who, with his wife and children and many other metamorphosed seals, had been visiting the homes and graves of their submerged fatherland in the Atlantic, when they were attacked, and some of them slain, by the Uist men, among whom was Iogan. Iogan gave vow and word by his own hand and his father's hands that he would never again kill a seal.

A 'seoltaiche,' cunning man, went about lifting the 'toradh,' substance, from the nine best glens in Scotland. Killinn was the last glen to which he came. He lifted the substance of Killinn on his back, and was moving away, when a man more shrewd than his fellows cut the wizard's withy with his knife, and the luck of the whole nine glens fell to the ground. And that is how Killinn is the most fertile glen in Scotland, flowing with milk and honey.

The Killinn meant is that in Stratherrick, near Lochness.

Nine times nine is the number of straw joints required in the manipulation of 'Eolas nam foineachean,' the charm of the warts, and nine in 'Eolas nam mam,' the charm of the mumps. There are nine orders of angels, and nine choirs of archangels, according to the Christian hierarchy of the Fathers.

The fairies are said to possess nine ages, with nine times nine periods of time in each. These are the periods :—

'Nao naodhanan a deothal chioch,
Nao naodhanan cliabastach cli,
Nao naodhanan urra-chasach luth,
Nao naodhanan murra-chasach dluth,
Nao naodhanan lasgarrach donn,
Nao naodhanan cosgarrach conn,
Nao naodhanan coidheanach ciar,
Nao naodhanan roibeanach liath,
Nao naodhanan ri uchd-bualaidh bais,
'S bu dorra liom na nao naodhana truagh
No gach nao naodha mi-bhuan a bha.'

Nine nines sucking the breast,
Nine nines unsteady, weak,
Nine nines footful, swift,
Nine nines able and strong,
Nine nines strapping, brown,
Nine nines victorious, subduing,
Nine nines bonneted, drab,
Nine nines beardy, grey,
Nine nines on the breast-beating death,
And worse to me were these miserable nine nines
Than all the other short-lived nine nines that were.

Nathair, serpent, adder. Several terms are applied to the serpent, as 'nathair,' serpent; 'nimhir,' venom; 'beithir,' lightning; 'righinn,' queen; and 'nighean Imhir,' daughter of Ivor; 'dearrais,' perverse. Probably 'nighean Imhir,' daughter of Ivor, is a mistake for 'an nimhir,' the serpent, while 'nighean' may be a mistake for 'ruain,' hue, coloured spot.

The serpent is now small and rare, though once large and numerous, in the Highlands. One was killed at Bailemonaidh, in Islay, in the early years of the century, measuring nine feet in length and eighteen inches in circumference. Much warm milk was abstracted every night from the milk-cot attached to the summer sheiling. After much searching, traces of milk were found leading to a grassy knoll in the neighbourhood. On the summit of the knoll a serpent lay coiled sunning itself in the summer sun and fast asleep. It immediately awoke, and, poising its head high in the air, hissed and lunged about in great fury. When shot, its enormously distended stomach was found to contain several twites, buntings, pipits, larks, and thrushes, and an incredible quantity of milk.

Only a few years ago a larger serpent than this was killed in a turnip-field in Easter Ross. The presence of the reptile was indicated by the fear and anxiety displayed by a pair of well-trained horses working in the neighbourhood. Nothing could be seen, but the horses trembled violently, and, with nostrils distended and eyes staring, showed symptoms of great fear and could hardly be kept from running away from the men about them. When after some delay and difficulty the serpent was found and killed the horses quieted down, but for some days showed the effects of their fear.

A product called 'clach-nathrach,' serpent stone, is found on the root of the long ling. It is of steel-grey colour, has the consistency of soft putty when new and of hard putty when old, and is as light as pumice-stone, which it resembles. It is of a globular form, and from one to three inches in diameter. There is a circular hole, about a quarter of an inch in width, through the centre. This substance is said to be produced by the serpent emitting spume round the root of a twig of heather. The 'clach-nathrach' is greatly prized by the people, who transmit it as a talisman to their descendants.

There are many sayings dealing with the serpent :—

'Tha e ann an grath na nathrach dhuit.'	He is in the spirit of the serpent towards thee.
'Tha nimh na nathrach aig dhuit.'	The venom of the serpent he has towards thee.
'Cho carrach ris an nathair nimhe.'	As twistful as the serpent venomous.
'Cleas na nathrach cur a chraicinn.'	The trick of the serpent changing the skin.
'Cochull nathrach is olc a dh'fheumadh tu.'	The sheath of the serpent badly wouldst thou need.

'*Nead ri beul an uisge*,' a nest by the mouth of the water (vol. i. p. 318). The nest of the black-throated diver is that indicated. The black-throated diver is known among the people as 'learg,' diver; 'learg mhor,' big diver; 'learg dhubh,' black diver; 'learg choilearach,' ringed diver; 'learg choilearach dhubh,' black-ringed diver; 'giadh gaob,' rain goose. The last name is in reference to the belief that certain peculiarities in the cry and flight of the bird indicate rain. The bird is familiar in the West of Scotland, although rare or unknown in other parts of Britain.

During development the black-throated diver and the great northern diver are similar, although in maturity dissimilar. In course of incubation nature provides birds with great heat, rendering them liable to great thirst. To obviate absence from the eggs and retardation of hatching, the black-throated diver makes her nest near water, generally on the bank of a lake, occasionally on the edge of a stream. The nest is simply a depression in the moss within reach of the water. Should drought occur, and the water subside below her reach, the bird flies about hither and thither uttering cries of concern. The people have rendered these utterances of the bird into human language :—

'Deoch ! deoch ! deoch !	Drink ! drink ! drink !
An loch a traghadh !	The loch is drying !
Deoch ! deoch ! deoch !	Drink ! drink ! drink !
An loch a traghadh !	The loch is drying !
Burn ! burn ! burn !	Water ! water ! water !
Mo luth 'm fhagail !	My strength failing me !
Burn ! burn ! burn !	Water ! water ! water !
Mo luth 'm fhagail !'	My strength failing me !

These imitations differ more or less in different districts. The preceding imitation prevails in North and South Uist, the following in Harris and Lewis :—

'Bir ! bir ! bir !	Rain ! rain ! rain !
An lir a deabhadh !	The lake is drying !
Bir ! bir ! bir !	Rain ! rain ! rain !
An lir a deabhadh !	The lake is drying !
Burn ! burn ! burn !	Water ! water ! water !
Burn ! burn ! burn !	Water ! water ! water !
Burn ! burn ! burn !	Water ! water ! water !
Mo luth 'm threigsinn.'	My strength 's failing me !

When the reverse occurs, and the risen lake submerges the nest, the cries of

the hapless bird, flying hither and thither, are extremely distressing, and strikingly like the unavailing cries of a human mother. The people have rendered these cries into the following words:—

'Mo chreach ! mo chreach !	My sorrow ! my sorrow !
M' eoin us m' uibhean	My chicks and my eggs.
Mo chreach ! mo chreach !	My sorrow ! my sorrow !
M' eoin us m' uibhean	My chicks and my eggs.
Mo dhith ! mo dhith !	My grief ! my grief !
Mo linn 's an tuilinn	My brood in the flood.
Mo dhith ! mo dhith !	My grief ! my grief !
Mo linn 's an tuilinn.'	My brood in the flood.
M' urragan !	My chicks !
M' ulagan !	My gifts !
M' eoin !	My birds !
M' uibhean !	My eggs !
M' ulaidh !	My treasures !
M' eislean !'	My troubles !

Neamh, heaven. Old people pronounce this word 'neamh,' 'neomh,' 'neoph,' 'neob,' 'nof,' 'nef,' and other forms; cognate with 'neul,' 'nebula,' a cloud.

Nī, neat, nowt, cattle, extended to flocks and herds of all kinds.

Nō, nōd, nōdh, nōdadh, knowledge, intelligence, information; 'Ni bheil nōdh agam air,' I have no knowledge of him.

O

Ōb, ōba, ōbi, spell, charm, incantation; gen. 'oib,' 'oibe'; pl. 'obagan,' 'oibeagan'; dim. 'obag,' 'oibeag.' Also 'ub,' 'uba'; gen. 'uib,' 'uibe'; pl. 'uibe,' 'ubagan,' 'uibeagan'; dim. 'ubag,' 'uibeag.' 'Oban,' pl. 'obanan,' wizard, also 'uibean,' pl. 'uibeanan,' 'fear uibe'; 'obag,' dim. 'obagag,' pl. 'obagan,' witch, also 'uibeag,' 'uibeagan,' 'bean uibe.' 'Mairi bhreac nan ob,' spotted (or pock-marked) Mary of the spells. 'Bis i ris na h-ob'—She practises spells. 'Tha na h-ob a dol as'—Spells are going out of use.

The Gaelic 'ubadh' occurs in the glosses of Klosterneuberg, Austria (eighth-ninth centuries) as 'auphtha.'

It is curious that a spell used in British Central Africa for the evil eye is also called 'obi.'

Od, oda, odaidh, race, racecourse, the scene of the athletics of the men and the racing of the horses. Possibly connected with the Norse *at,* horse-fight; *hesta at,* horse-driving; *etja hestum,* horse-driving, horse-battle.

In Norway the horse-fight took place in August, on Lovisæ Dag, the horse-combat finishing up the sports of the festival. By a curious coincidence, the horse-races of Norway and the principal horse-race of the Western Isles, that of South Uist, ceased in the same year, 1820, and in two succeeding months.

A plain near Loch Snizort, a plain near Glendale, and a plain in Minginis, Skye, are called 'odaig,' racecourse, horse racecourse.

The last great 'oda' occurred in Barra in 1828, in South Uist in 1820, in Benbecula in 1830, in North Uist in 1866, and in Harris in 1818. In the Small Isles the 'oda' continued later, while occasional 'oda' have been held in all these places since the years mentioned.

In Barra the 'oda' was held on the 25th September, being the Day of St. Barr, the patron saint of the island; in all the other places on 29th September, being the Day of St. Michael, the patron saint of horses and of the Isles.

In Barra the sports were held on 'Traigh Bharra,' Strand of St. Barr; in South Uist, on 'Traigh Mhicheil,' Strand of St. Michael; in Benbecula, on 'Machair Bhaile-mhanaich,' plain of the townland of the monks; in North Uist, on 'Traigh Mhoire,' Strand of St. Mary; and in Harris, on 'Traigh Chliamain,' Strand of St. Clement.

All these places are singularly adapted for man-racing, horse-racing, and other sports.

'Oda nan gillean,' race of the youths; 'oda nan each,' race of the horses; 'each oda,' racehorse; 'ramh oda,' 'oda ramh,' oar-race. In the *Ancient Irish Annals* Ennis is called 'Inis Cluan ramh fhoda,' pasture-meadow of the long rowing. Probably the Irish 'fhoda,' long, is the Alban 'oda,' race. The *fh* in 'fhoda' is silent. If this suggestion be correct, the rendering should be: pasture-meadow of the oar-racing—boat-racing.

Odharan, Odhran, Odran, Oran, Oran, St. Oran; also the name of St. Patrick's charioteer.

There are several places named after Oran, as 'Oransey,' the island of Oran; 'Tiroran,' the land of Oran in Mull.

The principal burying-ground in Iona is called 'Reilig Odhrain,' the burying-place of Oran. It is also called 'Reilig nan Righ,' the burying-place of the kings. The people tell a tradition how this place came to be named after St. Oran. Versions of the tradition were taken down in places widely apart.

'Dhuisg carmasg agus connspuinn eadar Calum-cille agus Odhran mu dheighinn mathas neamh agus mi-mhathas ifrinn, suamhnas nan saoi agus duamhnas nan daoi. Thubhairt Odharan gu 'n cuireadh easan a chuis gu deuchain ann an ionad nan seasamh bonn agus gu'n reachadh e re tri la agus tri oidhche sios dh'an uaigh (ifrinn). Fhuaradh uidheam treachaid agus threachaideadh uaigh eo domhain a sios agus a bha Odhran eo ard a suas.

'Chaidh Odhran a sios dh'an uaigh agus lionadh an uaigh thairis air.

'An ceann nan tri la agus nan tri oidhche thubhairt Calum-cille gu'n robh e iomchaidh sealltain air Odhran, agus chaidh sealltain air mar a thubhradh. Air mosgladh a shul dha thubhairt Odhran:—

"Ni bheil flathas mar a theireas,
Ni bheil irionn mar a thubhras,
Ni bheil saoi suthann sona,
Ni bheil daoi dona duthann."

An uair a chuala Calum-cille cainnt agus briathran Odhrain dh'eubh e :—

"Uir ! uir air suil Odhraiu,
Mu'u duisg e 'n corr carmaisg,
Dh' fhios oi'm a thoir dh'an chuideachd,
Dh' fhios toi'm a thoir dha bhraithraidh."

'Chaireadh an uir a rithist air Odhran agus thiodhlaiceadh e.

'Ghuil Calum-cille gu tursach trom, agus shil na deoir gu frasach fial ri linn Odhrain chaoimh, cheanail, dhilis, dheothais a dhol a dhi.

'Sin an ceud neach a thiodhlaiceadh anns an ionad sin agus thugadh "Reilig Odhrain" mar ainm air a chladh. Chuireadh caibeal air Odhran agus thugadh "Teampull Odhrain" mar ainm air a chaibeal.'

'Contention and controversy awoke between Columba and Oran about the merits of heaven and the demerits of hell, the happiness of the good and the unhappiness of the bad. Oran said that he would put the matter to the test in the place whereon they stood, and that he would go for the space of three days and three nights down to the grave (hell). Digging implements were procured, and a grave was dug as deep down as Oran was high up. Oran went down into the grave, and the earth was filled over him.

'At the end of the three days and the three nights Columba said that it would be seemly to look upon Oran, and he was looked upon accordingly.

'On the opening of the eyes to him Oran said :—

"Nor is heaven as is alleged,
Nor is hell as is asserted,
Nor is the good eternally happy,
Nor is the bad eternally unhappy."

When Columba heard the words and language of Oran, he called :—

"Earth ! earth on the eye of Oran,
Before he wakes more controversy,
Lest scandal should be given to the faith,
Lest offence should be given to his brethren."

The earth was again placed upon Oran, and he was buried permanently.

'Columba wept sorrowfully, heavily, and shed the tears showeringly, generously, because Oran tender, lovable, faithful, and earnest, went to death.

'That was the first person who was buried in that place, and the name "Burial-place of Oran" was given to it. A chapel was placed on Oran, and "Temple of Oran" was given as a name to the chapel.'

There may be some truth in this tradition, although probably much altered. The period of three days and three nights in the grave is symbolic of Christ. Probably human sacrifices were placed under the foundation-wall of St. Oran's Temple, whether or not Oran was the name of the man sacrificed. Human sacrifices were placed under buildings in ancient Greece and Rome, and under buildings in modern England, Ireland, and Scotland. A well-known Greek case was that of the Bridge of Arta, which only stood secure after the master-

builder had placed his own wife beneath the foundation. It is said that when building the manse of Killtarlity the masons seized a passing woman and placed her under the foundation-stone of the building. The woman uttered curses upon the building, and upon those who would dwell therein. A Gaelic proverb says :—

'Gheobh baobh a guidhe	A wicked woman will get her wish
Ge nach faigh a h-anam trocair.'	Though her soul may not see salvation.

A man known as 'Lachlann Og,' 'Lachlann Ogi,' young Lachlan, was in the army in Ireland. He eloped with a young lady, whose brothers pursued them. While he was defending himself against her brothers, the lady went in behind him for protection, where she was struck and killed by a blow from his sword. He was put in prison, and while there he composed a beautiful song known as 'Mali bheag og,' young little May.

'Lachlan Og' became insane, and on being liberated he made his way to Lorn. He wandered about the country, making Killchrenan the centre of his circuiting. He never entered a house, never asked for food, and never spoke. When the people knew that he was about, they left food for him in well-known retreats—which were simply depressions among the rocks and hillocks—summer and winter. In his wanderings the hapless man was seized at Bunawe, and placed under the pier building for an English iron-smelting company.

Some say that 'Lachlan Og' was placed under the foundation of Bunawe House, built by the same company, and not under the pier. In support of this the saying of the famous seer 'Guala Chrosda' is quoted :—

'Taigh Lochan nan cnamh,	House of the Lakelet of bones,
Taigh gun sonas gun agh,	House without joy without luck,
Cha tig mac an deigh athar,	Nor son shall succeed father,
Air taigh Bhunatha gu brath.'	In Bunawe House ever.

A variant on this is :—

'Taigh mor Pholl nan cnamh,	Big house of the Pool of bones,
Taigh gun sonas gun agh,	House without joyance without prosperity,
Far nach cluinnear guth coilich,	Where voice of cock shall not be heard,
No ruch leinibh gu brath.'	Nor suck of child ever.

(In a deep pool behind the house quantities of human bones have been found. Hence the name, Pool of bones, Lakelet of bones.)

These traditions are circumstantially related and believed.

When the practice of sacrificing men and women fell into disuse, birds and animals were substituted. It was reported a few years ago that a builder placed a cock beneath the wall of a church in one of the midland counties of England.

Omhan, whey whisked into froth, especially the richer whey pressed out of the curds.

Ōr, ōrtha, prayer, rhymed prayer, hymn, supplication, petition, incantation; pl. 'or,' 'ora,' 'orthachan,' 'orrachan.' 'Domhull beag nan or,' Little Donald of the supplications.

The word following gives the purpose of the petition as 'ora bhais,' death spell; 'ora ghonaidh,' wounding incantation; 'ora sheamlachais,' a charm to induce one cow to take to the calf of another; 'ora bhalbh,' spell to silence an opponent; 'ora ghrudaireachd,' spell to spoil another's brewing; 'ora ghlas ghuib,' spell to lock an enemy's mouth; 'ora na h-Aona,' spell of the Friday; 'ora stoirm,' spell to raise a storm to drown a foe.

When the lady of Maclean of Duart heard that her lord was holding dalliance with the dark-eyed Princess Viola of Spain, her heart burned within her. She sent for Doiteag, the arch-sorceress of Mull, who undertook to raise a storm which would sink the Spanish ship at her anchor in the land-locked bay of Tobermory. Doiteag did this, and drowned all the Spaniards but saved all the Scots on board. It is said that people from Mull and Morvern were on the deck of the *Florida* when the ship was blown up into the air and the deck came down close to the shore, the natives of the country being uninjured. Martin says that one of the Beaton physicians of Mull was among those thus miraculously saved. Many stories are still told in Mull and Morvern about the *Florida* and the Spanish Armada.

'Or' and 'ob' are used indiscriminately, the people not now differentiating between them. A grassy declivity behind the village in St. Kilda was called 'Liana nan or' and 'Liana nan ob,' the lawn of the prayers, and the lawn of the incantations. The community collected their herds there to sain and lustrate them, from the 'cear,' blood one, or the 'cearb,' killing one.

A tombstone in St. Oran's, Iona, bears the inscription, 'Or Domail Fatric,' in modern Gaelic 'or do Maolphatric,' a prayer for Maolpatric. Another has the inscription, 'orar anmin Eogain,' in modern Gaelic, 'or air anam Eoghain,' a prayer for the soul of Ewen.

Ora, orag, odharag, the young of birds while in the downy stage, especially the young of the swan, the shag, and the cormorant. From 'odhar,' dun.

Orc, a pig; 'oircean,' 'uircean,' a young pig. 'Orc' was another name for the whale. The sea north-east of the Long Island was known to the old people as 'Cuan nan Orc,' the sea of the orcs. In charts this sea is known as the Greater Minch.

The Gaelic name of the Orkney Isles is 'Orcaibh,' 'Arcaibh,' the isles of whales, Orcades; the Orkney seas, like the Minch, being subject to frequent visits from whales.

P

Peadair, Peter. 'La Pheadair,' the Feast Day of Peter, the 29th June. This is a great day among fishermen. Even if there be a storm the fishermen put out to sea, believing that the fisherman-apostle will aid them and shield them.

If the wind be from the west on the first of the year, the fishermen consider it a good omen for their calling.

'Gaoth an iar iasg us aran ;	Wind from the west, fish and bread ;
Gaoth a tuath fuachd us feannadh ;	Wind from the north, cold and flaying [fainting] ;
Gaoth an ear sneachd air beannaibh ;	Wind from the east, snow on the hills ;
Gaoth a deas meas air crannaibh.'	Wind from the south, fruit on trees.

Pliadach, pleatach, flat, broad, even, as 'casan pleatach,' broad feet, flat-footed.

Postachan, posts (vol. ii. p. 126). I do not know the reference in the text. It may possibly refer to the following story :—A farmer was passing a well and noticed a stone image on the edge of the well. He took up the image and brought it home to his house, and placed it beside him on the table. When the farmer blessed himself before food, he observed that the passive stone became alive. Then the stone image smiled and said :—'We were four angels that fell from heaven ; three fell into the well and I fell on the edge. I should have been there for ever hadst thou not brought me home and had I not heard the blessed words. Take me back to the well that I may again ascend to heaven.'

Puball beannach, pointed canopy ; possibly the colt's-foot or butter-bur. Birds and small animals seek shelter under its leaves. 'Pubal,' a tent, canopy, shelter. (Vol. ii. p. 38.)

R

Rachd, emotion, vexation, stoppage of speech. 'Thainig rachd orm'—Emotion came upon me ; 'Thainig rachd am mhuineal'—Choking came in my throat, a lump came in my throat. The vocal chords having become enlarged through emotion, failed in their functions. 'Rachd feirge,' fit of passion.

Rachd, strength, toughness, emulation—

'Bhrist air mo rachd,	My strength broke down,
Chaill mi mo dhreach.'	I lost my appearance.

A derivative is 'rachdaid,' a strong blow—

'Thug mi rachdaid dha 's a chluais.' I gave him a hard blow in the ear.

Ran, noble, very noble. 'Rigean ran,' noble queen.

Rath, luck, fortune, success, prosperity. The word occurs in many of the sayings and phrases of the people, as—

'Tus ratha ragha dealbh,	Origin of success, good form,
Uirighil mhaith us deagh labhraidh.'	Good speech and good oratory.
'Gruag ruadh boirionnaich,	The red hair of a woman,
Fiasag liath firionnaich,	The grey beard of a man,
Ruth agus rath dh'an leirist	Progeny and prosperity to the hussy,
Gheobh an nead a chlacharain.'	Who gets them in the nest of the wheatear.

Birds cunningly contrive to line their nests in harmony with their surroundings. How the wheatear obtains the filaments of hair occasionally found

forming its nest is curious. This and the fact of its being found dormant during winter causes the wheatear to be looked upon as 'sianta,' sained.

When a man enters a human habitation he invokes peace and prosperity upon the dwelling and the dwellers. When he enters a fairy bower the man invokes strife and confusion upon the bower and the people therein.

'Rath gun ealdhain air an treubh, Luck without skill upon the tribe,
Rath gun ruth, gun fheart, gun fheum.' Luck without seed, without efficacy, without worth.

If a man enters a fairy bower he inserts a knife, a nail, or a bit of iron of some kind, in the lintel or corner of the doorway to safeguard his return—fairies being unable to overcome iron.

Derivatives are 'rathail,' prosperous, astute; 'rathach,' forward, pushing, prosperous. 'Rath' is used as a suffix, as 'cuilidh rath,' fortune's store, fortune's treasury, the ocean. 'Cuilidh Mhoire,' Mary's treasury, is another term applied to the ocean. 'Currachd rath,' lucky cap, lucky cowl, a name applied to the caul or membrane occasionally covering the head of a child at birth. This caul was much sought after in Scotland. It is still sought after in England, Ireland, and in some foreign countries, chiefly by sailors, as a talisman against murder on land and drowning at sea. The price ranges from £2 to £20, according to the means or the faith of the buyer.

Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe, who wrested Caisteal Caol-chuirn, Kilchurn Castle, from the Macgregors, was known as 'Donnachadh Dubh a churraichd,' Black Duncan of the cowl, because he had a caul on his head when born. Sir Duncan Campbell is said to have fully justified the faith in the 'currachd rath,' lucky cowl.

Reann, rann, reang, rang, a bar, a rib, a stalk, a rod, a pole, a wand. The royal fern is called 'roinneach reangach,' 'reann roinneach,' from its wand-like stalks.

Reiteach, clear, prepare, remove difficulties, remove obstructions. It was customary in the Highlands to clear the pathways before distinguished persons. Johnson mentions that the people turned out to clear the roadway before Lady Macdonald, one of the celebrated Eglintons.

A burial-place in Glencreran, Appin, is situated 700 feet high on the mountain-side. Immediately before a funeral men go up to clear the path, and bestrew it with birch and sycamore branches.

The funeral cortège rushes up the steep hillside at a swinging pace, chanting a weird dirge the while. When the body is laid in the grave and the grave closed in, the bier on which it was carried is broken against a certain tree in the burying-ground to render it unfit for the 'sluagh,' hosts, to use in carrying away the dead in their aërial travelling. This picturesquely situated burying-ground is called 'Cladh Chuiril,' 'Cladh Chuirirlean,' 'Cill Chuirealain,' the burying-ground of Cyril. St. Cyril was bishop of Antioch in the eighth century.

There is a burial-ground in Lochaber, another on Lochetive, and another on

Lochawe, dedicated to this saint. Cill Chaorail in Brae Lochaber is 686 feet above sea-level; that on Lochetive is not so high, being only 105 feet above the sea; while that on Lochawe is 700 feet above sea-level. These dedications to St. Cyril are situated amid scenery of surpassing beauty, variety, and grandeur. Similar practices obtain or used to obtain at them all, fulfilling the command—'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His path straight.' Birch, which is fragrant, and plane-tree or sycamore, which is easily had, are used for want of palm branches. In his *Monasteries of the Levant*, Curzon mentions that burying-places and monasteries are situated in high places. The situations and customs of these Highland burying-places are suggestive of the East, and with their dedicatory saint seem to connect the West with the East.

Ridean, rigean, queen, a handsome maiden, a beautiful girl.

Ro, rod, roth, pass, passage, way. Occurring in place-names as 'Roglas,' water passage, from 'ro,' pass, and 'glas,' water, in Killdonan, and 'Ro Iochdar,' in South Uist.

Rōs, knowledge; 'Ni bheil ros agam,' I have no knowledge; 'Cha d'fhuair mi ros air,' I did not get knowledge of him. A derivative, 'rosal,' is said to mean a place of knowledge, a school, a college. There is a 'rosal' in Mull said to be the site of a collegiate school attached to the abbey of Iona. The name occurs as a place-name also in Caithness in the north of Scotland, and in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne in the south of England. It is interesting to find that these places from time immemorial have been seats of learning.

Rutaidh, surly, butting, bumping, bumptious, ram-like; from 'rut,' a ram.

Ruth, desire, genesis, generation, procreation.

S

Saighead-sith, fairy arrow. This is the name given by the people to the flint arrow-heads so much prized by antiquaries. Some of these are very small and well fashioned. They are said to have been thrown by fairies at the sons and daughters of men. The writer possesses one which was thrown at a girl at Lochmaddy. The girl went out at night to the peat-stack for a creel of peats. She was aware of something whizzing through the silent air, passing through her hair, grazing her ear, and falling at her feet. Stooping down in the bright moonlight, she picked up a fairy arrow. The girl never again went out at night.

The people say that a fairy arrow, especially the arrow of the fairy queen, cannot be safeguarded against the wiles of the fairies. The writer can confirm this in his own experience, having unaccountably lost, despite all possible care, the smallest and most beautifully shaped and coloured arrow-head he has ever seen, and that within a few hours after getting it!

Samh, fat, rich, productive, flock, fold, herd, fish, cruive, odour; 'samh eisg,' fish

odour; 'samh trom eisg,' heavy odour of fish, that heavy odour from a great body of fish in the sea. Other meanings of 'samh' are sorrel, garlic, clown, foul person. A place in Morvern is called 'Samh-airidh,' rich sheiling, from 'samh,' rich, and 'airidh,' sheiling. It is mentioned by Dr. Norman Macleod in his playful song to his father's beadle:—

'Cha'n eil cleireach 's an duthaich
Co math riut air stiuradh—
An am tarruinn a curs air Duthaich a Cheo
An sin canaidh gach maraich "is ramhath do ghabhail,"
A Ruaraidh bhig Shamhairidh,
Ho hi ri, ho ro!'

There is no clerk in the country
So good at the steering—
When thou settest her course for the Isle of the Mist
Then all seamen shout 'splendid thy sailing,'
Little Rory of Savary,
Ho hi ri, ho ro!

Samh, a god, a giant, a strong person. Derivatives are 'samhan,' a dog, a little giant; 'samhanach,' a great giant, a monster; 'mharbhadh tu na samhanaich,' thou wouldst kill the giants.

Samhainn, Samhuinn, Oidhche Shamhainn, Oidhche Shamhna, Hallowtide, Hallowmas, Hallowe'en. This is one of the seasons when innumerable mystic rites are practised.

Scan, probably some animal. 'Scanaport,' Port of the 'Scan,' is a place at the junction of the river Ness with Loch Ness.

Seachd, seven. Seven is one of the sacred numbers so frequently occurring in the poems, proverbs, and phrases of the people.

'Seachd seachdaine gu brath
Eadar Casg us Inid.'

Seven weeks till doom
Between Pasch and Shrove.

'Da sheachd bliadhna aois cait:—
Seachd bliadhna aoibhinn, ait,
Seachd bliadhna troma-cheannach,
Gola-cheannach, cadalach.

Two seven years age of cat:—
Seven years lightsome, glad,
Seven years heavy-headed,
Big-headed, sleepy.

'Sannt nan seachd seann sagart,
Ann am fear gun mhac gun nighean.'

The greed of the seven old priests,
In the man without son, without daughter.

'Seachd bliadhna cuimhne na ba,
Gu la-bhratha cuimhne an eich.'

Seven years the memory of the cow,
Till doomsday the memory of the horse.

'Taigh seachd ceathail ur threabhachais
Taigh rath, sheilbh us shonachais.'

A house of seven couples newly set up,
A house of prosperity, possessions and joyousness.

'Seachd bliadhna romh 'n bhrath,
Thig muir thar Eirinn ri aon trath,
'S thar Ile ghuirm, ghlais,
Ach snamhaidh I Chaluim chleirich.'

Seven years before the day of doom,
The sea will come over Erin in one watch,
And over Islay, green, grassy,
But float will Iona of Columba the cleric.

'Tha gath a ghaoil cho guineach
Ri sleagh nan seachd seang.'

The dart of love is as piercing
As the spear of the seven grooves.

'Seachd,' seven, expresses perfection, completeness, as 'seachd sgith,' utterly tired, 'seachd searbh,' the height of bitterness, 'seachd sath,' perfect satiation. Hence its use in the following phrases:—'seachd beannachd ort,' seven blessings on you; 'seachd mallachd ort,' seven cursings on you; 'seachd seacharain seilg ort,' seven hunt wanderings on you, 'seachd gloir,' seven glories, 'seachd deamhain,' seven devils, 'seachd sagart,' seven priests, 'seachd sitheach,' seven fairies.

Many more examples of the number seven could be given, but the following will suffice. It was taken down in 1860, with much more old lore, from Kenneth Morrison, cottar, Trithion, Skye. Kenneth Morrison, old and blind, had much native intelligence and interesting lore. I love to think of his calm face, of his kindly smile, and of his warm welcome.

'Seachd sgadain,	Seven herrings,
Sath bradain;	Feast of salmon;
Seachd bradain,	Seven salmon,
Sath roin;	Feast of seal;
Seachd roin,	Seven seals,
Sath muc mhara bheag;	Feast of little sow of ocean; [whale
Seachd muca mara beag,	Seven little sows of ocean,
Sath muc mhara mhor;	Feast of large sow of ocean;
Seachd muca mara mor,	Seven large sows of ocean,
Sath cionarain-cro; [crothain	Feast of 'cionarain-cro';
Seachd cionarain-cro, [crothain	Seven 'cionarain-cro,'
Sath mial mhor a chuain.'	Feast of great beast of ocean.

(I do not know what 'cionaran-cro' is unless it be the 'kracken,' nor what 'miol mhor a chuain' is unless it be the great sperm-whale. 'Sow,' and 'sow of the sea,' is the ordinary term for the whale.

'A Thi thug Ionah gu tir	Thou Being who didst bring Jonah to land
A broin na muice le sith,	From the belly of the sow with peace,
Thoir gu cala mi fhin	Bring Thou to a haven myself
'S mo lod.'	And my load.)

'A subsequent day was appointed for the coronation of Rienzi. Seven crowns of different leaves or metals were successively placed on his head by the most eminent of the Roman clergy; they represented the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.'—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.*

Seachda siona, seven elements. The surface meaning of this expression is clear, the intended meaning obscure. (Vol. i. p. 6.) 'Sion,' 'sian,' is an element. Thus construed, the 'seachda siona,' seven elements, would probably be fire, air, earth, water, snow, ice, and wind—perhaps lightning.

'Latha nan seachd sian.'	Day of the seven elements.
'Oidhche nan seachd sian.'	Night of the seven elements

—when all the elements are let loose.

'Deireadh nan seachd sian ort.' The end of the seven elements be upon thee—a malediction.

Sealbh, means, possessions, luck, Providence. Sometimes the word is confined to corn, sometimes to flocks, and sometimes it includes the whole possessions.

Searcan, seircean, another name for 'meac-an-dogh,' burdock. The people held the burdock in high esteem, using an extract of the root in pulmonary complaints.

Searrach, foal. There is much superstition connected with the foal, as also with the horse. If the first foal seen for the season is facing the beholder it denotes good luck; if walking towards the beholder, coming luck; if running towards the beholder, immediate luck. If the contrary, ill luck, ill news, death. The foal of an old mare is said to be more active than that of a young mare.

'Nighean bantraich dha 'm bith crodh,
Mac muillear dha 'm bith min,
Searrach seann laireadh air greigh,
Triuir is meanmnaich air hith.'

The daughter of the widow of flocks,
The son of the miller of meal,
The foal of the old mare of troops,
Are the three most merry of heel.

Seathan, La Fheill Sheathain, John, the Day of the Feast of St. John.

'Eoin' is the Biblical form of John, and 'Iain' the secular form except in the popular lore, where the old form of 'Seathan' is retained.

'La Samhna theirear gamhna ris na laoigh,
La Fheill Sheathain theirear aighean riu na dheigh.'

On Hallow Day the calves are called stirks,
On St. John's Day they are called queys.

'La Fheill Sheathain is t-samhraidh
Theid a chuthag dh'a taigh geamhraidh.'

On St. John's Day in summer
The cuckoo goes to her winter house.

The cuckoo is said to leave rather earlier than St. John's Day, and the more approximately correct form is—

'La leth an t-samhraidh,
Theid a chuthag dh'a taigh geamhraidh.'

On Midsummer Day
The cuckoo goes to her winter home.

'"Gug-gug," urs a chuthag,
Air La buidhe Bealltain,
"Gug-gug," urs i rithist
Air La leth an t-samhraidh.'

'Gug-gug,' said the cuckoo,
On the yellow day of Beltane,
'Gug-gug,' said she again,
On Midsummer Day.

'A Sheathain, a Sheathain chridhe,
Is tric a bha mi 's tu mire,
De mu bha cha b'ann aig an teine,
Ach gle ard am braigh nam fireach.'

Thou John, thou John beloved,
Oft wert thou and I dallying,
And if we were it was not by the fire,
But very high on the mountain crest.

The surname Maclean, like many Gaelic surnames, is of ecclesiastical origin, being an abbreviation of 'Mac gille Sheathain,' the son of the servant of St. John.

Seile, placenta, after-birth of a hind. Gaelic has different names for the placenta of different animals.

Seillean mor, big bee, bumble bee. The first bumble bee seen in summer is secured and kept for luck.

Seing, seang, roebuck; called also 'seang-fhiadh,' 'fiadh-seang,' slender deer; 'seang-bhoc,' 'boc-seang,' slender buck; 'caol-bhoc,' 'boc-caol,' slim buck; 'ruadh-bhoc,' 'boc-ruadh,' red buck.

Sgarta falaich, sgairte falaich, a rift, a rent, a cleft, a cave, a recess in a rock in which to hide or to shelter.

Sgeimineach, sgeiminidh, beauteous, polished, lustrous, probably from 'sgeimh,' beauty.

Sgeo, haze, fog, vapour.

'A ghealach gheal gun smal, gun sgeo.' The white moon without spot, without haze.

'Tha'n sgeo a sgaoileadh thar nam beann, The haze is spreading over the hills,
'S tha mis an ceo dha d'ionndrain, And I in a mist am missing thee,
Cha till thu ghaoil dha m'theasd a nall, Love thou shalt not return hither to rescue me,
'S cha toill mi dhol dha d' iounsuidh.' Nor may I win thither to thee.

'Sgeo' occurs in place-names. Sgeobost is variously called 'Sgeabost,' 'Sgebost,' 'Sgiabost,' 'Sgibost,' all forms of 'sgeo,' haze, and 'bost,' Norse for house. 'Sgitheanach' is from 'sgi,' a case of 'sgeo,' and the termination 'anach,' full of. Of old, Skye was known as 'Clar-Sgi,' Haze-land. The sea between Skye and Uist, now called the Little Minch, was known as 'Cuan-Sgi,' Haze-ocean. The etymology of Glasgow is frequently debated. The meaning seems simple, and gives a choice of two cognate roots for the last syllable. 'Glas' means water, 'sgeo' means haze, 'ceo' means mist, and in such a position would aspirate, becoming 'cheo.' Much as the Clyde merits the name of the 'foggy water' in our day, it merited it much more in ancient times, when the river spread on either side far beyond its present boundary, the shallow, swampy, sluggish stream generating vapour in great quantity. Therefore the name 'glas-sgeo,' haze-water, or 'glas-cheo,' fog-water, seems eminently appropriate as well as probable. I am indebted for this suggestion to my eldest son.

Sgonn, sgonnag, a block, a little block, as 'sgonn cabair,' block of wood; 'sgonn cloiche,' block of stone; 'sgonn gille,' a block of a lad; 'sgonn arain,' a block of bread. 'Sgonn,' 'sgonnan,' 'sgonnag,' is the base of the couple imbedded in the wall of a house. Scottish 'bùgar.' 'Clach mhor bhun sgonnaig' is the upright flag-stone at the base of the couple as a partition to prevent cows injuring one another. In some places this upright stone is called 'ställ,' a stall.

Sgōth, sgāth, shade, shelter, a concealment hut for sportsmen.

'Sgoth,' a steep rock, an abrupt hill, a bank of cloud, an overhanging haze, a place-name in Uist and Harris. A form of 'sgath,' and cognate with 'sgeo'—

'La sgothach air muir 's air tir, A cloudy day upon land and sea,
Co nach comhnadh le mac mo righ?' Who would not aid the son of my king?

Sguan, slur, slander, gossip.

Sgulanach, flippant, flippancy, evil speaking, a shallow person; from 'sgul,' 'sgulan.'

Sian, soft music, soft sorrowful music, generally applied to the fairy music heard in the fairy knoll.

Sian, seun, a charm, incantation, magic enchantment.

'Sonas nan seachd sian.' The joy of the seven spells

—possibly used in derision.

Sic, sicean, silc, silcean, silean, a particle, a small grain, an infinitesimal quantity; 'sicean sioil,' a small grain of seed.

Sionn, siunn, siann, siannt, mysterious, probably akin to 'sian,' a charm.

An island near Easdale, another near Appin, and another near Moidart, is called 'Sionna.' Islands near Lews, a hill in Islay, a hill in Ardnamurchan, and a loch near Kilmun, are called 'Siannt,' but it is doubtful if the name is connected with this root.

Sionn, light, brightness, lurid light; hence the region of lurid light. 'Domhnach sionnaich,' bright Sunday, 'teine sionnachain,' phosphorescence, the rainbow-like brightness seen in spindrift on a clear sunny day. 'Cur teine sionnachain 's an speur'—sending phosphorescence into the sky.

Sith, sithich, fairy, fairies; 'siodha,' 'siodhach,' fay, fairy; 'bean sith,' 'sitheag,' female fairy, 'sitheach,' 'sifir,' 'sifire,' 'sifreach,' male fairy. The fairies entered largely into the lives and folklore of the Highland people. They lived in the green knolls and round hillocks, and only occasionally appeared to mortal eyes.

In October 1871, the late J. F. Campbell of Islay and the writer were storm-stayed in the precipitous island of Miunghlaidh, Barra. We occupied our time in listening to the folklore of the people by whom we were so kindly treated. One of these was Roderick Macneill, known as 'Ruaraidh mac Dhomhuil,' Roderick the son of Donald, a famous storyteller and a man wondrously endowed mentally and physically. Macneill was then ninety-two years of age. He had never been ill, and never had shoes on, and never had tasted tea. His chest was as round as a barrel, and measured forty-eight inches in circumference. He had been an extraordinary 'rocker' after birds, moving about on precipices of eight hundred feet sheer down to the sea, where a goat or even a cat might hesitate to go. So powerful was the man that wherever his fingers could get insertion in the crevices of the rock he could move his body along the face of the precipice without any other support.

One of the many tales he told us was that of the origin of the fairies, which I condense:—

The Proud Angel fomented a rebellion among the angels of heaven, where he had been a leading light. He declared that he would go and found a kingdom of his own. When going out at the door of heaven the Proud Angel brought 'dealanaich dheilgnich agus beithir bheumnaich,' prickly lightning and biting lightning, out of the door-step with his heels. Many angels followed him—so many that at last the Son called out, 'Father! Father! the city is being emptied!'

whereupon the Father ordered that the gates of heaven and of hell should be closed. This was instantly done; and those who were in were in, and those who were out were out; while the hosts who had left heaven and had not reached hell, flew into the holes of the earth 'mar na famhlagan,' like the stormy petrels.

These are the fairy folks—ever since doomed to live under the ground, and only permitted to emerge when and where the King permits. They are never allowed abroad on Thursday, that being Columba's Day, nor on Friday, that being the Son's Day, nor on Saturday, that being Mary's Day, nor on Sunday, that being the Lord's Day.

'Dia eadar mi 's gach siodha,
Gach mi-run 's gach druidheachas,
An diugh an Daorn air muir 's air tir,
M' earbs a Righ nach cluinn iad mi.'

God be between me and every fairy,
Every ill wish and every druidry,
To-day is Thursday on sea and land,
I trust in the King that they do not hear me.

On certain nights when their 'bruthain,' bowers, are open and their lamps are lit, and the song and the dance are moving merrily, the fairies may be heard singing light-heartedly—

'Cha 'n ann a shiol Adhamh sinn,
'S cha 'n Abram ar n-athair,
Ach shiol an ainghil uabharaich,
Chaidh fhuadach a flathas.'

Not of the seed of Adam are we,
And Abraham is not our father,
But of the seed of the Proud Angel,
Driven forth from heaven.

Many things are named after the fairies, indicating the manner in which they dominated the minds of the people. 'Breaca-sith,' fairy marks, livid spots appearing on the face of the dead or dying; 'marcachd shith,' fairy riding, paralysis of the spine in animals, alleged to be brought on by the fairy mouse riding across the backs of the animals while lying down; 'piob shith,' fairy pipe, elfin pipe, generally found in underground houses; 'miaran na mna sithe,' the thimble of the fairy woman, foxglove; 'lion na mna sithe,' lint of the fairy woman, fairy flax, said to be beneficial in certain illnesses; 'curachan na mna sithe,' coracle of the fairy woman, the shell of the blue valilla, are a few examples of things called after the little 'people of peace.'

In place-names 'sith' is very common. 'Gleann-sith,' Glenshee, in Perthshire, is said to have been full of fairies. The screech of the steam whistle has frightened them underground. 'Sithean a Bhealaich,' fairy knoll of the pass, is the name of a place at 'Bealach Rosgairt' (Fhrosgairt), Benmore, South Uist. Scarcely a district in the Highlands is without its 'sithean,' fairy knoll, generally the greenest hillock in the place. 'Feadan dubh Chlann a Chatain,' the black chanter of the Clan Chattan, is said to have been given to a famous Macpherson piper by a fairy woman who loved him. The Mackays have a flag said to have been given to a Mackay by a fairy sweetheart.

The famous fairy flag at Dunvegan is said to have been given to a Macleod of Macleod by a fairy woman. The Maccrimmons of Bororaig, the famous pipers of the Macleods of Macleod, had a chanter called 'Sionnsair airgid na mna sithe,' the silver chanter of the fairy woman.

As 'Iain Og,' young John Maccrimmon, was practising in 'Slochd nam piobairean,' hollow of the pipers, at Bororaig, the lovely fairy queen came forth from the knoll, and said—

'Thug do mhaise 's ceol do phioba,
Leannan siodha air do thoir,
Sinim dhuit an siounsair airgid,
A bhios binn gun chearb fo d' mheoir.

Thy beauty and the music of thy pipe,
Have brought a fairy sweetheart to thee,
I hand thee now the silver chanter,
That will be melodious ever under thy fingers.

The story of young John and his fairy sweetheart is very fine and highly poetic.

A family in North Uist is known as 'Dubh-sith,' Black fairy, from a tradition that the family have been familiar with the fairies in their fairy flights and secret migrations.

Donald Macalastair, aged seventy-nine, crofter, Druim-a-ghinnir, Arran, told me the following story on the 28th of August 1895 :—

'Bha na sifri a fuireach 's an tom agus bha nabuidh aca agus bhiodh an duine dol air cheilidh do thaigh nan sifri. Bha an duine a gabhail beachd air doigh nan sifri agus a deanamh mar bhiodh iad a deanamh.

'Thog na sifri turas orra gu dol a dh' Eirinn, agus thog an duine air gu falbh leo. Rug a chuile sifri riamh air geo-astair agus chaidh e casa-gobhlach air a gheo-astair, agus a nunn cuan na h-Eire bha iad muin air mhuin a chuile glun dinbh ann an tiota, agus a nunn cuan na h-Eire bha an duine as an deoghaidh casa-gobhlach air geo-astair mar aon do chacha. Dh' eubh sifri beag biteach, bronach, an robh iad uile deas agus dh'eubh cacha uile gu'n robh, agus dh'eubh an sifri beag—

"Mo righ air mo cheann,
Dol thairis am dheann,
Air chirean nan tonn,
A dh' Eirinn."

"Lean mise," orsa righ nan sifrean, agus a mach a bha iad nunn air muir a chuile mac mathair dhiubh casa-gobhlach air a gheo-astair. Cha robh fios aig Macuga air thalamh ciamar a thilleadh e a thir a mhuinntiris a rithist ach leum e air a gheo-astair mar a chunnaic e na sifrean a deanamh, agus dh' eubh e mar a chuala e iadsan a g'eubhach agus ann an tiota bha e air ais ann an Arrain. Ach fhuair e a leoir dhe na sifrich an turas sin fhein, agus cha d'fhalbh e riamh tuilleadh leo.'

'The fairies were dwelling in the knoll, and they had a near neighbour who was wont to visit them in their home. The man used to observe the ways of the fairies and to do as they did. The fairies took a journey upon them to go to Ireland, and the man took upon him to go with them. Every single fairy caught a ragwort and went astride the ragwort, and they were pell-mell, every knee of them, across the Irish ocean in an instant, and across the Irish ocean was the man after them, astride a ragwort like one of the others. A little wee tiny fairy

shouted and asked were they all ready, and all the others replied that they were, and the little fairy called out—

"My king at my head,
Going across in my haste,
On the crests of the waves,
To Ireland."

"Follow me," said the king of the fairies, and away they were across the Irish ocean, each mother's son of them astride his ragwort. Macuga (Cook) did not know on earth how he would return to his native land, but he leapt upon the ragwort as he saw the fairies do, and he called as he heard them call, and in an instant he was back in Arran. But he had got enough of the fairies on this trip itself, and he never went with them again.'

The fairies were wont to take away infants and their mothers, and many precautions were taken to safeguard them till purification and baptism took place, when the fairy power became ineffective. Placing iron about the bed, burning leather in the room, giving mother and child the milk of a cow which had eaten of the 'mothan,' and similar means were taken to ensure their safety. Sometimes the watching-women neglected these precautions, and the mother or child or both were spirited away to the fairy bower. Many stories are current on this subject.

Sometimes the fairies helped human beings with their work, coming in at night to finish her spinning or her web for the housewife, or to thresh his corn or fan his grain for the houseman. On such occasions they must not be molested nor interfered with, even in gratitude. If presented with a garment they will go away and work no more. This method of getting rid of them is sometimes resorted to, as it is not easy always to find work for them.

'Bean chaol a chota uaine 's na gruaige buidhe,' the slender woman of the green kirtle and the yellow hair, is wise of head and deft of hand. She can convert the white water of the rill into rich red wine, and the threads of the spider into a tartan plaid. From the stalk of the fairy reed she can bring the music of the lull of repose and peace, however active the brain and lithe the limb; and she can rouse to mirth and merriment, and to the dance, men and women, however dolorous their condition. From the bower in the green hillock could be heard the pipe and the song and the voice of laughter as they 'sett' and reeled in the mazes of the dance. Sometimes a man seeing the wonderful light and hearing the merry music, would be tempted to go in and join them, but woe to him if he omitted to leave a piece of iron at the door of the bower on entering, for the cunning fairies would close the door, and the man would find no egress. There he would dance for years, but to him the years were as one day—while his wife and family mourned him as dead. 'But faith is dead, and such things do not happen now'—so said my courteous informant.

Sleabhag, sleibheag, spleacan, spleicean, mattock. This small mattock is used in digging up carrots and the roots of native plants used by the people in dyeing and tanning.

Sleamhnan, stye, inflamed tumour on the eyelid. It is variously called 'sleamhnan,' 'sleamhran,' 'sleamhnagan,' 'sleamhragan,' 'leamhnan,' 'leamhran,' 'leamhranan,' 'leamhnadan,' 'neamhnad,' and 'neonad.'

Sleamhnanachd, leamhnanachd, exorcism of the stye, removing the stye by occult power.

Sliom, buttercup. The buttercup was used as a poultice for swelling, especially swelling in the sole of the foot.

Another name for the buttercup is 'carrs.'

'Tha'n carrsa fo'n ghobhair glais,
'S cha tig baile am bliadhn oirre.'

The buttercup is under the grey goat,
And no cusp shall come this year upon it.

The buttercup was believed to possess magical as well as medicinal powers.

Sliosrach, slope, declivity; from 'slios,' a slope.

Slisneach, a plant like the 'slan-lus,' 'sla-lus,' 'la-lus,' self-heal and ribwort.

Sluagh, 'hosts,' the spirit-world. The 'hosts' are the spirits of mortals who have died. The people have many curious stories on this subject. According to one informant, the spirits fly about 'n'an sgrioslaich mhor, a sios agus a suas air uachdar an domhain mar na truidean'—in great clouds, up and down the face of the world like the starlings, and come back to the scenes of their earthly transgressions. No soul of them is without the clouds of earth, dimming the brightness of the works of God, nor can any win heaven till satisfaction is made for the sins of earth. In bad nights, the hosts shelter themselves, 'fo sgath chuiseaga bheaga ruadha agus bhua-ghallain bheaga bhuidhe'—behind little russet docken stems and little yellow ragwort stalks. They fight battles in the air as men do on the earth. They may be heard and seen on clear frosty nights, advancing and retreating, retreating and advancing, against one another. After a battle, as I was told in Barra, their crimson blood may be seen staining rocks and stones. 'Fuil nan sluagh,' the blood of the hosts, is the beautiful red 'crotal' of the rocks melted by the frost. These spirits used to kill cats and dogs, sheep and cattle, with their unerring venomous darts. They commanded men to follow them, and men obeyed, having no alternative.

It was these men of earth who slew and maimed at the bidding of their spirit-masters, who in return ill-treated them in a most pitiless manner. 'Bhiodh iad ga'n loireadh agus ga'n loineadh agus ga'n luidreadh anns gach lod, lud agus lon'—They would be rolling and dragging and trouncing them in mud and mire and pools. 'There is less faith now, and people see less, for seeing is of faith. God grant to thee and to me, my dear, the faith of the great Son of the lovely Mary.' This is the substance of a graphic account of the 'sluagh,' given me in Uist by a bright old woman, endowed with many natural gifts and possessed of much old lore. There are men to whom the spirits are partial, and who have been carried off by them more than once. A man in Benbecula was taken up several

times. His friends assured me that night became a terror to this man, and that ultimately he would on no account cross the threshold after dusk. He died, they said, from the extreme exhaustion consequent on these excursions. When the spirits flew past his house, the man would wince as if undergoing a great mental struggle, and fighting against forces unseen of those around him. A man in Lismore suffered under precisely similar conditions. More than once he disappeared mysteriously from the midst of his companions, and as mysteriously reappeared utterly exhausted and prostrate. He was under vows not to reveal what had occurred on these aërial travels.

I took down several stories of persons who went with the 'hosts.' Here is one of the stories of the 'hosts' summarised :—The beautiful daughter of a king of France was taken up by the 'hosts,' and carried about in the air, over lands and seas, continents and islands, till they came to the little island of Heistamal, behind Creagorry, in Benbecula, where they laid her down in such an injured state that she died from the hard treatment; not, however, till she had told about the lands to which she had been carried, and of the great hardships she had endured while travelling through space. The people of the island buried the princess where she was found.

The 'sluagh' are supposed to come from the west; and therefore, when a person is dying, the door and the windows on the west side of the house are secured to keep out the malicious spirits. In Ross-shire, the door and windows of a house in which a person is dying are opened, in order that the liberated soul may escape to heaven. In Killtarlity, when children are being brought into the world, locks of chests and of doors are opened, this being supposed, according to traditional belief, to facilitate childbirth.

Smeoirn, arrow-head, arrow-point, the destructive end of the arrow. The 'smeoirn' is mentioned in several Gaelic tales and poems.

'Mis an gaisgeach gun ghioraig—am bas,	I am the hero without panic—death,
Leis an coingeis an slan no'm breoit,	To whom is indifferent the whole or the frail,
A thilgeas an gath nach teid cama no cearr,	Who will throw the dart that will not bend nor stray,
Co cinnteach ri earr na smeoirn.' [gais	As certain as the end of the arrow-head. [point
'Bogha dh'iubhar Easragain,	Bow of the yew of Easragan,
Ite firein Loch Treige,	Feather of the eagle of Loch Treig,
Ceir bhuidhe Bhaile nau gaillean,	The yellow wax of Baile-nan-gaillean,
Smeoirn o'n cheard Macpheaidirean.'	Arrow-head from the artisan Macpheaidirean.

Another version says :—

'Bogh a dh'iuthar Easragain,	Bow of the yew of Easragan,
Sioda na Gaillbhinn,	Silk of Gallvinn,
Saighead a bheithe an Doire-dhuinn,	Arrow of the birch of Doire-donn,
Ite firein Loch Treige.'	Feather of the eagle of Loch Treig.

'Doire-donn,' brown grove, is in Glenorchy.

'Easragan' is in Airdchattan, near the priory where Bruce held his first parliament, at which meeting Gaelic was the language used.

Margaret Campbell, daughter of Colin Campbell of Inver Easragan, was the wife of John Macaulay, minister of Lismore, and the paternal grandmother of Lord Macaulay. She was much beloved in Lismore, and her husband the reverse. Old men in the island described John Macaulay as :—'Duine rag, danarra, ceannlaidir, ceannsgallach—a chuile duine cearr, ach esan a mhain ceart'—A man obstinate, opinionative, dogmatic, domineering—all men wrong, he alone right. A fellow-student said of Lord Macaulay :—'I wish I were as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything.' The infallibility would seem to have been inherited.

Loch Treig is in Lochaber. 'Baile nan gaillean,' 'Baile nan gaillbhinn,' is said to be Dun-chaillionn—Dunkeld, famed for honey, beeswax, and silk. 'Clann-pheaidirean' (Patersons) had their forge at Creagan Corrach, Fearrlochan, in Benderloch, about seven miles across Glensalach from Easragan. They were famous armourers, their swords being celebrated for their high finish and excellence. The native home of the 'Macpheaidirein' was on the north side of Lochfyne, where they had been numerous.

Smeola, the poetic name of the 'smeor,' 'smeorach,' thrush, mavis.

Snaoth, snaodh, snaogh, leader, chief, king. The people say that all creatures have a 'ceann-snaoth,' head-chief. A certain fish is 'ceann-snaoth nan iasg,' the head-chief of the fish ; a certain bird is 'ceann-snaoth nan ian,' the head-chief of the birds ; a certain cow or bull, 'ceann-snaoth nan ni,' the head-chief of the nowt ; a certain horse, 'ceann-snaoth nan each,' the head-chief of the steeds ; and a certain deer, 'ceann-snaoth nam fiadh,' head-chief of the deer.

A townland in South Uist is called 'Snaothaisbhal.' The place stands prominently on the bank of the river Hough, which is here crowded with salmon like sheep in a pen. These salmon may be seen moving about in the shallow water, guided in their movements by a leader. Hence the name of the farm —the fell of the leadership.

On the low-lying townland of Hough-beag on the opposite side of the river are the ruins of the house of Neill Maceachain, father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum. Maceachain was the patronymic of this sept of the Macdonalds. After his escape to France with Prince Charlie, Neill Maceachain reverted to his clan-name of Macdonald.

When Marshal Macdonald visited Britain in 1825 he went to see his relatives, then as now numerous in South Uist. On coming in sight of the river Hough, he raised his arm and exclaimed, 'That 's the river Hough ! I know it from my father's description. Many a salmon my father killed there.' Marshal Macdonald treated his numerous relatives with kindly consideration, bestowing money on the more distant and annuities on the more near. He carried away potatoes from his father's garden, and earth and stones from his father's house. He cultivated the potatoes in his own garden in France, and at his

death the earth and stones were, at his request, placed over his heart and buried with him.

Soir, sear, east, eastern.

'Soir us siar an deigh nan con.' East and west after the hounds.

A farm in North Uist, now a lop-sided island, is called 'Bailesear,' easter-townland. The other side, which was called 'Bailesiar,' wester-townland, lies submerged under the Atlantic. The ruins of the houses of the submerged townland are occasionally seen under favourable conditions of tide and atmosphere.

Sola, soladh, food, broken food—whelks, cockles, limpets, mussels, and other shell-fish broken and thrown into the sea to attract fish. The Lady Amie, wife of John, Lord of the Isles, sent men round the islands to make hollows in the rocks in which the people might break shell-fish and prepare bait. Such pits are called 'toll solaidh,' bait holes. These mortars resemble cup cuttings, for which antiquarians have mistaken them.

Somh, somha, convert, convince, controvert, overturn, upset, render of no avail; *cf.* 'soim,' Windisch's *Wörterbuch.*

Soplachan, wisp, tuft, sustenance; a handful of corn in the ear given to a weak animal; from 'sop,' wisp. Sometimes the 'soplachan' is suspended from a stake beside the animal, sometimes from the neck of the animal to enable it to nibble at the wisp while lying down. Mrs. Clark, Torr-an-damh, makes effective use of this term:—

'Is tu mo Shoplachan brollaich,
Is tu mo Charaide soghar,
Is tu mo Brathair is sinne,
Tric us minic dha m' chomhnadh.'

Thou art the Sustenance of my breast,
Thou art my bounteous Friend,
Thou art my elder Brother,
Oft and oft befriending me.

Sorchar, sorachar, brightness, a clear man, from 'sorch,' clear, and 'fear,' a man, the reverse of 'dorchar,' 'dorachar,' darkness, a dark man. The initials *d* and *s* are often in opposition, as 'dorch,' dark, 'sorch,' clear; 'doilleir,' obscure, 'soilleir,' light; 'dolas,' grief, 'solas,' joy; 'doirbh,' difficult, 'soirbh,' easy; 'dubhaile,' vice, 'subhaile,' virtue; 'duathar,' darkness, 'suathar,' lightness; 'dolair,' withhold, 'solair,' provide; 'dochair,' wrong, 'sochair,' right.

'Sorchar' may mean Christ, 'the Light of the World,' or Michael, 'the Light of the Mountains' (vol. i. p. 66). A belief prevails among Highlanders that every person is attended by an angel of light or by an angel of darkness—by a good or by a bad angel; that during sleep the soul of the good accompanied by the angel of light ascends to the gates of heaven there to foresee the bliss awaiting the good and brave; and that the soul of the bad accompanied by the bad angel descends to the gates of hell, there to listen to the wailing of those who had followed evil courses and wicked ways.

There is a story told of a man whose soul returned after wandering through the regions of time and space. The soul alighted on the face of the man, in the

form of a bee or a butterfly, and was about to enter its home in the body through the pathway of the mouth when a neighbour killed it. One version of the story says that the body of the man died when his soul was killed; another version says that the body of the man lingered long in the land after the soul was dead, busying itself up and down the earth, carrying the substance of the dead soul in its left and the shadow of its withered heart in its right hand.

Probably this is not the only instance of the body existing after the soul is dead.

Speach, a stone, a doorstep, a flat stone in a byre door, a certain stone in a byre drain. 'Speach na bathcha,' the doorstep of the byre. Dim. 'speachag.' 'Tilg speachag air a bhoin,' throw a stone at the cow. A form of 'spitheag,' a little stone.

Speach, a claw, a hoof, an animal, perhaps akin to 'speir,' a shank.

'Cuir a staigh an speach.'	Send in the cattle.
'Cuir a mach na speich.'	Send out the herds.

The word occurs in the following song :—

'Thaine na Cait oirnn,	The Cats have come upon us,
Thaine na Cait oirnn,	The Cats have come upon us,
Thaine na Cait oirnn,	The Cats have come upon us,
Thainig iad oirnne !	They have come upon us !
A bhristeadh a steach,	To break in upon us,
A thogail nan creach,	To lift the spoil,
A spuilleadh nan speach,	To steal the kine,
A struilleadh nan each,	To strike the steeds,
A rusgadh nam meach,	To strip the meads,
Thainig iad oirnne !'	They have come upon us !

Spisniche, prop, pillar, column, support.

Srābh, strābh, falling water. 'Srabh uisge,' water pouring as from the roof of a house.

Srol, strol, silk, satin, gauze, gossamer, filament. 'Srol' was used for carpets, banners, dresses, winding-sheets, and other purposes. The word occurs in many old songs and sayings. A song taken down in the island of Miunghlaidh, Barra, says :—

'Siud mar dh' orduichinn-se dhusa—	That is what I would ordain for thee—
Nighean righ le corr 's le cusbar,	The daughter of a king with worth and gear,
Le sioda, le srol, le susban,	With silk, with satin, with substance,
Le or righ, le or cusbann.'	With king's gold, and with foreign gold.

The following lines were sung in Miunghlaidh by a cottar girl, whose white teeth, red lips, blue eyes, fair hair, Celtic features, lithe form, and graceful movements would have done for Minerva. They are said to have been composed by a woman in Barra, who had been lifted by the 'hosts,' and carried about in

the air, visiting many places and seeing many scenes, among them her brother's funeral :—

'Bha mi anns 's gun chach ga m' fhaicinn, I was there but others not seeing me,
Treis dha m' chas dhomh, treis dha m' each dhomh, A while on my foot, a while on my horse,
'S O ! treis am strol uain am pasgadh.' And oh ! a while in my green satin folded.

'Strol' is mentioned in a song said to have been composed by a girl in Barra, whose relatives were massacred by the Norsemen, and she herself carried away captive :—

'Tha m' athair 's mo mhathair My father and my mother
Air an caramh 's a chro, ['s an fhoid Are laid in the bier, [sod
'S tha mo phiuthar 's mo bhrathair And my sister and my brother
Air am fagail 's an strol.' Are left in the shroud.

The word occurs also in 'Bron Binn,' one of several Arthurian ballads current in the isle :—

'Strol us sioda fo a da bhonn.' Silk and satin under her two soles.

Stapag, Scots 'stappack,' a mixture of meal and cream, or of milk, or of cold water. An old lullaby says :—

'Stapag bhuirn, stapag bhainne, A stappack of water, a stappack of milk,
Stapag bhuirn gheobh mo leanu, A stappack of water will my child get,
D uair a bheireas an crodh dair When the calving cows shall bear
Gheobh mo ghradh stapag bhainne.' My love will get a stappack of milk.

The north end of the island of Skye is called Trotarnis, the peninsula of 'Trota,' 'Troda.' The district is fertile and was once abundant in corn. It was the granary of the Macdonalds of the Isles, whose land it was. The Macleods of Duirnish facetiously called the district of Trotarnis, 'Duthaich nan stapag,' the country of the stappacks; 'Am fearann stapagach,' the land of the stappacks. The Macdonalds retorted, calling Duirnish 'Duthaich nam mogais,' 'Duthaich nam mogan,' the country of the footless stockings; 'Am fearam mogasach,' and 'Am fearann moganach,' the land of the footless stockings.

Staing, stance, site, situation, moat, ditch, fort, stronghold, an impregnable position, a sacred enclosure, a sacred ring; gap in a wall, rock, or mountain; distress, difficulty.

It occurs in place-names, as Staing at the foot of Ben-Ledi. Is-staing, a place-name in Killtarlity, may be borrowed from old French *estang*.

Stear, stearr, steair, a pole like the butt of a salmon-rod, used in killing birds. The 'steairear,' 'stearair,' pole-man, sits on the edge of the cliff, his legs overhanging the Atlantic several hundred feet below. As the bird flies within reach overhead the man strikes it with the pole. The stunned bird tumbles down behind and is thrappled by a dog, and laid with the others.

The bird that thus flies overhead is the puffin, in St. Kilda called 'buite,' and

in Minnghlaidh 'buigire.' A day with a strong inland wind is selected for this work. 'Steaireadh' is eminently dangerous, a slight swerve, a false stroke, causing destruction.

Steill, shelf, bracket.

'Thoir an gunna thar na steill.' — Take the gun off the bracket.
'Cuir an cuman air an steill.' — Place the pail upon the shelf.

Stic, imp, demon. 'Droch stic,' evil imp; 'stic an donais,' imp of the devil; 'stic an deamhain mhoir,' imp of the great demon; 'stic taighe,' house imp; 'stic starsaich,' doorstep imp, generally applied to a quarrelsome woman, occasionally to a quarrelsome man.

Stiom, snood. The snood was a narrow white band of silk, satin, linen, or wool worn round the head of maidens. The snood was the badge of the maiden as the kertch was that of the matron. Frequent mention is made of the snood and the kertch, and sometimes of the substitution of the latter for the former.

'Laighainn sumhail an luib do bhreacain, — I would lie slenderly in the folds of thy plaid,
Thigeamaid am maireach dhachaidh, — We would on the morrow come home again,
Chuirinn stiom mo chinn am pasgadh, — I would put the snood of my head in folds,
'S chairinn am breid ban 's an fhasan.' — And I would arrange the white coif in fashion.

Stiomach, snooded; 'stiomag,' a maiden, in contradistinction to 'breideag,' a wife.

Streafon, sreafan, streabhon, streathan, streadhon, fringe, frill, fragment, beard, thin beard.

'Streafon stiallach a ghille ruaidh.' — The ragged beard of the red fellow.

Streafon, tallow, thin tallow. 'Streafon na caora,' tallow of the sheep.

'Streafon glas na caora duibhe.' — The watery tallow of the black sheep.

Streafon, filament, film, the film that covers the bone; membrane, the membrane covering the calf and other animals *in utero*; carpet. The term occurs in an Arthurian ballad obtained in Uist in 1865:—

'Chunnas an righinn a sheinn an ceol, — I saw the damsel who sang the melody,
An cathair dh' an or a staigh, — In a chair of gold within,
Streafon sioda fo da bhonn, — A carpet of silk beneath her two soles,
Bheannaich mi fein ga gnuis ghlain.' — I myself blessed her pure countenance.

Stringlein, stringleir, strangles, a disease which affects, but is not confined to, horses. Although neither so dangerous nor so disagreeable as glanders, strangles is infectious and odorous. The people say that strangles was rare and glanders unknown in the Highlands before the introduction of Lowland horses. Highland horses, cattle, and sheep being hardier, are less liable to disease than the softer Lowland breeds.

Strũan, strũthan, strũdhan, is the name applied to the cake made on St. Michael's Eve and eaten on St. Michael's Day.

Struban = merenda (afternoon meal)—Windisch's *Wörterbuch*.
Strauan = strubhan—Cormac's *Glossary*.

Suaircein, the name of a bird.

Suidhe, soot. (Vol. i. page 288 *ff.*)

Eggs set are marked with soot to distinguish them from eggs which may be intruded. Should a stray egg become mixed with the setting it is later in being hatched, and the chicken is called 'isean deire linn,' chick after brood. Such an occurrence is a bad omen for the eldest daughter of the family, and a sign that she will not be married, or if married that she will be childless. The girl concerned examines the nest daily to see that no such egg is obtruded.

In some places girls used to make bannocks of soot and salt, and place them under their pillows on Hallow Eve, that they might dream of their lovers.

Suil, droch shuil, eye, evil eye. When a person admires or covets a thing, the owner says, 'Fluich do shuil ma lean e rithe'—Wet your eye lest it sticks to it, *i.e.* in case you have the evil eye, and the thing becomes yours or dwindles away.

Sul, sult, fat, fatness, condition, good condition; derivatives of 'sul'—'sultan' and 'sultag.' The first is applied to a fat little boy or male beast, the last to a fat little girl or female beast.

A Gaelic conundrum says—

'Muc dhubh 's a choill,	A black sow in the copse,
Gun sul, gun saill,	Without fat, without blubber,
Gun ghuth, gun chainn,	Without voice, without speech,
Gun friodhan craiu,	Without bristle of pig,
Gun luibhean caim,	Without curved joint,
Gun cheann cnaimhe.	Without end of bone.
Seilicheag.'	Snail.

This description is not wholly accurate, the black snail being not only fat but nutritious. In Cornwall and elsewhere it is used in consumption, and with good results.

Probably the badger is the animal meant. (Vol. i. p. 318.) The flesh of the badger was eaten and prized in olden times. In her beautiful lament at leaving Alban, Deirdire says—

'Iasg is sieng is saill bruic	Fish and venison and flesh of badger,
Fa hi mo chuid an glend Laigh.'	These were my food in Glen Laigh.

The harvest moon is variously called 'gealach gheal an abuchaidh,' the ripening white moon; 'gealach fin na Feill Micheil,' the fair moon of the Michael Feast; and 'gealach bhuidhe nam broc,' the yellow moon of the badgers. The badger is then in best condition, before he retires to his winter retreat. When the badger emerges in spring, he is thin and emaciated. He never comes out in winter, unless upon a rare occasion when a dry sunny day may tempt him out to air his hay bedding. The intelligence with which the badger brings out his bedding, shakes it in the sun, airs it in the wind, and carries it back again to his home, is interesting and instructive.

The badger is now rare in Scotland, being only seen occasionally in the Highlands and on the Border.

From the fact that all grazing animals are then in best condition, October is called 'mios sultain,' month of fatness.

T

Tachar, tacar, heap, quantity, fruitage. 'Fhuair thu tachar eisg'—Thou hast got a heap of fish. 'Fhuair mi tachar ian'—I got a number of birds.

Tachradh, produce, substance; from 'tachar,' quantity.

Tachran, tacharan, a kelpie, a water-sprite, a dwarf—one of the many supernatural beings with which the Highlanders peopled their glens and woods, streams and lakes.

A place in Islay is called 'Clachan an tacharain,' the ford of the kelpie; and one in Perth is called 'Poll an tacharain,' the pool of the kelpie.

The term occurs in the touching lament of a Kintail woman whose husband was slain by Donald Macdonald, known as 'Domhull odhar,' dun Donald, 'an tacharan,' the dwarf, and Finlay Macrae, known as 'Fionnladh dubh nam fiadh,' black Finlay of the deer:—

'Is olc a fhuaradh Tacharan
Us Fionnladh dubh nam fiadh—
A dh' fhag mo ghaol an cadha cumhan,
Far nach eirich grian.

'Dh' fhag iad mo thaigh mor gun tubha,
Mo shabhal tur gun dion,
An dubhra trath 's t-anamoch ann,
'S mo chlann air bheag dh'an bhiadh.'

Ill have done the Dwarf
And black Finlay of the deer—
They left my love in narrow pass,
Where no sunshine shall appear.

They reft my big house of its thatch,
My barn made wholly bare,
In the gloomy winter night-watch,
And my children without fare.

Their neighbours alleged that the people of Corrsabal, in Islay, wished to secure as a man-servant—

'Bolanach do gheinneanach,
Do bhalach math laidir,
Dheanadh gniamh ceatharnaich,
'S nach itheadh ach biadh tacharain.'

A sturdy stumpy of a fellow,
A youth of exceeding strength,
Who would do the work of a hero,
Nor eat but the food of a dwarf.

'Tachran cuthaig,' 'tachan cuthaig,' the page of the cuckoo—generally the meadow-pipit. When the cuckoo sings, the pipit emits a hissing sound resembling 'tach! tach! tach!' This may have originated the name in this case.

Taghan, polecat, foumart. The polecat is detested for its destructiveness and evil odour. It is now nearly extinct in the Highlands.

Tail, taileadh, sail, saileadh, cause, sake of, on account of. 'Fhuair mise trod air tailcadh do ghnothaich'—I got a scolding on account of thy business. 'Tha mi air taileadh mo ghnothaich fhein'—I am after my own business.

Taimhlisg, traduce, contemn. 'Is tu an taimhlisg'; this might mean a traducing person or one worthy of being traduced.

Tairbhein, teirbhein, tailbhein, teilbhein, surfeit; also a bloody flux in cattle; possibly from 'dairb' or 'deirb,' water-insect, spider, which when swallowed is supposed to cause bleeding.

Talmaich, honour, obeisance; from 'talm,' to obey, to honour.

Tarbh boidhre, a monster, a demon, a god capable of changing himself into many forms—a man, a bull, a horse, or other animal with supernatural powers.

Tarman, torman, ptarmigan, preferably 'tarmigan,' murmur-bird; from 'tarm,' or 'torm,' murmur, and 'ian,' bird. Derivatives—'tarmach,' 'tormach,' 'tarmachan,' 'tormachan,' murmuring bird.

The tarmigan is ruddy, mottled grey in summer, changing to pure snow-white in winter. It confines itself to the summits of high hills, never coming down to the glens except under severe pressure of continued snow. Like a true patriot it contests its country inch by inch against the invading enemy, and if defeated is never discomfited.

To the uninitiated the tarmigan is undistinguishable from its habitat. In 1877, the writer went up to examine the beach-like shingly appearance of the summit of a hill in Harris. On the top of the mountain my companion drew my attention to tarmigans among the stones before us. I could hear the murmur, but could not see the birds, nor differentiate between them and the shingle before us, till they began to move, then to run, and ultimately to fly. The atmosphere was clear, the sun was bright, and not a breath of air on the hill nor a speck of cloud in the sky, but my companion said that a snowstorm was coming on. He insisted on immediate descent, and, incredulous, I reluctantly followed. In less than an hour the bright sun began to disappear, and the sky began to darken and blacken, and in less than another hour a raging storm of snow was on, lasting three days and three nights without intermission.

My companion said that he knew by the peculiar plaint and mode of flight of the tarmigans that a snowstorm was approaching.

Tarmach-de, tarmachan-de, the white butterfly, rarely the white-and-black butterfly.

Teanga, tongue, voice, speech, oratory. 'Teanga Chaluim-chille,' the oratory of Columba (vol. i. p. 56). Columba had a powerful voice 'clearly heard at fifteen hundred paces.' It is said that he could be heard in Mull when preaching in Iona, more than a mile across the sea. Probably the famous Dr. Macdonald, Ferrintosh, 'the Apostle of the North,' was the greatest Gaelic orator since Columba, to whom he has been likened. Dr. Macdonald and the late Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada, another orator of renown, were sons of two crofter brothers evicted from Sutherlandshire.

Teanacsa, avert, safeguard, ward away. 'Teanacsa gorta,' avert famine; 'teanacsa dosgain,' ward away misfortune from cattle, protect from danger, distress, or difficulty.

Teasdam, I preserve, secure, keep, help, assist.

Teilg, teilig, a chord, string of a lyre, of a harp, or other stringed instrument.

Teilin, teilinn, a musical instrument, a stringed instrument. Welsh 'telu,' a harp.

Teine, fire. (Vol. i. p. 174.)

'Cha loisg teine, grian, no gealach mi.' No fire, no sun, no moon, shall burn me.

Similar immunity from fire is mentioned in an Arthurian ballad taken down in Uist:—

'Cha loisg teine's cha dearg arm air an fhear, No fire shall burn, no arm can hurt the man,
Ach a chlaidhe geal glan fein.' But his own white sword of light

—therefore while he slept his enemy killed him with his own sword.

Tein-eigin, neid-fire, need-fire, forced fire, fire produced by the friction of wood or iron against wood.

The fire of purification was kindled from the neid-fire, while the domestic fire on the hearth was re-kindled from the purification fire on the knoll. Among other names, the purification fire was called 'Teine Bheuil,' fire of Beul, and 'Teine mor Bheuil,' great fire of Beul. The fire of Beul was divided into two fires between which people and cattle rushed australly for purposes of purification. The ordeal was trying, as may be inferred from phrases still current. 'Is teodha so na teine teodha Bheuil'—Hotter is this than the hot fire of Beul. Replying to his grandchild, an old man in Lews said:—'A Mhoire! mhicean, bu dhurra dhomh-sa sin a dheana dhusa na dhol eadar dha theine mhor Bheuil'—Mary! sonnie, it were worse for me to do that for thee than to go between the two great fires of Beul.

The neid-fire was resorted to in imminent or actual calamity upon the first day of the quarter, and to ensure success in great or important events.

The writer conversed with several persons who saw the neid-fire made, and who joined in the ceremony. As mentioned elsewhere, a woman in Arran said that her father, and the other men of the townland, made the neid-fire on the knoll on 'La buidhe Bealltain'—Yellow Day of Beltane. They fed the fire from 'cuaile mor conaidh caoin'—great bundles of sacred fagots brought to the knoll on Beltane Eve. When the sacred fire became kindled, the people rushed home and brought their herds and drove them through and round the fire of purification, to sain them from the 'bana bhuitseach mhor Nic Creafain Mac Creafain'—the great arch witch Mac Crauford, now Crawford.

That was in the second decade of this century.

John Macphail, Middlequarter, North Uist, said that the last occasion on which the neid-fire was made in North Uist was 'bliadhna an t-sneachda

bhuidhe'—the year of the yellow snow—1829 (?). The snow lay so deep and remained so long on the ground, that it became yellow. Some suggest that the snow was originally yellow, as snow is occasionally red. This extraordinary continuance of snow caused much want and suffering throughout the Isles.

The people of North Uist extinguished their own fires and generated a purification fire at Sail Dharaich, Sollas. The fire was produced from an oak log by rapidly boring with an auger. This was accomplished by the exertions of 'naoi naoinear ciad ginealach mac'—the nine nines of first-begotten sons. From the neid-fire produced on the knoll the people of the parish obtained fire for their dwellings. Many cults and ceremonies were observed on the occasion, cults and ceremonies in which Pagan and Christian beliefs intermingled.

'Sail Dharaich,' Oak Log, obtained its name from the log of oak for the neid-fire being there. A fragment of this log riddled with auger holes marks a grave in 'Cladh Sgealoir,' the burying-ground of 'Sgealoir,' in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Alexander Mackay, Edinburgh, a native of Reay, Sutherland, says:—'My father was the skipper of a fishing crew. Before beginning operations for the season, the crew of the boat met at night in our house to settle accounts for the past, and to plan operations for the new season. My mother and the rest of us were sent to bed. I lay in the kitchen, and was listening and watching, though they thought I was asleep. After the men had settled their past affairs and future plans, they put out the fire on the hearth, not a spark being allowed to live. They then rubbed two pieces of wood one against another so rapidly as to produce fire, the men joining in one after the other, and working with the utmost energy and never allowing the friction to relax. From this friction-fire they rekindled the fire on the hearth, from which all the men present carried away a kindling to their own homes.

'Whether their success was due to their skill, their industry, their perseverance, or to the neid-fire, I do not know, but I know that they were much the most successful crew in the place. They met on Saturday, and went to church on Sunday like the good men and the good Christians they were—a little of their Pagan faith mingling with their Christian belief. I have reason to believe that other crews in the place as well as my father's crew practised the neid-fire.'

A man at Helmsdale, Sutherland, saw the 'tein-eigin' made in his boyhood.

The neid-fire was made in North Uist about the year 1829, in Arran about 1820, in Helmsdale about 1818, in Reay about 1830.

Teiric, hake, herring hake, herring eke or eek. A triangular frame with spikes upon which herrings are hung up to dry in the smoke within or in the sun without.

Tēom, dole, gift, bribe, alms. 'Teom eisg,' dole of fish; 'teom deora,' alms of poor; 'teom an t-sionnaich,' bribe of the fox; 'co toinnte ri teom an

t-sionnaich,' as twisted as the gift of the fox; 'teom Aegir,' dole of Aigir, a miserly dole.

Teōm, cunning, skilful, expert.

Tiur, tiuir, tiubhir, teor, teorr, mark, stamp, impress, the mark of the sea upon the shore, the refuse left by the tide upon the beach.

'Is truagh, a Righ! nach mi bha lamh riut
Ge b'e eilb na ob an traigh thu,
Ged a b'ann an tiur an lain e.'

Would, O King! that I were anear thee,
On whatever sandbank or creek thou art stranded,
Even were it in the impress of the tide.

Todh, todha, rope, a particular kind of rope, tow; 'todha na croiche,' rope of the gallows. 'Biodh gach fear a deanamh todha dha fhein'—Let every man be making a (hanging) rope for himself.

Torc, a cleft, a notch, a scallop, an indentation; also a monarch's necklace.

Torcan, dim. of 'tore,' a cleft.

Torcan, a species of bere, a bi-forked carrot, the *cardionis benedictus.*

'Ladies bathing themselves in a decoction of the "turcan" shall only bear sons.'—*Kilkenny Arch. Soc. Jour.,* vol. v. p. 306 *ff.*

Treann, to cut, to lop, to trim, to shape.

Tri, tiur, teor, three, an especially sacred number as representing the Trinity.

'Tri maighdeana beaga caomh,
Rugadh 's an aon oidhche ri Criosd.'

Three lovely little maidens,
Born the same night with Christ.

The three maidens are Faith, Hope, and Charity. (Vol. ii. p. 56.)

Tri cnauhan seann duine, three bones of an old man (vol. ii. p. 38). This may mean the southernwood, which is called 'lus an t-seann duine,' the plant of the old man; but more probably the phrase is to be taken literally.

Triall, the procession of people and herds to the summer sheiling (vol. i. p. 190).

Trithean, Trithion, Triune, Trinity, three-one, three in one; from 'tri,' three, and 'aon,' one. This form of the word is not now used in writing or in speaking, but it occurs in place-names at Loch Harport and at Glendale, in the island of Skye, in the island of Lismore, and possibly elsewhere.

Tuillis, overloading the stomach, especially with liquids. Akin to 'teilbhein.'

Tul, fire, hearth, heap; the stem of 'tullach,' a heap, a knoll, a house; possibly a form of 'teallach,' hearth, forge.

Tulach, knoll, hillock, house, ruins.

U

Udail, oscillate, oscillation ; ‘ udalan ’ a swivel.

Uilm, uilim, coffer, treasury, offertory, a bag for alms ; akin to ‘ ulaidh,’ treasure.

Uinicinn, lamb-skin ; from ‘ uan,’ lamb, ‘ cionn,’ skin.

Uraisg, a monster, half-human, half-goat, with abnormally long hair, long teeth, and long claws, frequenting glens, corries, reedy lakes, and sylvan streams ; an unkempt, untidy man.

A glen in Killninver, Argyll, is called ‘ Gleann-uraisg,’ ‘ Gleann na h-uraisg,’ glen of ‘ uraisg,’ glen of the ‘ uraisg.’ Many stories are told of the ‘ uraisg ’ possessing this glen, the appearance, the action, and the speech of this supernatural creature being graphically described. The ‘ uraisg ’ is not unfriendly to the friendly beyond showing them scenes, and telling them of events above the world, upon the world, and below the world, that fill them with terror. Strong men avoid the glen of the ‘ uraisg ’ at night.

In the Coolin Hills, Skye, there is a place called ‘ Coire nan uraisg,’ corrie of the ‘ uraisgs,’ and adjoining it another place called ‘ Bealach Coire nan uraisg,’ the pass of the corrie of the ‘ uraisgs.’

Usga, usgar, holy, sacred, precious, jewels.

‘ Siud mar dh’ orduichinn-sa dhusa,	That is what I would ordain to thee,
Nighean righ le or ’s le usga.’	The daughter of a king, with gold and gems.

NAMES OF THOSE FROM WHOSE RECITATION THE POEMS HAVE BEEN RECORDED

Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
1, 8, 39	Ann Macdonald .	Crofter's daughter	Boshunntain Bhile	Lochaber.
2, 201, 202	Mary Macrae [1] .	Dairy-woman .	Taobh-tuath .	Harris.
3, 9, 68	Duncan Maclellan .	Crofter . .	Carnan . .	South Uist.
4, 38, 41	Mary Macdonald .	Crofter's daughter	Boshunntain Mhor	Lochaber.
5, 6, 7	Donald Munro Morrison [2]	Physician . .	Edinburgh.	
10	Raonaid Macpherson .	Cottar . .	South Haccleit	Benbecula.
11	A. B.	Light-keeper .	Isl. of Heisgeir nam Manach [3]	North Uist.
12	Catrine Macintyre .	Crofter's wife .	Isl. of Bearnarey	Barra.
13	Matili Campbell [4] .	Crofter's wife .	Island of Papey	Barra.
14	Mary Ferguson . .	Cottar . .	Obbe . .	Harris.
15	John Cameron [5] . .	Crofter . .	Borodh . .	Barra.
16	Fionnaghal Macdougal [6]	Cottar . .	Glen . .	Barra.
17	John Fraser [7] . .	Street Porter .	Frederick Street	Edinburgh.
18, 43, 44	Isebeal Mackintosh [8] .	Crofter's wife .	Ionnaruay .	Lochaber.
19	Gilleonain Macneill [9]	Cottar . .	Bailevicneill .	Barra.
20, 152, 154	Catrine Mackintosh [10]	Cottar . .	Staoligearry .	South Uist.
21	Janet Macvuirich [11] .	Crofter's daughter	Iochdar . .	South Uist.
22	Raonaid Maclean [12] .	Crofter's wife .	Bailemartain .	North Uist.
23	Mary Macinnes . .	Cottar . .	South Haccleit	Benbecula.

[1] From Kintail. [2] From Harris.

[3] The lighthouse stands where of old the monastery stood. [4] *Née* Morrison—from S. Uist.

[5] The Camerons came to Barra as 'leine-chneis,' with Jane, daughter of Cameron of Fassifearn, and sister to Colonel John Cameron, of whom Scott, Byron, and others have sung in undying verse.

[6] Her people came from Morar.

[7] Had been gamekeeper in Lochaber, and had been an eminently handsome man and a powerful athlete. [8] *Née* Kennedy, Lianachan.

[9] Gilladhamhnain—Adamnan—a frequent name in the family of the Macneills of Barra, to whom this fine man was of near descent.

[10] She possessed much occult lore.

[11] Rendered Curric.

[12] *Née* Ferguson—a woman of much natural intelligence, with a good knowledge of botany.

Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
24, 71	Janet Campbell [1]	Nurse	Loch Sgiport	South Uist.
25, 77, 79	Janet Maciosaig [2]	Crofter's wife	Staonabrig	South Uist.
26, 37	Gilleaspuig Macvuirich [3]	Shoemaker	Airdnamoine	South Uist.
27, 164	Ann Maciosaig [4]	Cottar's wife	Ceannlangavat	South Uist.
28	John Macdonald	Shepherd	Keapach	Lochaber.
29	Donald Maccormaig	Crofter	Killpheadair	South Uist.
30	Mary Macmillan	Crofter's daughter	Lianacuith	South Uist.
31, 165	Mor Maciosaig	Crofter's wife	Staonabrig	South Uist.
32	Patruig Smith [5]	Crofter	Leth-meanach	South Uist.
33, 40, 111	Cairistine Macinnes [6]	Cottar	South Haccleit	Benbecula.
34, 185, 186	John Macinnes [7]	Crofter	Staoligearry	South Uist.
35, 36, 70	Donald Macdonald	Crofter	Grimnis	Benbecula.
42	Mary Macinnes	Cottar	Taighearry	North Uist.
45	Catrine Maccuithean [8]	Cottar	Clachan-a-ghluip	North Uist.
46, 114	Aonas Mackintosh	Crofter	Dungaineacha	Benbecula.
47, 48	Isebeal Galbraith	Crofter's wife	Sgalary	Barra.
49	Allan Macphie	Tailor	Staonabrig	South Uist.
50	Roderick Maccormaig [9]	Crofter	Dungaineacha	Benbecula.
51	Soracha Macphie	Tailor's wife	Staonabrig	South Uist.
52, 61	Donald Macdonald	Crofter	Staonabrig	South Uist.
53	Mary Maciosaig	Crofter's wife	Staonabrig	South Uist.
54, 98	Neill Macneill	Herdsman	Eoiligearry	Barra.
55, 56, 57	Angus Gunn [10]	Cottar	Dail-fo-thuath	Lews.
58	Roderick Macneill	Cottar	Miunghlaidh	Barra.
59	John Macdiarmaid	Crofter	Island of Scalpey	Harris.
60	Ciorsdai Gillies	Crofter	Dungaineacha	Benbecula.
61	Donald Maciain [11]	R. C. Catechist	Isl. of Eirisgey	South Uist.

[1] *Née* Mackinnon—from Skye.

[2] *Née* Macvuirich—descended from the famous Macvuirichs, hereditary poets and historians to the Clanranalds.

[3] Had many beautiful old hymns taught him when young by his father.

[4] *Née* Maclellan.

[5] A famous story-teller and ballad-reciter with whom died much old lore.

[6] She had an immense amount of old lore, runes, and stories of great literary interest.

[7] Several volumes of old lore, mostly heroic tales, died with this nice, intelligent man.

[8] Her people were noted old-lorists. Her uncle, Ruaraidh Ruadh Maccuithean, was story-teller to Lord Macdonald, from whom he had free lands for his services.

[9] Had many beautiful old hymns, all of which, save this, died with him.

[10] He had much religious and mythological lore of great interest.

[11] Rendered Johnson—descended from Ranald Maciain who escaped from the massacre of Glencoe. This extremely interesting man was empowered to administer baptism and perform other rites of the Church in cases of necessity and in the absence of the priest.

Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
62, 78	Eoghan Wilson	Crofter	Grimnis	Benbecula.
63	Alexander Macdonald	Shoemaker	Bailanloch	North Uist.
64	Gilleaspuig Mackinnon[1]	Shoemaker	Earsary	Barra.
65	Patruig Morrison	Crofter	Baile nam Manach	Benbecula.
66	Neill Morrison	Bard-Shepherd	Island of Papey	Harris.
67	Ann Morrison[2]	Mason's wife	Trumsgearry	North Uist.
69, 187	Fionnladh Maccormaig	Cowherd	Grogearry	South Uist.
72	George Gunn[3]	Peasant proprietor	St. Ola	Orkney.
73, 90	Donald Wilson[4]	Crofter	Airdmor	South Uist.
74	Fionnaghal Macneiven[5]	Crofter's wife	South Haccleit	Benbecula.
75	Alexander Macdonald[6]	Crofter	Borodh	Barra.
76, 115	Mor Gillies	Cottar	Moor of Aird	Benbecula.
80, 139	John Pearson	Ex-soldier, U.S.	Ceanntangaval	Barra.
81	Roderick Macdonald	Farmer	Saighidnis	North Uist.
82	Mary Maclellan[7]	Crofter's wife	Hougearry	North Uist.
83	Catrine Macdonald	Crofter's wife	Smiorasary	Glenuig.
84	Gilleaspuig Morrison	Crofter	Staonabrig	South Uist.
85	Patruig Smith	Crofter	Staonabrig	South Uist.
86	Fionnaghal Macinnes[8]	Crofter's wife	Buaile-dhubh	South Uist.
87, 157	Catrine Macpharlan[9]	Soldier's wife	Ceanntangaval	Barra.
88, 107	Lachlan Macdonald	Crofter	Grimnis	Benbecula.
89	Aonas Macdonald	Crofter	Gearrynamoine	South Uist.
91	Neill Campbell	Crofter	Miunghlaidh	Barra.
92	Two crofter women in a crofter's house		Breuvaig	Barra.
93, 95	Mairiread Macrae	Crofter's wife	Tiobartan	South Uist.
94, 146, 163	Mary Stewart[10]	Dairy-woman	Malacleit	North Uist.
96	Roderick Maclachlan	Gardener	Buaile nam bodach	Barra.
97	Catrine Macleod	Shepherd's wife	Isl. of Heilliscy	Barra.
99	Cairistine Macdonald[11]	Crofter's wife	Earsarey	Barra.
100, 127, 189	Aonas Maceachain	Cattleherd	Staonabrig	South Uist.

[1] This intelligent man dictated to me the names of thirty-seven consecutive generations of the Maeneills of Barra.

[2] *Née* Ross—from Skye.

[3] Evicted from Killdonnan, Sutherland.

[4] Aged 101.

[5] *Née* Beaton.

[6] Mr. Campbell of Islay said that this noble-minded man resembled, when speaking, the celebrated French preacher, Mirabeau.

[7] *Née* Macdonald.

[8] *Née* Macdonald.

[9] *Née* Pearson—a remarkable genealogist.

[10] From Skye—she knew many occult runes and occult arts.

[11] *Née* Maeneill.

Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
101	Donald Macdonald	Cattleherd	Baile nan Cailleach	Benbecula.
102	Somerled Macdonald	Cattleherd	Balranald	North Uist.
103	Aonas Macdougal	Cattleherd	Lianacleit	Benbecula.
104	Donald Macinnes	Crofter	Baile-gharbhath	South Uist.
105	Murdoch Maccuis	Cattleherd	Grimnis	North Uist.
106	Donald (?) Maclean[1]	Farmer.		
108	Malcolm Macpherson	Shepherd	Bagh nam faoilean	South Uist.
109	Mary Macdonald	Weaver	Locheuphort	North Uist.
110	Mary Wilson	Weaver	Tolarum	Benbecula.
112	Donald Macintyre[2]	R. C. Catechist	Aird	Benbecula.
113, 134, 207	Duncan Cameron[3]	Policeman	Lochaluinn	Morvern.
116, 129, 160	Fionnaghal Macleod	Cottar	Isl. of Bailesear	North Uist.
117	Aonas Maclellan	Cooper	South Haccleit	Benbecula.
118	John Maccormaig	Crofter	Tolarum	Benbecula.
119	Malcolm Macleod	Shipmaster	Lochmaddy	North Uist.
120, 201, 202	Alexander Matheson[4]	Shipmaster	Doirnie	Lochalsh.
121	Gilleaspuig Maclellan[5]	Shipmaster	N. Lochboisdale	South Uist.
122	Una Macdonald	Herdsman's mother	Island of Fuidhey	Barra.
123	Ann Macleod	Crofter's wife	Island of Scarp	Harris.
124	Catrine Maccuithean	Cottar	Fearann an leatha	Skye.
125	Mairiread Macdonald	Cottar	Gearryiain	North Uist.
126	Mairiread Macdonald	Cottar	Hougearry	North Uist.
128, 143, 151	Donald Macpherson	Shoemaker	Grimnis	Benbecula.
130, 137	Dugal Macaulay[6]	Cottar	South Haccleit	Benbecula.

[1] Native of Small Isles; home from Canada.

[2] A famous reciter and story-teller, with whom many tales and ballads died. Upon one occasion, after teaching him the Catechism to be taught to others, the genial Father James Macgrigor said: 'Thugamaid a nis treis air Oisean, a Dhomhuill.' 'M'anamsa Dhia is e b'annsa leinn!'—'Let us now give a while at Ossian, Donald.' 'Upon my soul, O God, but that were preferable to us,' said Douald, drawing a long sigh of relief.

[3] Much traditional lore of great excellence died with this highly intelligent lorist.

[4] He made a large collection of valuable old lore, but lent and never recovered the manuscripts.

[5] Had much topographical lore of great interest and value.

[6] He very kindly showed me the rites for curing the sprain and the red pleura and for counteracting the evil eye.

Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
131	Mary (?) Mackenzie	Crofter's wife	Isl. of Bearnarey	Lews.
132	Mary Macdonald	Shepherd's wife	Cairn	Arasaig.
133	Oighrig Maciain [1]	Crofter's wife	Locheuphort	North Uist.
135, 159, 188	Fionnaghal Macleod [2]	Cottar	Clachan-reamhar	South Uist.
136	Mary Macvuirich	Crofter's wife	S. Lochboisdale	South Uist.
138	Aonas Macvuirich	Crofter	S. Lochboisdale	South Uist.
140	Barbara Macdonald	Crofter's wife	Culburnie	Aird, Beauly.
141, 142, 193	Isebeal Chisholm [3]	Tinker	Lochmaddy [4]	North Uist.
144, 145	Mairead Mackintosh	Tailor's wife	South Boisdale	South Uist.
147	Aodh Macintyre	Crofter	Isl. of Eirisgey	South Uist.
148	Ann Campbell.[5]			
149	Mor Macphie	Crofter's daughter	Baile-gharbhath	South Uist.
150	Raonaid Stewart	Cottar	Isl. of Bailesear	North Uist.
153	Mor Maclellan	Crofter's wife	South Boisdale	South Uist.
155	Peigidh Maclean	Cottar	Trumsgearry	North Uist.
156	Nic-al-domhnaich	Cottar	Bail-a-phuill	Tiree.
158	Mary Mackinnon	Shepherd's wife	Isl. of Samtrey	Barra.
161	Mairiread Morrison	Cottar	Moor of Grimnis	Benbecula.
162	Gormul Mackinnon (?)[6]	Servant woman	Lochmaddy	North Uist.
166	Ann Macphie	Crofter's daughter	Carnan	South Uist.
167	Slaine; wife of	Shepherd	Isl. of Vattersey	Barra.
168	Ciorsdai Macleod [7]	Cottar	Island of St. Kilda.	
169	Neill Macdonald	Mason	Tolarum	Benbecula.
170	Mairiread Macpherson	Shepherd's wife	Isl. of Fuidhey	Benbecula.
171	Tormad Macphairc	Cottar	Isl. of Bearnarey	Harris.
172, 173, 175	Cairistine Macvicar [8]	Cottar	Moor of Aird	Benbecula.
174	Mary Stewart	Crofter's wife	Isl. of Grimisey	North Uist.

[1] Oighrig Maciain was lineally descended from Alexander Maciain, the massacred chief of Glencoe.

[2] Her people came from Lews. She was full of occult lore and old beliefs of many kinds.

[3] She knew innumerable incantations and incantation formulæ of great interest.

[4] Temporarily.

[5] Copied from an old manuscript by the Rev. Angus Macdonald, Killearnan.

[6] From Skye.

[7] She had much lore about the 'sluagh,' hosts, the fairies, and the second sight, which she told realistically.

[8] She was full of plant lore and plant beliefs.

Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
176	Mor Maccuinn	Cottar	Isl. of Tarransey	Harris.
177	Borgach Macleod	Servant-maid	Isl. of Eithisey	Harris.
178	John Beaton [1]	Shepherd	Aird nan laogh	South Uist.
179	Aonas Macleod	Gamekeeper	Ceann Rensart	Lews.
180	Ranald Macphie	Blacksmith	Iochdar	South Uist.
181	Donald John Mackenzie	Gamekeeper	Abhuinn-suidhe	Harris.
182	Donald Macphie [2]	Crofter	Carnan	South Uist.
183 [3]				
184	Donald Maccoll [4]	Foxhunter	Glencrearan	Appin.
190	Gilleasbuig Macvuirich	Crofter	S. Lochboisdale	South Uist.
191	Mary Maclellan	Crofter's wife	South Haccleit	Benbecula.
192	Eoin Macdonald [5]	Tailor	Gearrynamoine	South Uist.
194	Catrine Mackintosh [6]	Cottar	Bailanloch	North Uist.
195	Malcolm Macmillan	Crofter	Grimnis	Benbecula.
196	Mary Macdonald	Crofter's daughter	Miunghlaidh	Barra.
197	Oighrig Maccriomthain [7]	Cottar	Island of St. Kilda.	
198	Ann Macvuirich	Crofter's daughter	Iochdar	South Uist.
199	John Cane [8]	Roadman	Corstorphine	Edinburgh.
200	Mairiread Macleod	Crofter's wife	South Haccleit	Benbecula.
203	Ceit Macinnes	Cottar	Creag	Arasaig.
204	Eachun Macphie	Crofter	Eilean Cuithe nam fiadh	South Uist.
205, 212, 213	Malcolm Maclellan	Crofter	Grimnis	Benbecula.
206	Isebeal Macghigor	Cottar	Bailegarbh	Lismore.
208	Aonas Iain Macrury	Calf-herd	Scolpaig	North Uist.
209	Mor Mackay [9]	Cottar	Isl. of Heisgeir nan Cailleach	North Uist.
210	Annie Mackay	Crofter's daughter	Melness	Sutherland.

[1] From Skye. A born botanist and an extremely interesting man—descended from the famous physicians.

[2] A famous story-teller from whom volumes of folklore could have been filled.

[3] Taken down from an old man, name omitted, by the Rev. John G. Campbell, Tiree.

[4] He had innumerable interesting and instructive stories about foxes and other wild animals, among which he had lived most of his long life of nearly one hundred years.

[5] He had many interesting stories of birds and of bird-lore.

[6] She had many curious stories of 'frithean agus frithirean,' auguries and augurers, and of the 'da shealladh,' two-sights — stories that would have interested psychologists.

[7] She had some beautiful St. Kilda songs, but the people of St. Kilda deprecated all secular music, poetry, and old lore.

[8] From Derry.

[9] Her isolated little cot stood among the green grassy mounds of the ruined nunnery.

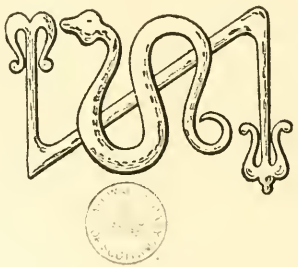
Poem.	Name.	Occupation.	Residence.	District.
211	John Eoghan Macruby [1]	Farmer . .	Grimnis . .	Benbecula.
214	Peigidh Macaulay [2] .	Crofter's wife .	Houghmor .	South Uist.
215	Alexander Macneill [3]	Fish salter .	Ceanntangaval .	Barra.
216	John Stewart [4] . .	Merchant . .	Bachuill .	Lismore.

[1] A highly intelligent man, for whose knowledge of old lore I am greatly indebted in this work.

[2] *Née* Robertson—a bright, beautiful woman, who possessed many beautiful songs and airs, which died with her.

[3] Mr. Iain Campbell of Islay and, for him, the distinguished scholar Mr. Hector Maclean, Islay, took down many tales from this reciter. I wrote down many more, but all three of us made little impression upon the old man's abundant lore. I noted from him the names and characters of several score of long heroic tales, any or all of which he was ready to dictate to me. Amongst them was a very long, complete, and wondrously fine version of Deirdire. Alexander Macneill said that the version of this tale which I had already taken down from his brother Iain Donn was only a fragment. Yet this fragment of the story of Deirdire has been pronounced by critics equal to any ancient or modern classic.

[4] I am indebted to Mr. Stewart for much valuable information regarding Lismore—still an island of much interest, and anciently of much importance.



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